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(See Page 44)

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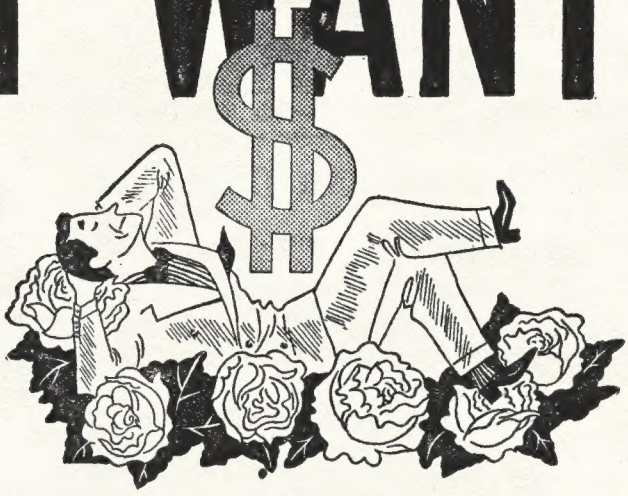

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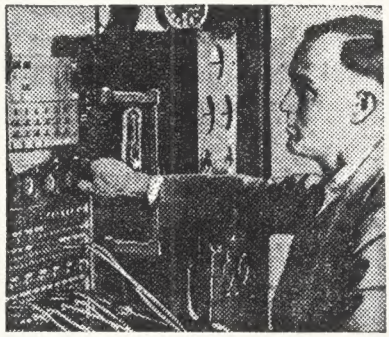

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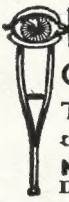

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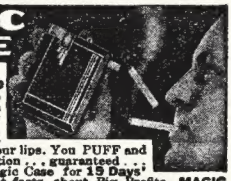

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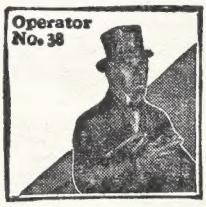

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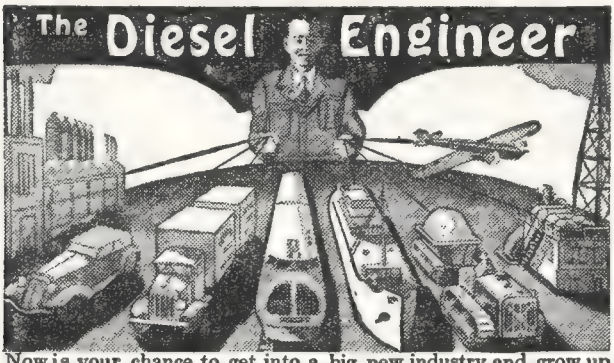

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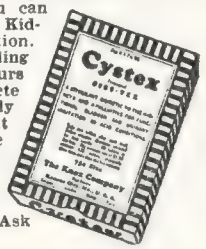

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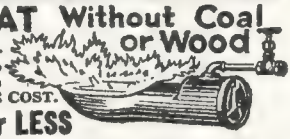

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Southwest Passage

A Story of the Days When the Santa Fe Was Fighting Its Way to the West Coast Through Mexico

By E. S. DELLINGER

Author of "Tornado," etc.

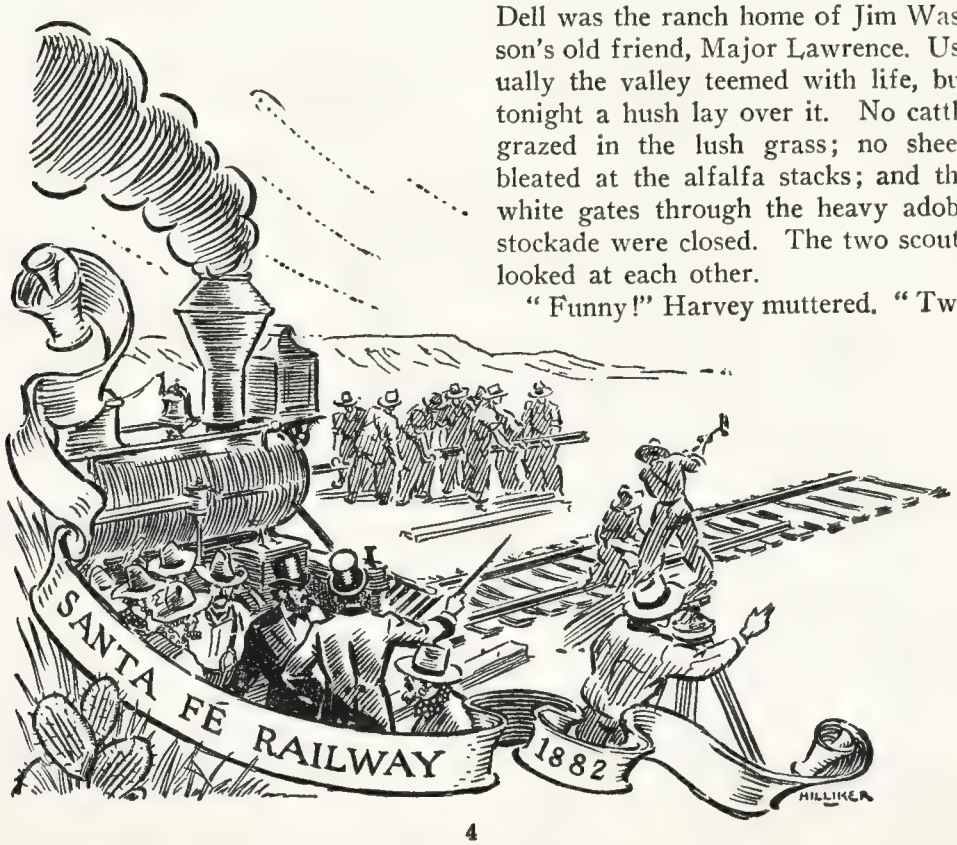
IT was the spring of 1879. Shadows lengthened across the valley of the Little Sonoita in southern Arizona. Mystic whispers echoed from the crimson cliffs of the brooding Patagonia Mountains.

All day and for three days past, Harvey Wasson and his father had trudged up the winding trails leading north from the Mexican state of Sonora. Harvey, his powerful frame erect as the giant *saguara,* his heart filled with anticipation and anxiety, had set a pace which his aging father could scarcely hold.

The trail forked. They turned left through Apache Gap and emerged into the valley where the "Virginia Dell" was spread out before them.

There they stopped. The Virginia Dell was the ranch home of Jim Wasson's old friend, Major Lawrence. Usually the valley teemed with life, but tonight a hush lay over it. No cattle grazed in the lush grass; no sheep bleated at the alfalfa stacks; and the white gates through the heavy adobe stockade were closed. The two scouts looked at each other.

"Funny!" Harvey muttered. "Two



hours yet till dark. They don't usually shut up—"

The youth adjusted his heavy pack, loosened his holstered weapon, and strode toward the closed gates. Dogs growled. Guarded voices hushed them. The gates opened, and the wanderers entered warily past two strange *vaqueros.*

The door opened. Seventeen-year old Virginia Lawrence rushed out, followed by her father. Harvey's eyes lighted. His bronze face flushed. The girl came on, black hair whipping back from the tanned face, brown eyes agleam with welcome.

"Gee, it's good to see you, Harvey!" she cried. "And you, Mr. Wasson!"

After preliminary greetings, Harvey looked around anxiously.

"What is it, Virginia?" he asked. "Why the closed gates? Why—"

"Apaches!" she flashed. "The red devils raided us this morning, killed two men, and drove off the cattle. We're expecting another attack tonight."

Seriously they discussed the morning's raid and compared it with similar outrages which, for a quarter century, had been menacing the border. In 1853, the strip south of the Gila—the "Gadsden Purchase" — had been bought from Mexico for a Pacific railroad. Courageous pioneers, anticipating construction, had established ranches in the valleys, certain that within a few months the iron horse would bring protection and prosperity. Jim Wasson, railroad locating engineer, and Major Lawrence, railroad promoter, had laid out the Virginia Dell homestead.

Years had passed, years of hardship and privation, years of hope fading into bitter disappointment. Panic and war had blocked construction. The government had driven the red man westward, and resentful ones had retaliated on exposed ranches.

The Apaches had raided the Virginia Dell, leaving two homes motherless. Jim Wasson had turned wanderer, scouting dream railroads and seeking vainly to interest eastern capital in their construction. His son Harvey had grown up tramping the danger trails of Sonora and Arizona, panning gold from Sonoran gravel beds, scouting railroads which were never built. Major Lawrence and Virginia had remained with the ranch, holding on "until the railroad comes."

Twilight grew high on valley walls. Virginia's father told how Ed Schefflin and his "Tombstone" had conjured a magic city from the desert sixty miles to eastward. He was enthusiastic. In the mining boom, he read promise of settlement and safety.

"Stage lines running to Texas and California," he declared, "will bring protection."

But to Harvey stage lines and mining booms meant little. One thing only mattered—*the iron horse.* He had lived in a land waiting for it; his father had taught him from boyhood that life would not be complete until the railroad came.

Supper over, the older men smoked and discussed the topic uppermost in every Southwestern mind, taking the pipes out of their mouths now and then for emphasis

"It's coming," Harvey heard his father say. "Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford are driving their Southern Pacific toward El Paso. They will cross Southern Arizona. They *may* come up the Little Sonoita. Jay Gould is heading this way with his narrow-gage from Colorado. The Atchison road is hunting salt water, and if I know Bill Strong—"

"Bill Strong?" the Major suddenly sat up straight. "That reminds me—" Old Jim waited expectantly. His host went on: "I have a message for you, Wasson. A trader to Guaymas told me to say that Bill Strong wants you in Topeka."

"Wants me—in Topeka?"

The Major nodded, shook the ashes from his pipe. Harvey watched his father intently.

The hand which stroked the grizzled beard was shaking. The gleam in the watery eyes bespoke a brain conjuring up old scenes long since forgotten. Not exactly forgotten, but treasured for years by the subconscious mind.

"Dad, who is Bill Strong?"

"General manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe," came the quick reply. "Son, you and I are leaving for Topeka in the morning. I think Bill Strong may be hunting for a Southwest Passage."

The older men went out to the veranda, while Harvey helped Virginia do the dishes. The youth recalled that on a previous visit they two had gone together up the trail, hand in hand, to the cedar grove. Judging from the fact that Virginia avoided his glance, he guessed that she was remembering, too. But he realized, with a sinking heart, that since the Apaches had gone on the prod, they would not dare to leave the enclosure tonight.

Even so, woman finds a way. Dishes done, Virginia led to the rustic bench beneath pepper trees in the *patio.* There, under cover of darkness, Harvey Wasson confided to her that his ambition was to give up his wander-

ings, to quit washing gold from Sonora gravel and become a builder of railroads.

"You are going to do big things, Harvey," Virginia said tenderly. "I know you will."

"I want to." The young man edged closer to the girl at his side. "Dad's taught me mathematics and surveying. I'll get into the game with some company and settle in a good terminal where we can have a comfortable home free from the danger of Indian raids, and—" his tone changed suddenly. "I love you, darling."

There beneath the pepper trees, partly silvered by moonlight, he reached out and found the maiden's hand — and heart—and their words became fewer as world-old emotions brought deeper understanding.

At twenty and at seventeen, life to a couple in love is a path without obstruction. It is the high tide of the soul. Watching the Arizona moon rise slowly out of the Huachucas, Harvey and Virginia dreamed of a day when the shining ribbons of steel would find a Southwest Passage down through their little valley, and he would be a great railroad man.

IT was Boston capitalists who, in 1858, organized the Atchison & Topeka Railway. They conceived it as a local line. By 1863 they were hoping they might push westward to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and as a symbol of this hope they changed its name to the "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe."

But the ideals of railways, as of individuals, grow. The city of Santa Fe was not a source of commerce. It was a trading center. Its sources lay far away on three distinct branches. The first grew southward to El Paso del Norte and to Mexico City; the second through Tucson to Guaymas on the Gulf of California; the third westward to the Pacific coast, with San Diego and San Francisco as twig ends.

When in November, 1878, William B. Strong was made general manager, he convinced his employers that it was time for their line to push out to Santa Fe and beyond—or else remain an obscure railroad, a small fish to be swallowed up by one of their two big rivals.

Mr. Strong did not deceive himself. He realized that extension meant war.

With Jay Gould driving his D. & R. G. through the Rockies, with Huntington sending his Southern Pacific eastward from the West Coast, the Santa Fe was between the upper and nether millstones. Mr. Strong's determination to find a way out had caused him to send out from Santa Fe the call: "Bill Strong wants Jim Wasson in Topeka."

The night that Old Jim got this message, Harvey stood watch on the walls of the Virginia Dell ranch, peering into the luminous darkness for Apaches who did not come.

When at last dawn had chased moonlight into desert, the boy aroused his father, eager to be on his way to Topeka. But his father did not go. Excitement and exertion had brought back an old trouble, fever hemorrhage. It would be weeks before Jim Wasson could make the thousand-mile journey over land to the end of steel. So he dictated a letter to Mr. Strong, which Virginia wrote in a fine flowing hand, and signed it boldly. The note said:

This will introduce my son, Harvey Wasson. Unable to come myself in response to your request, I am sending him as my substitute. You may feel free to discuss with him the matters which you would have discussed with me. He is close-mouthed, well-informed, trustworthy and reliable . . .

It was thus that Harvey Wasson, scorning danger from Apaches, scoffing at dire prophecies from men in blue who had come to protect the ranch, laughing at his sweetheart's tearful protests, took a long eastward trail to answer the call of adventure.

II

The Big Boss of the Santa Fe

ARRIVING at the Prairie City and presenting his credentials, Harvey did not have to wait long to see William B. Strong. The gray-bearded official invited him into a private office, read the letter from Jim Wasson, and asked the boy about his father. It was quite plain that Mr. Strong was disappointed.

"I had hoped your father might be able to come in person," he said dubiously.

The youth shook his head. "It would have been impossible for weeks, perhaps months."

"Yes, I guess so," Mr. Strong reponded. "I wonder"—he hesitated a moment, his keen eyes sizing up Harvey Wasson. "Can't come, eh? In that case, we'll see if you can help us out."

The G. M. called in his chief engineer and introduced Harvey.

"Mr. Wasson's visit," he explained briefly, "concerns our proposed extension to Guaymas, Mr. Robinson."

"Surely, Mr. Strong," protested the chief engineer, "you would not discuss so vital a matter with so young—"

Mr. Strong s t r o k e d his beard. "You never knew Jim Wasson, eh, Mr. Robinson?" he interrupted.

"I never had the pleasure, sir."

"Wasson was a man in millions," said the big boss of the Santa Fe. "I knew him with the Saint Paul Road. He was with Fremont scouting the Thirty-fifth Parallel route in 1853, and he helped locate the Frisco between Springfield and St. Louis. His naked eye was worth a hundred instruments in scouting a route for a railway."

Harvey smiled proudly.

"Health broke and he went West," Mr. Strong went on. "From accounts, I guess the old adage, 'Once a railroader, always a railroader,' applied to Wasson. For years he has been trying to get a road into the border country, and I reckon he knows it better than any other living man."

"But this boy—w h a t does he know?"

"This boy is his son, sir."

Mr. Strong tossed the crumpled letter across the table. His chief engineer picked it up, read it twice, and tossed it back.

"How well do you know the border, boy?" Robinson inquired sharply.

Harvey did not flinch from the piercing eyes. "I've tramped much of it, sir."

"What about railroad building?"

Harvey had an answer for that, too. "My father spent years teaching me. I know that the way to get a railroad through mountains is to take it to the lowest available pass on a watercourse, and be sure you have another watercourse to take it down the other side."

"Humph!" snorted the engineer.

"Shall we proceed?" asked the manager.

Robinson nodded. Mr. S t r o n g spread upon his desk a map of that portion of the United States lying south of Nebraska and west of Missouri.

"You know about the Santa Fe?"

he queried, nodding to Harvey to draw a chair to the table.

"I've seen occasional accounts in the newspapers, and . . ."

Briefly the official explained his company's aims, indicated the present trackage.

"This much we have done," he explained. "We have only started."

He stuck a red-headed pin in a black dot on the map. "Here is San Francisco. It has the best harbor on the West Coast. It governs the China trade and that from the North Pacific. Jay Gould and the New York crowd have the only transcontinental connection east. They have a monopoly on the traffic from it."

HARVEY nodded. He and his father had discussed the Gould monopoly. He understood it thoroughly.

"Collis P. Huntington," continued Mr. Strong "is trying to get east with his Southern Pacific. Gould is fighting Huntington; but if the Santa Fe should look toward Frisco, Gould and Huntington would throw in together to block us out of Frisco."

Mr. Strong bent over the map.

"That is one branch of the Santa Fe trade. Here is another." He stuck a red-headed pin in the heart of the Southern Republic. "Mexico City. Whoever builds into that place controls the traffic with the interior of Mexico and Central America. It is an important possibility."

Harvey was following closely.

"Here is the third." Mr. Strong stuck a red-headed pin far down on the Gulf of California. "Guaymas has the second best harbor on the West Coast. Whoever controls Guaymas controls traffic with Australia and the South Seas, as well as with the western coast of Mexico. This is where you come in," gravely. "You say you know the border?"

"As well as one can from tramping it."

"What natural resources has it?"

"It is rich in minerals—gold, silver, copper," Harvey replied with enthusiasm. "Down in Arizona, Tombstone has already grown to a city of several thousand, although it was opened only a few months ago. Tombstone is only scratching the mineral wealth. There is timber in the mountains, and grass in the foothills, and fertile valleys that can be irrigated."

Mr. Strong glanced triumphantly at his chief engineer. "This confirms earlier reports, sir," he said to Harvey. "Now what about routes for railroads?"

"There are several. The Almighty made them when he made the land."

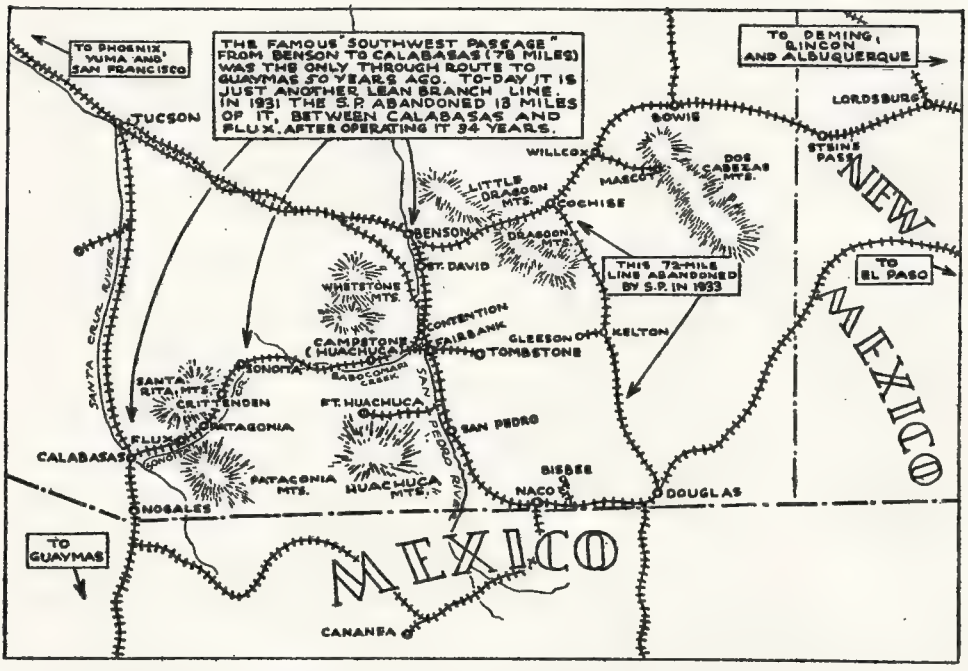
"Sounds like Jim Wasson." The general manager chuckled. "I sent for your father because I wanted a railroader's judgment. I believe I'm going to get it."

"Thank you, Mr. Strong," responded the youth. "I'll do my best."

The G. M. exposed another map. "We are going through Albuquerque to El Paso," he indicated with a pen. "We expect to build to Tucson from here."

He traced a line leaving the Rio Grande near Mesilla, skirting Burro Mountains south, west through Stein's Pass, north of the Dos Cabezas, south of the Little Dragoons, and north of the Whetstones to Tucson.

"Huntington is also heading for Tucson. He will be there first. If he makes that adobe village a Southern Pacific city, another railroad would be an unwelcome child. Supposing we start to Guaymas, we must know we



Map of the Southern Pacific Lines in Southeastern Arizona. Although the "Southwest Passage" Is Now S. P. Property, It Was Built in 1882 by the Santa Fe's Subsidiary, the New Mexico & Arizona, and Operated by It for 15 Years Before the S. P. Acquired It. The Virginia Dell Homestead of This Story Was Located a Few Miles South of Crittenden

have more than one way through. Competitors might get us down there and cut us off. Some reports say the only feasible route is through Tucson and up the Santa Cruz Valley to the border—"

"W r o n g!" Harvey interrupted. "There is the San Pedro."

The officials eyed him keenly. They were clearly impressed by his positive assertion.

"The San Pedro"—Harvey indicated a stream flowing north across the border forty miles east of the Santa Cruz— "is wide open. There are two routes into it, and three out to the west. Father and I have figured every foot of it out together. That is where he taught me to use a transit."

"Good! Will you show us?" Robinson indicated the map.

"Our first route into it," explained the youth, "follows your present location through the Dragoons. The second would go southwest from the New Mexico line, striking the San Pedro near Naco."

THE officials followed his tracing pen. All doubt aroused by his youth and apparent inexperience had vanished quickly. They were eager learners.

"Of the three ways out to the west, the first follows your present route north of the Whetstones to Tucson; the second would go south of the Huachucas and the Patagonias on Mexican soil—"

"We want to keep every possible rail on this side of the line."

"Then the ideal route is this—" Harvey Wasson shifted back to the proposed crossing of the San Pedro. "From this point you would follow the San Pedro through the Mormon

settlement of Saint David to the mouth of Babocomari Creek, and follow Babocomari Creek to the divide, thence down the Sonoita to its junction with the Santa Cruz. This route would save fifty miles to Guaymas. It passes within nine miles of Tombstone. It traverses land rich in minerals, and construction would be light."

He did not add that it would run within four miles of the ranch on the Little Sonoita.

The chief engineer took over the questioning. "How would you like to work for the Santa Fe?"

"I'd like nothing better, sir."

"Humph! Do you handle an instrument?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand stadia work?"

"Sure."

"Can you do profile drawing?"

"I've done some of it in practice."

"You understand, young man, that the mission on which I am about to send you is to be held in strictest confidence?"

Harvey nodded.

"Very well. We want definite information relative to a proposed route from the San Pedro to the Santa Cruz. For reasons best known to ourselves, we cannot send our own engineers into the region at the present moment."

The chief engineer drummed on the table top, and his brow wrinkled in thought.

"Will your father be able to help you do a little checkup work when you go back?" Mr. Robinson wanted to know.

Harvey replied: "He should be able to do light work by that time."

"In that case," said Mr. Robinson, "I am hiring you and sending you to Arizona."

For more than an hour Harvey remained closeted with the two officials. When he left the office he was under instructions to return immediately to Arizona, and under his father's directions, run a stadia check over the heaviest construction on the Babocomari and the Sonoita, make a rough plot of it, return it to Topeka and report to the engineering department in New Mexico for further instructions.

OLD Jim Wasson had improved rapidly under Virginia's nursing, and was glad to enter into the program Harvey had mapped out.

"Instead of going back to Sonora to pan gold this summer," he said, "we'll run Bill Strong's line of levels for him, and maybe when that's done, the old man will go to New Mexico and get back into the game."

But Destiny had other plans.

Harvey returned to the ranch in June. Although the soldiers declared there was no longer danger from Indian raids, and returned to their fort, the Lawrences were still uneasy. *Vaqueros* reported Apaches skulking in the canyons.

Then one day, while Virginia was riding home in the late dusk, a redskin hailed her at the fork of the trail, and she escaped only by using spurs on her horse.

On several occasions Apaches had carried off white women from isolated ranches. The possibility that Virginia might meet the fate of her mother and his had filled Harvey with unspeakable dread, had kept constantly before him the need for the civilizing influence of the railroad.

He urged Major Lawrence to join him in scouring the hills, and for days they kept up a search. They found only cold trails.

Believing the scourge had at last

gone, Harvey cleaned and adjusted his instruments, and one morning in late June, he and his father proceeded up the Little Sonoita to old Fort Crittenden. Near that point they figured the coming railway would encounter the heaviest construction. There they established camp and went to work.

IN making accurate surveys, Harvey and his father used the transit, rod and chain. For rough checks, such as Mr. Robinson had asked of this job, they relied upon "stadia" measurement.

Stadia measurement depends upon the principle of similar triangles. In the telescope of each instrument are three horizontal "hairs" and a vertical one. The upper and lower horizontals are "stadia hairs." Their intersection with the vertical hair will fix two points. The focus will mark a third point, thereby forming a triangle of known dimensions within the telescope.

This procedure, which Harvey's father had taught him years before, is quite simple.

The rodman sets up his rod, made of several six-foot lengths of maple graduated in feet and tenths. The instrument man, sighting through his telescope, reads the points where the stadia hairs cut the rod. For roughest work, he figures one hundred feet on the ground for each foot difference in readings on the rod.

Two men such as Harvey and Old Jim can cover a lot of ground in a day with a stadia rod, at the same time determining the rise or fall of the ground over which they pass. The method is much used in work preliminary to final location of railway routes.

For three days the Wassons checked up and down the canyon—backsight—foresight—move transit—set up and backsight. Shortly before sunset on the third day they returned to camp. They had an appetizing meal of bacon, eggs, and fried potatoes washed down with black coffee. While Harvey cleaned the dishes and tethered their horses under the cottonwoods, his father made calculations from the notes they had taken.

"It will be easy," declared the old man. "They can come down this canyon without a bit of trouble in the world. Tomorrow we'll pull up camp and go to the head of the Babocomari."

Little dreaming how Destiny would deal the cards before another twilight, they discussed the principles of railway surveying, estimated compensating cuts and fills, speculated what curves would be necessary to get around obstacles, to hold track to such level that cuts would take care of fills, to lengthen trackage in order to lessen grade.

Until well after nightfall, they sat in darkness. A coyote far up in the Santa Ritas sent up his mournful *yi-yi-yiiiiii!* From every quarter his friends took up the cry until the night was filled with their yammerings. Horses blew through nostrils, flicked ears forward and back.

WORN from their work, the Wassons spread bed rolls on the grassy flat and slept. It was between 12.30 and 1.00 that Harvey snapped awake. He could not have said what aroused him. He had dreamed the red devils were chasing Virginia. He clutched his Winchester rifle.

His father moved uneasily. The coyote chorus grew silent. Desert stars gleamed through cottonwood leaves. The slice of pale moon was lighting the ruins of Fort Buchanan.

A horse snorted. A rock rolled on the hillside behind them. Old Jim was instantly awake. He came up with his forty-five in hand.

Harvey watched the ridge to the east. A shadow silhouetted against the lightening sky was moving close to the ground.

"Coyote?" He was not sure. He pointed with his finger. His father looked.

"What—"

The question was cut short by the sound of the coyote cry up the stream. The shadow on the ridge froze. Harvey lifted his rifle.

"Look out, coyote!" he muttered.

Taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared the shadow was not there.

They did not sleep again that night. In the late dawn, Harvey saddled their mounts. His father peeled potatoes into the cold water of the clear stream, laid his knife under the bank and, returning to the fire, prepared breakfast.

When they had eaten, they went a little way up the stream. Finding nothing, they returned by the ruined fort. In the dust outside the walls were coyote tracks, and blotting out many tracks were prints of moccasins.

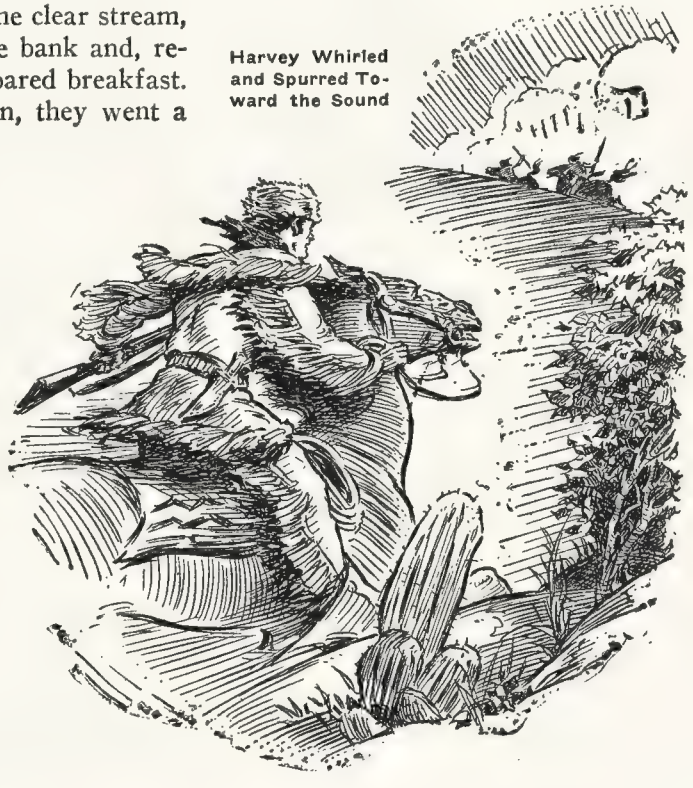
The surveyors did not turn back. It required more than tracks in the dust to turn back the men who scouted railroads through the early Southwest When the sun was still low they mounted and, driving the packhorse ahead of them, were riding eastward up the trail, intending to spend the night in Fort Huachuca. Tomorrow they would follow the Babocomari down to its junction with the San Pedro.

A half mile from camp, Old Jim flashed a hand on his belt. His knife scabbard was empty. He said: "Whoa! Darn it, Harvey, I left my knife back there where I peeled them spuds."

They looked at each other. The father grinned. The son did not. Old Jim said: "You ride on, boy. I'll lope back and get it and overtake you."

Harvey watched his father ride over the rise. Resisting the temptation to follow, he turned and rode eastward.

He did not ride far. When he had gone a quarter mile, he heard the crack of a Winchester, followed quickly by



Harvey Whirled and Spurred Toward the Sound

the boom of his father's forty-five, and the crack of other rifles.

Leaving the packhorse in the trail, Harvey whirled and spurred toward the sound. When he topped the rise, six figures were dodging through mesquite on the hillside, and one was sprawled under the cottonwoods.

He hurried over, but it was too late for haste. Old Jim had run his last railroad, leaving his son to carry on.

SORROWFULLY they laid James Wasson to rest in the cottonwood clump behind the ranch house. Harvey crossed to the cedar grove, to watch the sun sink into the Santa Ritas. His eyes were dry. His face was bitter. He had loved his father as only the son can who has never known a mother.

Virginia Lawrence crept up to sit beside him. She laid a slender hand on his sleeve. He patted the hand and tried to smile into her deep brown eyes, now misty with sympathetic understanding.

After a while he rose and led the way to the shop. His surveying instruments were laying where the *vaqueros* had left them. He removed the transit from its case, inspected and cleaned it, and placed it on the shelf whence he had taken it three days ago.

"Did you finish your job, dear?" she queried softly.

"Nope. Not that one!"

"You will finish it?"

"When I have finished another!"

His voice was hard as the granite mountains. He stood his stadia rod in the corner, took the girl in his arms.

"What other job?" she breathed. "Not—the Apaches?"

"Yes," he said, "the Apaches. They sneak up and kill, and the Government does nothing. They murdered my father. They murdered my mother. Maybe they'll murder *you*—unless someone puts the fear of God into them. I'm going to do it!"

Virginia's voice trembled. "You don't know what you're saying, Harvey. You're crazed with grief. I know—I know how you feel. I've felt that way myself—felt as if I could plunge into the mountains, run them down, and kill them by slow torture. But *we* can't do it."

"I *will* do it!" he hissed. "I'll hunt them single-handed, and kill—"

"Listen, Harvey. Listen to me!" Virginia gripped his powerful arms and made him face her. "There are thousands of them to one of you. They have thousands of square miles of desert in which to roam and hide and watch for one lone pursuer."

"Yes, I know," he said grimly.

Virginia went on: "Your surest vengeance lies in helping bring the railroad through this border land. When it comes, there will be settlers. Ten years, twenty years it may be, but your vengeance is sure, if the railroad comes—"

Harvey gulped and swallowed.

"Go on with your work," the girl urged. "Go east as you had planned, and help bring the line through. When it is through, then will we find safety. Until then," she added fervently, "we can only wait and pray for power from a Mightier Hand than ours."

Harvey did not go chasing Apaches. Taking a man from the ranch, he finished his assignment for Mr. Strong and sent a report to Topeka.

Finally the time came for him to leave the ranch for New Mexico. Virginia did not weep. The daughter of a long line of pioneers smiled bravely when he kissed her good-by.

"It won't be for always," she whis-

pered. "I'll be waiting for you, dear, when you bring the railroad through."

Red Block

MILE on mile the steel advanced. On July 4th, 1879, the first train had entered Las Vegas, six hundred fifty miles from the Virginia Dell. It was there Harvey reported for duty.

From Las Vegas through Santa Fe, the engineers were pushing westward and south. For months he lived with them in tents, sweltering in summer heat, shivering in mountain blizzards, driving his stakes, carrying his chain over precipitous cliffs, running lines with his instrument.

Life was filled with hardship and peril. Warlike tribes, resenting intrusion of the railroad into their domain, were a constant menace. Engineers never knew at what moment an arrow might strike them, might leave carrion and embers where their camps had been.

Throughout the years of 1879 and 1880, they pushed their surveys on, seeking a route through mountain and desert, testing, accepting, discarding. They camped on the Jemez at San Ysidro; they scouted Tijeras Canyon, where Harvey's father had helped Lewis Kingman run the early survey for the Atlantic & Pacific; they finally located their line down Domingo Creek to the Rio Grande.

On April 15th, 1880, the first train entered Albuquerque, five hundred miles from the ranch, and on the first of October it came into San Marcial, 103 miles nearer.

Relentlessly the tide of railroad building surged. The Texas & Pacific was driven westward, the Santa Fe southward, the Southern Pacific eastward. As Mr. Strong had predicted, the Huntington line beat the Santa Fe into Tucson—and made it into a Southern Pacific City.

Harvey, remembering Mr. Strong's prediction, wrote impetuously to Virginia:

> **We're coming your way, honey. It would not surprise me to see the rails laid right down the Little Sonoita, but of course we fellows out in the field never know.**

That was true. Out in the desert, hard men worked and sweated and swore, piling up grades, laying down steel. In newspaper offices the editors speculated, printing scant news items, printing rumors of wars among the officials and guessing as to their probable outcome.

While the engineers sought right-of-way through the desert and mountain wilderness, organizing genius behind closed doors in eastern cities fought with words of oily diplomacy.

In 1866 General Fremont had chartered the Atlantic & Pacific railroad to build the Thirty-fifth Parallel route—the road which Jim Wasson had helped to scout years before—from Springfield, Missouri, through Vinita, Indian Territory, through Albuquerque, and on west to connect with the Southern Pacific at the Colorado River.

Fremont had gotten a land grant of forty million acres in alternate sections along his right-of-way. By the terms of his charter his rights expired in 1879, because the line was not completed.

What rights existed belonged to the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad. The Santa Fe, seeking a route to the Pacific, turned to the Atlantic &

Pacific. Nickerson and Strong negotiated with the Frisco, and on January 31, 1880, they agreed to organize a new A. & P. Company, lay joint track to the coast, and build the Frisco immediately from Vinita into Albuquerque to connect with the A. & P.

That was a splendid idea. It would send Santa Fe tracks to salt water on one of the three sources of the inland trade. It would also give California a competing route eastward across the country.

That's where the hitch came. Gould with his Pacific lines had a monopoly on eastern trade. He could charge what he pleased. Huntington was trying to horn in on Gould's game by sending his Southern Pacific across the South. Now the Santa Fe and the Frisco came plunging right between them.

Huntington, it is said, determined to block the progress, by the little trick of having the Federal Government declare all land grants to the A. & P. forfeited. The courts balked. They didn't do it.

Finally, although Gould had tried to take the Southern Pacific away from him on the pretext that it had been built on a right-of-way granted two decades earlier to Gould's Texas & Pacific, Huntington and Gould "threw in together," as Strong had predicted they would. They bought a controlling interest in the Frisco company; and immediately decided it was not necessary to build the line west from Albuquerque to the coast.

THAT was in January, 1882. They doubtless figured they had the Santa Fe blocked. But Strong and his advisors, expecting this move, had a hole to crawl out through, and a club to fight with when they got out. The hole and the club were one—a southwest passage.

Mr. Strong knew that the road to Guaymas was not only a branch of the Santa Fe trade. It was an outlet to the Pacific—an outlet, which, although for more than two hundred miles it traversed Mexican soil, would give the holder of it access to the second best harbor on the Pacific Coast. Moreover it was a route to Australia fifteen hundred miles shorter than the one through Frisco.

Because they had known this, they had been organizing *subsidiary* companies with franchise to build little stretches of railroad in Arizona and Sonora—stretches, which though each in itself was unimportant, when united would carry Santa Fe iron direct to the Gulf of California!

Critically, while he helped run lines and set grade stakes across "La Jornada del Muerte" (The Journey of Death) between San Marcial and Rincon, and westward toward Deming, Harvey listened to every rumor, scanned every news item.

He was aware that some kind of negotiations were going on between Santa Fe and Southern Pacific. He did not know what they were. He wondered why no mention had as yet been made of the line down the Little Sonoita. Mr. Strong had seemed interested and favorably impressed by his report. Yet all discussion was of other routes.

In Tucson's *Arizona Weekly Star* for October 14th, 1880, he read:

The Arizona Southern Railway Company has been secretly organized by Boston capitalists under the leadership of Mr. Nickerson, President of the A. T & S. F. It is proposed to build up the valley of the Santa Cruz from Tucson to connect with the Sonora Limited now being projected north from Guaymas . . .

Harvey's hopes went down. If the Santa Fe built south out of Tucson, that meant they had compromised with the S. P., and the Sonoita route would not be constructed.

He chafed at delay, as months dragged on into years. He fretted about Virginia. He feared for her personal safety. Something whispered to him that his long absence was causing her love to wane. He seriously considered returning to Arizona, making her his wife, giving up his railroad career, and becoming a rancher.

In words of wisdom beyond the woman of nineteen, she counselled against it. She wrote:

> **You would not be satisfied. Your soul is born to a different life. Regardless of all hindrance, I believe you should remain with your work until you achieve success. Have patience, dear. Your ability will be recognized. I will wait. I will love you always.**

And thus assured, he waited. They ran the survey from Rincon southwest, toward the Southern Pacific. Some rumors said Santa Fe trains would use Pacific tracks to Tucson from the junction. Other rumors said they would build their own line across Mexico.

On the first of January, 1881, this item appeared in the *Star:*

> **Mr. Morley, of the Santa Fe, is in town this morning, going east to the end of (S.P.) track. The Arizona Southern Railway intends to connect with the A.T. & S.F. and with the Sonora Limited. Franchise has already been granted by the (Mexican) government to run a line from Guaymas to any point on the border. It is assumed this point will be above Calabasas on the Santa Cruz . . .**

AGAIN Harvey's hopes took a tumble. That indicated the Santa Fe did not intend to build the Sonoita route. He kept listening, watching.

On February tenth the Santa Fe tracks were in sight of Deming. On March third, his crew helped a Southern Pacific crew survey for the junction.

On March eighth the last spike was driven, and at 3.25 P.M. the first engine came over the connection. Officials were not present, but to the people of the Southwest, that event was one of the most significant in their history. Through the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, Arizona now had a line connecting through from the Pacific to the Middle West, and thence to the Atlantic Seaboard.

Harvey rejoiced with them, but his joy was shadowed by the fact that this line which passed through Tucson, left the woman he loved and the ranch where she lived seventy miles out in the desert, exposed to hardship and danger.

He reckoned that the two big companies had now compromised and that his dream of a line down the Sonoita was shattered.

Sadly he went to other tasks. His party ran a line through Tombstone, Arizona, to the border at Nacazatio—and discarded it. He went to El Paso, worked for a time on the Mexican Central south. He returned in early summer to help scout a line to Silver City.

It was while he was there that hope for his pet project was revived. In the *Star* for July 14th, 1881, he read:

> **In an interview with General Superintendent Towne (S. P.) he informed us that the Southern Pacific and the A. T. & S. F. have compromised all questions in dispute between them. The A. T. & S. F. has leased the line from Deming to Benson (where the S. P. crosses the San Pedro River). They will build a branch line from Benson up the San Pedro River, to or near Tombstone, thence to connect with the Sonora Line at Calabasas.**

Harvey clipped this item and sent it proudly to Virginia Lawrence, who was still living on the Virginia Dell with her aged father.

He rejoiced to know that, although he had seen neither Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Strong in more than three years, the secret which they had confided to him had been kept. Now that the time had come for them to reveal it, he was reading that secret broadcasted through the newspapers.

Confidently he expected to be called in to help survey this line. He had found it; he had reported on it. It seemed the logical thing that his service should be in demand.

The young surveyor felt a thrill running through him. If he were called, he'd be near Virginia. He'd be able to see her often, hear her precious voice, and strengthen their weakened ties of affection.

He waited eagerly. A week later, another item appeared in the *Star:*

Chief Engineer of the Santa Fe arrived in town (Tucson) yesterday. He will leave immediately for Benson, from which point he will examine three proposed routes from Benson for the connection with the Sonora Limited . . . (One route is) from Benson up to Babocomari Creek, thence across to or near old Fort Crittenden, thence down the Little Sonoita and out to the Santa Cruz at or near Calabasas. . .

This was Harvey's route. He knew now that it would be accepted, because it was the most feasible of the three. But he wondered why he had not been notified to report for duty. Had he been forgotten? Was the chief engineer unaware that he existed? He felt slighted and annoyed.

Then on the following morning came a message:

Wasson report immediately to Benson, Arizona.

Gleefully he packed his belongings, boarded the westbound train, and rode into the little town on the San Pedro. His hour of triumph had come. He must let Virginia know at once.

But that hour of triumph was short. In Benson, where last he had seen gray sage, mesquite and cactus on alkali flats, with centipeds and sidewinders running over them, he found now a thriving town with stores, and mills, and rooming houses and saloons—a town which the Southern Pacific had conjured from the desert.

The chief greeted him affably and after a low-spoken—"Here at last, Wasson!" introduced a young man of his own age, Mr. A. Lucas Dalton.

From the moment of introduction, Harvey sensed conflict. That fellow Dalton was everything which the hardy pioneer despised—groomed, manicured, tailored, scented, wax-mustached, Harvard-spoken.

As the gray eyes glanced superciliously over Harvey's frontier garb—rough boots, coarse woolens, gnarled hands and broken nails—Harvey felt in them the cold contempt of the little mind which sees no deeper than the surface. He resented Dalton, and he guessed that Dalton was greatly annoyed by him.

Very soon he became aware that his new acquaintance was a man of importance. Mr. A. Lucas Dalton was nephew to a director. He was fresh from Boston. He was an *engineer,* not a common *surveyor,* and he had been trained by the best men of the East.

THEY retired to the hotel. Briefly the chief outlined their plans.

"We will scout three routes proposed. First, up the San Pedro to the

border; second, up the Babocomari and across the high mesa; third, up the Babocomari and down the Little Sonoita."

"That is the route you will finally select, sir," Harvey spoke boldly. "I am sure of it."

A. Lucas Dalton curled his lips. "What do *you* know about it?" he asked sneeringly.

"I rode a burro over it once," Harvey quickly retorted.

The chief chuckled. Dalton flushed.

"I would hesitate to consider the judgment of a common surveyor on a matter of such importance," he said caustically. "I dare say when we have finished our survey, we shall find one of the other routes equally feasible, and no doubt shorter."

"We are here to find out," the chief answered, clearly annoyed by this little tilt between two of his subordinates.

The party which left Benson the following morning was not large. There were nine men, including John Chinaman, the cook, and Gunsight Gillam, the rollicking man of all work. They had ten mules and two wagons to haul their supplies and equipment to Contention City, at the mouth of the Babocomari, where they established headquarters.

Life in those old surveying camps was a rollicking existence. Jokes and horseplay were the accepted order of the day. The chief soon made himself one of the boys, but A. Lucas Dalton didn't. From the first day strange things began happening to Mr. Dalton. He found live lizards in his boots and dead rattlesnakes between his covers.

He ranted and raved, and openly accused Harvey of annoying him. But Harvey had kept religiously out of the deal, because his kind never play pranks on the men they despise.

Within two weeks, the chief completed his investigation of two of the propositions, and had settled rather definitely upon the third, which Harvey had previously mapped out. Early in August, they commenced working carefully up the Babocomari, and soon moved headquarters to old Fort Crittenden, where the Apaches had struck down Harvey's father.

Harvey, now that he was near the ranch, hurried over to see Virginia. Things had not greatly changed. The ranch was as he had left it. The Major was older and grayer. Virginia was as winsome as ever. They eyed each other like strangers.

"It seems ages, darling!" Harvey murmured after a heartfelt kiss.

"We'll have to get acquainted anew," the girl bantered with a little laugh. "We've got a lot to talk about."

From Saturday evening until Sunday midnight, they rapidly renewed the old affection, and when Harvey returned to camp that Sunday it was with memories which would long remain a part of his heritage.

THROUGHOUT the early part of the week he dreamed a lot. Often the others surprised him in his dreaming, and Gunsight Gillam slyly wanted to know who she was—what she looked like—whether she wouldn't be "interested in seein' some real men fer oncet in her life." Harvey accepted their razzing and went on with his work.

On Wednesday afternoon, they were running a line along a cliff edge below camp. Harvey had the instrument. A. Lucas Dalton had the pencil and the book.

Gunsight Gillam returned to camp for a forgotten hand ax. Always Gunsight had been the camp clown, play-

ing pranks on somebody, particularly on "the tenderfoot engineer." Returning with his ax, he killed a huge rattlesnake. Then, with a devilish idea in his brain, Gunsight cut a mesquite stick and carried it along.

Harvey, Dalton, and three others were on a ledge halfway down the side of the steeply sloping shale cliff. Gunsight, slipping unobserved to a point above them, shouted:

"Look out, you guys! You-all are goin' to git snake-bit!"

As he spoke, he sent the dead rattler hurtling straight toward the toes of Dalton's fancy boots.

The others turned in mild surprise. Mr. Dalton's surprise was far from mild. Always he had held serpents in deadly terror. He knew that rattlers struck and he had been warned that when they struck, it was time for man to be leaving.

He saw this spotted thing coming. He thought it was striking. His lightning glance did not show him that it was crumpled and twisted. He let out one startled, "Wah!" and flew off the ledge like a frightened buzzard.

The rest of the boys commenced to laugh. They didn't finish. When Mr. Dalton stopped, he was at the foot of the cliff in a pile of débris which he had pulled down, and his left leg didn't seem to belong to him.

Contrite and sympathetic, the men hurried down. Harvey called the chief. They set the broken bone, and the chief expressed his opinion of a lot of dumbbells who went around behaving like a gang of ten-year-old kids.

They all knew they had a problem. They were moving camp toward Calabasas. They could not take a man with a broken leg, and they could not send him to the hospital. It was Harvey who offered the solution.

"We can take him to the Virginia Dell and let him stay with the Lawrences until we go to Tombstone. The Major and his daughter would gladly welcome him, and he'd be well cared for."

Harvey went to the ranch. The Major brought the invitation. The gang who had been responsible for his accident fitted out a stretcher and carried him to the guest room in the desert haven.

Virginia was all sympathetic attention. She called him, "You poor boy!"

Harvey watched her proudly, bustling about like an old hen with one chick. Had he known his women, he would have watched her uneasily.

But he didn't know his women. He didn't know how they admire the plumage of the male, nor how they can sympathize with the unfortunate, nor how the first step to love is sympathy.

WHEN the crew moved down below Patagonia the following Saturday, Harvey stopped in at the ranch. Virginia seemed less cordial than she had been a week ago. Harvey ascribed the change to the fact that she was looking after a patient with a broken leg, and that her time was thus consumed.

Mr. Dalton complained bitterly to Harvey about his leg, and wondered if he'd walk again. But when Harvey came out and Virginia went in, it was not long until nurse and patient were chatting like old friends. The excruciating pain apparently had gone.

Harvey felt a twinge of uneasiness as he heard the patient airing his cultered wisdom, and commenting on the boorishness of ruffians who would harm a man trying to perform such service for humanity as surveying railroads through the mountains.

Mr. Dalton might not know a dead rattlesnake from a live one; but he certainly knew his women, knew them from much experience. He knew exactly how to gain their sympathy and how to make love the way they like it.

Before he was on crutches he had built up a strong case; and before the crew returned, he had asked a question, gotten the right answer, and convinced the girl that the proper time to get married would be the first Sunday in June.

When Harvey came up on the veranda, he sensed something was wrong. Virginia was knitting. She nodded coldly, but she didn't look up and she didn't smile a welcome. Mr. Dalton was smiling—and his smile was gloating, triumphant.

Harvey looked at Virginia with mingled fear and entreaty.

Mr. Dalton said: "I believe, Wasson, congratulations are in order. As the mutual friend of Miss Lawrence and myself, you will rejoice to know that she has consented to be my wife, and—"

"What — what's that?" Harvey gasped. "You don't mean—"

But another look at Virginia's crimson face and downcast eyes convinced Harvey that was exactly what Mr. Dalton meant. A kind prank, a broken leg, and two weeks on the ranch had turned Virginia's love from Harvey to the only man he had ever utterly despised.

Dazedly Harvey went out to the corrals. The Major was saddling the roan stallion. He glanced up and snorted.

"You sure played hell when you brought that Dalton guy down here, Wasson."

"So I see," Harvey said thickly.

The Major was greatly perturbed.

"I've talked to her, told her he wasn't worth the powder and lead it would take to blow his brains out, nothing but a dandified sissy, and a wind-jammer, and a four-flusher. But she's just like her mother. Gets her head set, all hell can't turn her."

They quarrelled—Harvey and Virginia. Rather, she quarrelled and he listened. She expressed her opinion of a big bully who would bring harm to a dear good boy like Luke.

It was "Luke" now, Harvey thought bitterly. He didn't say much. He was too dazed for speech. Life had suddenly thrown a red block in his face.

The Lonely Trail

WHEN the crew broke camp and started back to Benson, Mr. Dalton did not go with them. He was staying on at the ranch until he was able to work. Harvey didn't go, either. He told the chief: "I think I'll quit railroading and go panning gold in Sonora, sir."

"As you choose, Wasson," the chief answered quietly. "Your service has been entirely satisfactory to us; but if you don't like the job—"

"It isn't that," Harvey assured him. "I like the job but—"

He stared disconsolately across the Patagonias, where black clouds hung over Mexico. The chief watched him through narrowed lids.

"I think I understand, son," he said slowly. "I'm sorry. You may have to change your survey and run out a new route. Perhaps a few weeks in

Mexico might be good for you. You may want to come back."

"Thank you, sir. I may."

Gunsight Gillam had become attached to Harvey. When he learned that the young surveyor was quitting the road and going to Mexico, he volunteered to go along.

At first Harvey refused to accept company, but he recalled the loneliness of those Sonoran mountains, knew what memories would haunt them, what thoughts would come during hopeless days and dark nights, and he reconsidered.

By mid-September, Harvey and Gunsight were ready to trek southward down the lonely trail.

Hurt and sore, he did not tell Virginia good-by, but where the trail entered the gorge, he turned for a last look backward. She was leaning on the veranda railing, her white dress whipping in the wind. It brought a lump into his throat. He started to lift his hand in farewell salute, then quickly dropped it.

For many minutes he stood staring back at the ranch buildings. Gunsight aroused him with the gruff question:

"Are we goin' tuh Mexico?"

"We are," Harvey returned shortly.

Heedless of the kerchief waving from the veranda, he whirled and strode through the gap, leaving behind the ranch, the rail, and the woman.

Man may escape law, courts, human justice; but flee where he will, there is no escape from the searing pain of the wounded soul. Away from Arizona, Harvey thought of Virginia by day and dreamed of her by night. For the life of him, he could not understand what a strong Western woman could see in the mollycoddle, Dalton, to attract her.

Something whispered that if he had been less hasty and had remained at home instead of running away, he might yet have won her back. He scoffed at the idea. Why worry? She had chosen. She was gone, let her go, "God bless her!"

Their trail led down the Little Sonoita, southward up the Santa Cruz, and eastward into the foothills of the Sierra Madres. Days later, they came to the canyon and the old diggings which for years Harvey and his father had worked. They established camp in a secluded spot and toiled early and late, panning gravel, striving to forget.

For two months they continued working. They found scant reward for their labor, because the gold seemed to have run out. In December, they determined to go prospecting higher in the Sierra Madres.

BUT Destiny had other plans. Their camp was in a narrow canyon, miles from the nearest human habitation. Harvey and his father had spent months at the spot without seeing a living soul.

At night, he and Gunsight slept by their weapons, but without a guard. Their burros, tethered to the live oak shrubs behind the camp, were their only living sentinels.

Each night, shortly after midnight, a panther came down the stream and crossed through a gap a short distance above their camp. Upon the still night air its almost human cry would grow louder and louder—sobbing, whimpering, screaming like a woman in great agony.

At first the cry aroused them, but after becoming accustomed to it, they slept on undisturbed. No, not undisturbed. For, although they did not awaken, the cry disturbed their sleep

and colored their dreams, especially the dreams of Harvey.

On the night before they were to leave for the Sierras, the cat came down as usual. Its cry pierced the night air. Harvey kept moving restlessly in his sleep. He was hearing the sound; for even in sleep the ears are not closed to sensation. The brain was receiving the impression, the sensation, but the subconscious mind, which rides hard on man while his conscious mind rests, was misrepresenting the source of the cry.

The youth was dreaming—and his subconscious mind was telling him: "It's Virginia . . . Virginia Lawrence calling. . . . Virginia is in deadly peril . . . She's calling me to come home."

The beast came closer. The burros snorted. Something, perhaps their movement, aroused Harvey. He sat up and listened. But not another cry came, because the cat had caught manscent.

Harvey's father had believed firmly in dreams. The belief was instinct in Harvey, but his reason told him it was groundless. He tried to shake off the spell of this one; but it had been so vivid, he could not drive it away.

He did not sleep again that night. He kept hearing that voice—not the voice of the panther, but Virginia's voice, calling, calling him to come home. And when he arose that morning, he knew he was not going higher into the Sierra Madre.

They ate breakfast and packed the burros. While Harvey was tying the last sack of grub to the packsaddle, he said without looking at Gunsight: "What yuh say we go back to Arizona, old-timer?"

"To Arizony!" Gunsight thrust two fists on a pair of hips and stared at him.

"You heard it."

"Well, if you ain't the beatenest fool I ever seen. When yuh in Arizony yuh want to be somers else, an 'when yuh git somers else yuh want to go back to Arizony. I hope, by gum, I never fall in love to stay fell."

Harvey laughed. They did not mention the matter again, but when the fire was out, and the last scrap of luggage packed, Gunsight headed the lead mule, not up the stream toward the Sierra, but down toward the trail to the Sonoita.

WORK on the Southwest Passage had made rapid progress. Harvey found when he reached the ranch that the locating party had already gone down the Little Sonoita, leaving grade stakes less than four miles away; and where once had been a land of solitude, a horde of men were building the grade for *his* railroad.

Virginia welcomed him. She was certainly glad to see him. She did not try to conceal it. If A. Lucas Dalton had been away, Harvey might soon have won his old place in her affections. But A. Lucas Dalton came up for the Christmas vacation, and did not let her out of his sight while Harvey was there.

Harvey cut short his visit. Having somewhat recovered from the first shock, he was taking new interest in his work. The youth determined to get back into the game. He and Gunsight went up to Camp Crittenden and asked the engineer in charge for a job. The chief looked them over. He did not ask for credentials.

"Not hiring surveyors now," he said shortly. "Got too many men."

Harvey did not insist. He reckoned there were other jobs. While they were loafing around, the boss con-

tractor came up where they watched the graders.

"You fellows want jobs?" he queried.

Harvey and Gunsight exchanged winks. They had not expected to do construction work. They had expected to go back surveying. Still—

"What yuh got open?" Harvey asked.

"Skinnin' mules an' decoratin' a pick handle at two fifteen a day."

Harvey shook his head.

"Could use a couple of powder monkeys in hard rock at two and a half."

"Sounds interesting," Harvey said gravely.

"Any experience?"

"Used plenty of black and giant both in mines below the border."

"You got the job."

THERE was more than a job for the men who built the New Mexico & Arizona Railway. Five hundred men were in camp at Crittenden alone. They overflowed the ruined forts and built a tent city in the flats.

There were thirty saloons in the valley where they drank reason into oblivion and passion into fever heat. There were gambling games, both straight and crooked, where they lost their wages and tried to keep their losings through powder smoke. There were not women enough to bring down heaven but there were women enough to raise hell.

On January 18th, 1882, *The Tombstone Epitaph,* a well known daily paper, described the condition of one grading camp on that job:

Tar Flat is one of the toughest holes in Arizona, nothing but shooting and fighting all the time. If the world had been combed, a more hardened lot of citizenry could not have been found than is now gathered at that point.

This comment would have applied equally well to every grading camp on the eighty miles of construction on the N. M. & A. Two thousand men were in the valley with no law but the law of knife and gun. Tombstone, as it boasts today, may have been the "town too tough to die," but the grading camps on the Babocomari and the Little Sonoita were tougher far than Tombstone.

The Tombstone Epitaph of July 7th, 1882, in an item headed "Hell's Hollow," reported:

Sunday evening last, some of the tough characters of this vicinity were celebrating the Sabbath at the camp of a Mexican living near Igo's ranch (a short distance below Crittenden). The man had women in his family. The railroaders were making themselves entertaining to the ladies, maybe because of chivalry for the fair sex, maybe because they were linguistic students trying to learn Castilian, maybe for other reasons needless to mention . . .

Mescal and whisky were plentiful, and all looked lovely. But mescal and whisky cannot be drunk all day without its effect being felt, and it is natural that railroaders should fight when their hides are full of whisky. Four men, Jas. Moroney, Bill Mulchay, Jack Kingsbury and Nevada Jim were candidates for the smiles of a senorita . . . words . . . blows . . . pistol shots. One of them . . . put a shot between Moroney's eyes. Knowing that his friends would come, they fled to Calabasas. Here they went to a dance . . . Moroney's friends came. . . . They shot into the crowd, injuring men and women . . . and let the killers get away. . . . They are now heading toward Sonora.

The condition existed from the day the pick first struck earth until the last rail was spiked into place. That condition was *fact,* not *fiction.*

This was the environment into which Harvey entered when he took his job at $2.50 a day, blasting rock from cuts on the Little Sonoita. Sober, cour-

ageous, industrious, he soon blasted a reputation for level-headed leadership.

A. LUCAS DALTON had gone down toward Calabasas with the locating crew. He still craved the bright lights.

On February 8th the Wallace Sisters were playing that lurid melodrama "In the Toils" at Tucson. Dalton insisted that Virginia Lawrence make the long hard trip to Contention City and take the train into Tucson for the performance. They started to Tucson to see the show. They did not go, because they staged one of their own before they got out of the valley.

As they came by Crittenden, the engineer, always eager to show his infinite wisdom, stopped to explain to Virginia some details of construction. Huge-fisted, hairy-chested men were driving plows through silt and sand; other men, huge-fisted, hairy-chested, were dragging the high spots into the low with mules and scrapers.

Dalton explained how the stakes indicated cuts and fills which the "ignorant laborers" must make, and that when they had finished their job, the engineers would see that the "dumb" ones had not blundered.

"The engineers," he insisted, "are the brains of railroad building."

From straining teams and swearing teamsters, he led her to the rock cut. Ring of steel on steel came up from the twelve-foot trench where Harvey and his drillers were blasting the path for the railroad.

On the floor of the cut were drills ranging in length from eighteen inches to four feet. Each was made of inch and a quarter steel. One end was flared, flattened into a half-moon shape, and sharpened to cut holes into hard rock for powder charges.

At the end of the cut, drillers worked patiently. One man squatted on haunches or knelt on padded knees. He held the drill. Two others stood, striking with heavy hammers. After each blow, the driller deftly jerked the drill a quarter turn in the hole to keep the bottom going evenly down, and dropped it into place before the hammer fell again. Like automatons they worked on, unmindful of the watchers above.

Harvey Wasson was loading the holes. As each was finished, he poured into it a measured charge of blasting powder and sprinkled upon the charge a thin priming of gunpowder. Then he fitted the end of a fuse and, using a steel tamping stick, flared at bottom with a groove for the fuse. After that he tamped the hole full of stiff clay or drill cuttings.

The charge tamped, Harvey split the end of the fuse with a pocket knife, and moved quickly to another. He was finishing his sixth shot when Dalton and Virginia came. The drillers had completed their last hole, and moved the tools out where they would not be covered with rocks falling from the blast.

Virginia was watching the work. Suddenly: "O-oh, there's Harvey!" she cried excitedly, and waved a greeting. Dalton deliberately looked the other way. Harvey tamped the last charge and shouted: "All away!"

A BIG driller named Mike Carson, who always helped touch off the shots, had come back and sat down on the ledge. Dalton's every word came down to them, as he explained the comparative efficiency of "black" and "giant," and the extreme simplicity of blasting.

Harvey grinned and winked. Some-

how the tough Carson didn't seem to see anything funny. Perhaps he had been out too late last night, or could not forget that five dollars he had sunk in a crap game. He snorted savagely and began lighting fuses.

As Carson lighted his first one, Dalton was saying: "Compared to the work of laying out a railroad . . ." He touched the second. "This job is extremely simple . . ." He touched the third. "Men *we* hire to do this kind of work are those with the strong back and the weak mind . . ."

Harvey shouted savagely: "All away!"

Virginia was tugging at her escort's sleeve. Harvey could hear her urging: "Come on! Come on!"

"No hurry, sweetheart," the superior voice was assuring her. "It takes three or four minutes for those fuses to reach the charges. There's lots of time."

Inwardly boiling, Harvey did not look up the hill as he strode toward the arroyo. He did not speak to Gunsight Gillam, who came down from the upper end of the cut. He did not even see the driller confronting Dalton nor hear the disgruntled bark:

"What's that about the strong back and weak mind? You spindle-legged shrimp!"

Seconds later, he did hear a woman scream. He whirled to look up the hill. Carson was striding down. Virginia was peering into the cut where those seven fuses were burning toward powder enough to kill a regiment.

He shouted to her: "Come away, quick! Don't stand there—you'll be killed!"

Instead of coming, she kept running frantically back and forth along the cut, crying: "He's down there! Luke's down there!"

Harvey darted toward the open end of the cut. He barked the command to Gunsight: "Get her quick!"

Gunsight quit trying to stop Harvey and leaped up the hill to seize Virginia. Harvey dashed into the cut. He came out with a stupefied engineer who was asking dazedly: "What—what hit me?"

Seconds later, while Virginia was holding the somewhat disfigured face on her lap and wiping away the stains with a lace handkerchief, seven shots went off. After Harvey quit counting the booms, he answered Dalton's first stammered question with two significant words: "A MAN!"

Then he strode back into the other end of the cut to tamp more shots for firing.

HARVEY knew that Mike Carson was a wild hombre, lightning death on the draw. He knew also that men on that job were expected to mind their own business.

When he returned to the cut, he saw the big fellow coming toward him. The face was granite. Carson walked up and thrust out a hairy paw.

"Shake, pard!" he growled. "It's a good thing somebody on this job's got a little sense."

"He had it coming to him, all right," Harvey answered with a relieved laugh. "But somehow . . ."

That little incident fixed attention upon the powder man, caused even the tough ones to view him with respect, and paved the way for other incidents which followed each other in quick succession.

Crittenden had a Chinese cook the boys called John. John was a harmless sort of Oriental. Attended strictly to his own business and set out good chow.

It also had a hard citizen named "Reds" Maloney, a teamster, who was neither worse nor better than most of the crowd—when he was sober.

On Saint Patrick's day John *cooked* supper and went to bed. Maloney *ate* supper and went out to celebrate. Hours later he started home. Why he did not go, no one knew. Maybe he thought John had money hidden. Instead of proceeding to his own tent, he reeled over to the Chinaman's and tried to get in.

John was nervous. John had a gun —everybody had a gun. He used it. With the dead Irishman lying outside his tent, he crouched in deadly terror waiting for the gang to discover him.

Another workman came by and saw the corpse lying by John's tent. Dead men neither tell tales nor do the contents of their pockets. He stooped to pick the pockets. Others saw him. They seized him and investigated.

They learned that a *Chinaman* had killed an *American*. They dragged the unfortunate cook from hiding, chained him and the corpse-robber together, and chained them both to the dead body while Judge Lynch held court.

There was no formality. The mob did not ask *why*. They had a rope, a limb, two victims, and plenty of hard liquor. They decided to execute the foreigner first.

Harvey and Gunsight, hearing the turmoil, had come out. They had asked a few questions and had learned *why* the cook had killed the intruder.

"They got no business hanging him for that," Harvey growled.

"Yuh ain't goin' to try to keep 'em from it, I hope," Gunsight replied.

THE mob's leader was the driller, Mike Carson. He had plenty of able seconds. Harvey had interfered against Carson once, and been thanked for it. He elbowed his way to the front where Carson was fitting the rope about the short neck while two teamsters supported the terrified Oriental.

"What yuh executin' him for, Mike?" Harvey asked lightly.

"Murder," shortly.

"Murder! Right shore it wasn't self-defense?"

The driller grunted. "There ain't no such thing as self-defense when a furriner kills an American."

"No? Well, let's wait a minute, Mike, an' think this thing over!"

Carson stared at him like a hypnotic subject. The two teamsters finished fitting the noose. Carson held the dangling end. Harvey talked to him as if he were the king, explained how the shooting had occurred, and asked permission to say a few words.

A drunken voice cried: "Swing *him* up, too!" And another; "Swing him up for obstructin' justice!"

Carson lifted a hand. "Gents," he called, "here's a friend with a few words about law an' justice. Le's listen to what he has to say."

There were cries of "Speech! Speech!" and "Throw him out!" and "Swing 'im up!"

If Harvey hadn't been a Westerner, and no angel himself, he would not have spoken a dozen words. But he knew the temper of that mob. He looked into three hundred faces with torchlight flickering on them. Some were drunken faces, some were foolish and some were evil, but many were hard, strong, intelligent faces.

In tones which carried to the farthest ear but no farther, he reminded them that he was an American, with no particular love for "furriners." He went on to explain the American prin-

ciple that "a man's home is his castle, and he has the right to defend it against intruders"; that the color of the owner makes no difference. He told how the cook had been sleeping in his own home, disturbing no one; and how he had been intruded upon and had shot in defense of his home.

Drunken cheers greeted this speech: "Tha's right!" "Hooray for Wasson!"

Boots from the west sent John hurrying eastward to lie chattering in his tent, marveling that "Misla Wassom" had interfered to save his miserable life.

IN building a railroad there are distinct steps—locating, surveying, computing, plotting, setting grade stakes. These are engineering jobs. Then there are plowing, scraping, picking, shovelling, blasting, hauling, getting the bed to grade. That is the big job, the construction job.

Then there is the job of checking to see that boss contractors have carried out instructions, have built to specification. That, too, as A. Lucas Dalton had told Virginia, is an engineering job.

About the time Reds Maloney was killed, Dalton returned to Crittenden to carry the rod on the testing work. Instead of showing gratitude toward the man who had risked life to drag him from out of eternity that day in the cut, the engineer seemed to resent it—acted as if he considered Harvey responsible for broken nose, battered face that Carson and the fall into the rocks had given him.

"Jist goes to prove," Gunsight philosophized, "that if yuh want to make a enemy, a real enemy, do somethin' to help him out."

Harvey did not care. He did feel hurt that Virginia had grown decidedly distant. He only shrugged, and went right on blasting out a railroad bed.

On a night late in March, Harvey was aroused by the sound of scratching on the tent flap. He listened. The sound was repeated—a long *warrrrrrick,* followed by two shorter ones. He remembered the night John had shot Maloney. He picked up his forty-five.

"What is it?" he asked in a low, tense voice.

There was no reply. He tightened his grip on the gun and started crawling over Gunsight's feet. A voice, an Oriental voice, whispered:

"Don' be flaid, Misla Wassom. It's me, Jlon."

Harvey untied the tent flap. The Chinese cook crawled inside. Harvey peered into the face. In it was no emotion, but the greenish eyes were bright.

"What's the matter, John?" he asked. "Maloney's ghost been chasin' yuh?"

"No, no! No glos', Misla Wassom."

"Well!"

"Misla Wassom, you like plitty white girl?"

"You mean Miss Lawrence?"

The pigtail bobbed violently.

"Sure I do. What—"

John laid a hand on his sleeve, and waited while Gunsight gave a couple of snores. Then:

"'Pache Joe come by my tent lots nights tlake little dlink. 'Pache Joe get plenty dlunk tonight. Plenty dlunk. Tongue get loose. See?"

Harvey didn't see—yet.

"'Pache Joe say young Indian chief like white girl, too."

Young Indian chief. Harvey was remembering rumors of a dashing young Apache chief who lived in the desert country to the northeast.

"Young Indian chief comin' take white girl off sometime," the Celestial continued. "Way off—"

John hushed, as if fearing he had said too much. Harvey gasped, "Ohhhh!" and thanked the cook.

JOHN went back to his tent. Harvey aroused Gunsight Gillam. They did not wait until daylight. They left a brief note to the boss, saying they would be back by noon, and took the ridge trail to the Virginia Dell.

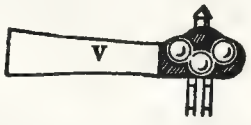
It was eleven miles by the valley trails, seven across the hills. They made it in less than two hours. The ranch was quiet. Dogs growled at their approach. The two men went into the steep-banked arroyo which runs along the east wall of the enclosure and rested until daylight.

Very briefly, Harvey explained to Major Lawrence why he had come, expressed his belief that former attacks on the ranch had been due to "young Indian chief" trying to get "plitty white girl."

The Major called Virginia. Her mood was decidedly unfriendly. "What are you trying to do, Harvey? Scare me away from home?"

"Scare you! My dear Virginia—"

The brown eyes were narrow slits now. "I'm not your 'dear Virginia' thank you! And I never dreamed you'd stoop so low as to try a cheap trick like you did."



Apaches on the Warpath!

HARVEY and Gunsight Gillam returned breakfastless to camp.

"That's what yuh git tryin' to help somebody out of a jackpot, Harvey. These here females allus turns on yuh, an' saps like you go right on lettin' 'em do it."

Harvey was pretty sore. He declared stoutly that from this time on he would mind his own business, and let other folks mind theirs. He didn't, of course. The sap with the helpful complex never does.

Maybe A. Lucas Dalton needed to go to the theater in Tucson or Tombstone to be entertained by artificial drama; but certainly the boys in the grading camps didn't. They had entertainment closer home.

In March, Gay & Laster's punchers came up the valley. Punchers never loved railroaders. They stood Contractor Joe Hampson up and shot at him, being careful where they shot. The same gang on the same rampage fired into the tents in Hampson's grading camp and wounded a helpless woman.

On another day, Joe objected to the way one of his hard citizens was working. The hard citizen took a shot at Joe, but a bleared eye spoiled a bad aim and Joe didn't die.

Contractors became disgusted with rowdyism. They asked the company for foreign labor. In April the company shipped fifty Chinese to Benson and unloaded them at the end of track to walk through Crittenden to Igo's camp, twelve miles below.

The hard citizens didn't want Chinamen on the job. A reception committee met the Orientals at Crittenden and ordered them back. For a while it looked as if there would be a massacre. A hard one fired his pistol. The astonished newcomers retreated hastily. Yells—pistol shots. Chinese fled in terror, and didn't come back.

Thus throughout the spring things

went on. Gunsight Gillam took the job running the construction engine. Though Harvey seldom saw him, A. Lucas Dalton stayed in Crittenden, helping in checkup work on the completed grade.

Harvey continued as a powder monkey, blasting tons of rock from the cuts which years ago he had visualized in the hillsides of the Little Sonoita. He considered going into Mexico to help run out the Mexican Central; but whether some unheard voice was whispering to him to remain near the woman he loved, or whether the job itself got a grip on him, he did not go.

Indian outbreaks of 1882 were among the worst and the last in Arizona. Doubtless realizing that new settlers would come with the railroad, would take from them their last home in the desert wilderness, the redskins struck that year, struck as if they would make a last stand against the encroachment of white man's hated civilization.

In April the war chief Loco killed the agent on the Gila Reservation, north of Benson, and left with his warriors. Later the Indians killed two woodchoppers coming through the Dragoon Mountains. Then they came up the San Pedro and attacked Contention City.

Troops pursued them and overtook them but were defeated. Loco went to Mexico. A Mexican lieutenant met his braves, defeated them, scattered them, and chased them in broken bands across the border.

Although these scattered bands would not think of attacking a grading camp where men were armed to the teeth, exposed ranches like the Virginia Dell were in deadly terror.

Harvey sensed somehow that the hour for which Destiny had called him was at hand. He went to the ranch. He did not see Virginia. He offered his services to the Major.

"If you need help," he said earnestly, "let me know. There are guns at Crittenden, and we *ruffians* don't let them get dusty."

The Major smiled a thin smile. He had heard his daughter and A. Lucas Dalton say hard things about "ruffians like Wasson and his crowd of strong backs."

"I hope we don't need them, boy."

"If you do, whistle, and we'll come on the lope." With that, Harvey returned to camp.

BUILDING progressed slowly. There were heavy cuts to be blasted out, deep arroyos to be filled with the cuttings. By the end of April the regular train was running only as far as Crittenden, seven miles above the ranch, but Gunsight Gillam was taking his construction train down even with the Virginia Dell, laying rails.

Harvey did not sleep soundly. Something seemed to tell him that a call would come from the Virginia Dell, a call for help which he must answer. But weeks passed and no call came. He decided he was chasing shadows.

Early in May the army declared all danger from the Apaches ended. A. Lucas Dalton, who never could get rid of his fondness for the theater, insisted that Virginia go with him into Tombstone to buy her trousseau and to attend another show before the season ended. The Major advised against it, but Virginia, certain that her Luke and the soldiers knew what they were doing, went meekly along.

Shortly after they left, two punchers reported a band of fifty Apaches en-

camped by the big spring. The Major did not go to investigate. He remained at the ranch, armed his men, and sent a rider to Fort Huachuca. Late that afternoon, his rider reported to the officer in command and asked for immediate help.

"You may say to Major Lawrence," the officer told him condescendingly, "That his ranch is in no danger whatever."

"Then you won't come to help us out?"

"We can't now. The horses have sore backs. When they can be ridden, we'll come over."

"Yeah!" The hand flashed hotly. "An' by that time, yore damn Indian friends'll have us all scalped or murdered in our beds."

The man reported to the Major, who swore and blustered. Two days passed and still no soldiers. On the morning of the third, the troops showed up and jestingly demanded: "Where are the Apaches?"

Major Lawrence offered a guide, but the officer curtly declined.

"If there are Apaches within fifty miles of you—which I doubt—we'll find them, sir," he boasted.

He and his men rode over the hill. They were gone four hours. They did not tell the Major that they had spent that time scouting within plain sight of the ranch, and that they had not gone into the higher mountains nor visited the spring. The officer said: "Not a redskin within miles of you, sir. You people are unduly alarmed."

Not quite convinced, Major Lawrence drove to Crittenden to meet the train because Virginia was coming home that evening with A. Lucas Dalton. The train was late. While he was waiting, the Major talked to Harvey Wasson.

"I don't like this idea of driving home so late," he confided. "It would be the ideal time for the redskins to jump onto us."

"I'll make up a bodyguard among the boys and go with you if you say so," Harvey volunteered.

"Sure!" That was the driller, Mike Carson, who had just come up. "Us guys would admire to meet a gang of these pesky scalp hunters. We'd shore show 'em some scalps that'd be hard to take."

But when Virginia arrived, she nodded curtly at Harvey and scoffed at the idea of a bodyguard.

"Why, father! What makes you so silly? You know the last Apache has been either killed or corraled long ago."

"We don't need these ruffians," Dalton assured him importantly. "If you have any fear of attack, I'll ride down with you for protection."

He rode. They left Crittenden an hour before sunset, with the Major, Virginia and Dalton. Also a man in the buckboard, and two ahead and two behind.

Harvey and Gunsight Gillam were still tenting together. They smoked a silent pipe and turned in. Harvey did not sleep. He was uneasy. He had not liked the way the Major had paced that cut, while he waited for the train. There had been more in his behavior than simple restlessness. He stared up through the darkness at the tent roof, listening, waiting for a call.

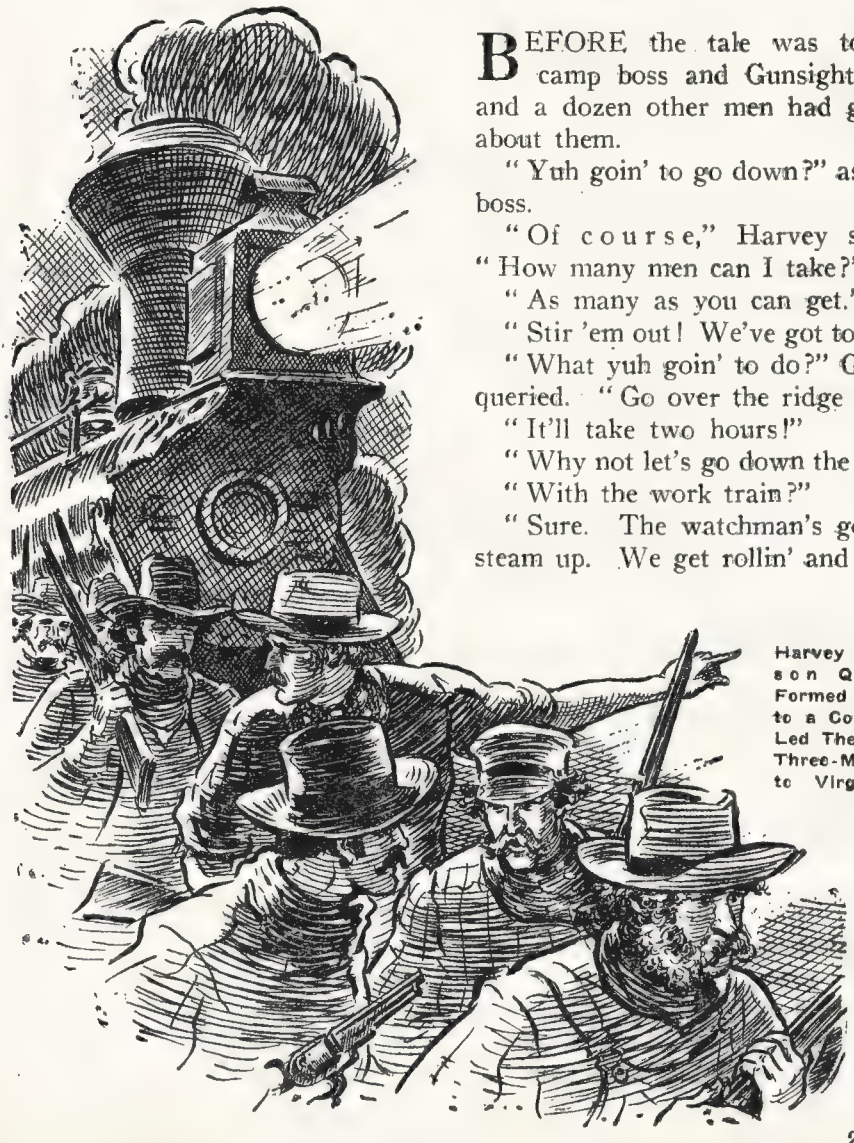
Four hours after the Major had gone, Harvey heard a commotion in the camp, which had by this time grown almost quiet. The commotion was near the saloon. He thought it was a drunken fight. A moment later, he heard Carson's foghorn voice bellow:

"Wasson! Harvey Wasson! Yuh wanted immediately!"

Harvey stumbled out of his tent and hurried toward the torch, flickering in front of the saloon. A man from Major Lawrence's ranch came on a run to meet him. He was hatless, coatless, out of breath.

Hurriedly he jabbered a story of attack and murder. Apaches had struck the returning party in the narrow gorge below the ranch. They had killed two of the riders. The Major had whipped the blaze-faced blacks up the rough trail, and escaped within the enclosure.

Yes, the Apaches were still there. He had sneaked through to bring the message. No, neither the Major nor Virginia had been hurt. "And that Meester Dalton. He ees not hurt either, but he ees ver' bad scare! *Oh, si.* Mucho scare!"



Harvey and Carson Quickly Formed Them into a Column and Led Them up the Three-Mile Gorge to Virginia Dell

BEFORE the tale was told, the camp boss and Gunsight Gillam and a dozen other men had gathered about them.

"Yuh goin' to go down?" asked the boss.

"Of course," Harvey snapped. "How many men can I take?"

"As many as you can get."

"Stir 'em out! We've got to move."

"What yuh goin' to do?" Gunsight queried. "Go over the ridge trail?"

"It'll take two hours!"

"Why not let's go down the track?"

"With the work train?"

"Sure. The watchman's got some steam up. We get rollin' and we can

go down there like a bat outa the hot country."

"Ain't that track awful rough?"

"I've saw it smoother, pal, but we'll ride the iron."

"Get yuh hog ready to ride."

Harvey, Mike Carson and the boss routed out the men. Sixty were in camp. Forty-four were sober enough to go. They poured from tents, buckling on cartridge belts, examining hog-legs and rifles.

Gunsight and the watchman soon had enough steam to get over the hump in the shoo-fly. Men released brakes on three empty flat cars, and they were ready to start rolling down the grade.

As Harvey swung up the steps, his half-stewed helper came running with a sack over his shoulder. He was not running very straight.

"What yuh got in the sack, Slim?" Harvey demanded.

"Dynamite and fuse!"

"Dynamite an' fuse?"

"Yesshir. Thought we might wanna plant a mine under them Apaches. I got the capsh in my pocket!" The powder monkey proudly displayed the long brass shells.

"You couldn't plant a mine—"

"Oh, yesh I could! Yesh I could! Don't argue me! Didn't the Yanksh plant a mine under us at Petersburg an' blos us all to smithereens? Didn't they?"

Harvey let Slim bring the sack of "giant" in the cab, and they started down the hill.

THE road was rough. The fastest Gunsight had gone over it was ten miles an hour, and he had told the boss that was too fast. He let the Eleven-Spot out. The boss and the trainmen held the brakes. The engine shimmied and cake-walked. Harvey expected every minute to head into the Sonoita or go nosing into an embankment. He kept wishing he had made Slim leave that "giant" and his caps at camp, but it was too late now.

Eleven minutes after they panted out of Crittenden, they stopped at the mouth of the canyon. Harvey and Carson quickly formed the forty-four into a column, and led them at the double quick up the three mile gorge to the Virginia Dell.

They could hear the occasional bark of a rifle as they entered the gorge. When they emerged, they could see spurts of flame. Not one of these spurts came from outside the wall. Most of them came from the barred windows. By this, Harvey knew that Major Lawrence had abandoned his outer defenses, and Apaches were now within the enclosure.

Harvey and Carson, leaving Gunsight to follow with the others, scouted around to guard against possible ambush. Before they came even with the buildings, the Apache war cry broke upon the night. The sound of firing quickened.

The Apaches, believing themselves safe from outer attack, had left no guard without the walls, and only a small one on them. From the sounds within, Harvey knew they had gathered wood and were preparing to fire the ranch house.

"We must hurry!" he whispered to Carson. "You watch. I'll bring up the others."

He was not gone long. He told Gunsight: "We've got 'em inside the wall. We'll kill 'em like rats in a hole."

But it was not that easy. They rushed the wall and took it.

The ghost of the moon came out of the Huachucas. Pale light glowed over this field where the red man was mak-

Photos by E. S. Dellinger, P. O. Box 995, Garden Rd., Albuquerque, N. M.

The Southwest Passage as It Looks Today: (Upper) the Bridge over Babocomari Creek at Fairbank, Built in 1886 by the New Mexico & Arizona; (Lower) The Right-of-Way Between Fairbank and Campstone, Along Babocomari Creek

ing his last stand against the railroad. Fire from railroad forty-fives raked barn and outbuildings; Apache fire raked walls and windows. Neither side dared rush, for to rush meant to die.

The red men must have known they were doomed. When they entered this enclosure, they had entered a trap from which there was no escape. Their next move was one of desperation.

Shortly after moonrise, a light flared within the adobe stable. The railroaders were puzzled. They could not understand why the red devils should be firing the roof over their own heads.

The red devils weren't firing it. A half naked figure darted from the quickly opened door, and holding a brand high above his head, went hurtling toward the ranch house.

Caught off guard, the men held their fire for a split second. Harvey sensed the strategy. Already the Apache had piled wood about the ranch house doors. The runner aimed to fire the wood. Once it was fired, every soul

within the house was doomed, for before the Apaches themselves should die, they could strike down the inmates, or herd them into the building to be burned alive.

He fired without aim. Forty pistols cracked and volleyed. Leaden pellets sprayed torch and runner, but before he fell, he hurled his firebrand to fall a scant ten feet short of its goal. It sputtered, blazed out, smoke curled upward into the pale moonlight, and silence settled over the valley.

AFTER a long interval, another runner followed, one alone, then three in quick succession. The last of the three almost made it. As he bit the dust the horrified watchers saw his torch fall almost into the dried grass in the pile of timbers.

"We got to stop that," Harvey muttered thickly.

"How?" Gunsight barked.

The railroaders were getting panicky. The helper, Slim, was running around, begging someone to loan him a gun.

"Where's yours?" Harvey asked shortly.

"Forgot it!" Slim moaned. "I was gittin' dynamite."

"Dynamite!" Harvey had forgotten the dynamite. He looked at Slim. "Did you bring it on?"

"Sure. I'll get it."

Slim ran back into the arroyo and came lugging his sack.

Harvey's steady hand bored a hole in the end of a stick with his pocket knife. He fitted fuse into cap, fitted cap into hole, tied it with a strip torn from his shirt, touched a match to it, and hurled it at the stable door. It fell short, far short, and exploded with a dull flash.

Quickly he fitted another. Carson, the big driller, took it. "I've got the reach on yuh, Wasson," he said hoarsely.

He lighted the fuse and sent it hurtling through the air. It fell ten feet nearer the open door, but it was not close enough.

The next moments were filled with agonized suspense. Apaches dashing with burning brands, trying to ignite their death pile; railroaders hurling giant powder trying to blast down the walls of the old barn and force the enemy into the open.

Harvey made grenades. Carson threw them. Gunsight watched the enemy. Another brand almost reached the ranch house door.

"I'm going in there," Harvey bellowed. "We can't stand around here an' let them devils burn that house. Who'll go with me?"

There were volunteers. Harvey chose Gunsight. Quickly he fitted out charges. In two of them he tied many sticks. Others he fitted singly. These he handed to Mike Carson.

"Gillam and I are going in, Mike," he said quietly. "You throw these as close in as you can get them, and time them thirty seconds apart. When the first one goes off, we'll scale the wall. Boys, the rest of you rake that den with hellfire . . ."

HARVEY and Gunsight got set. There was utter quiet. Within the barn another light was flaring. Carson threw his first grenade. Its fuse sputtered.

Harvey gripped the wall. He saw Gunsight ready to leap over. Fuse reached powder. Dust and smoke fogged. They scaled the wall, dropped, and sprinted. Another grenade fell near the door.

For twenty heartbeats they were undetected. Then a shout went up from

WORK TIME ON THE EXTRA

WHEN it's work time on the freight
And the fire is on the grate
Then I long to be off late
Back a-ridin' on the freight.
Just to hear that engine pop,
To see the highball stop,
Hear the extra call
In the early fall!

Readin' orders from a light
Just a-ridin', roundin', switchin',
Poundin' rail all day long;
Just a swayin', sweatin', swearin',
Listenin' to a road hand's song!
It does beckon and I reckon
I could work on any jack
Just to hear again, just to see again
When the highball takes the slack.

—Paul Douglas, Vancouver, Wash.

the barn. A rifle barked from the smokehouse. Gunsight hit the ground. Harvey sprinted on. Other rifles barked. From wall, windows, outhouse doors, flame spurted and leaden death leaped, but Harvey charged toward the doorway.

Thirty yards, forty, fifty. Bullets sang like bees about his ears. He knew his run was nearly ended. The second powder charge exploded. He could feel the wind from it. The fuse in his hand was sputtering, the spark crawling.

He crouched. The smoke cleared. He drew back his hand and shot the bundle forward. A yell of dismay came from the Apaches. Half-naked bodies poured into the open. Pistol fire dropped them like weeds before the scythe. Harvey saw them going down. And then he saw nothing—nothing but darkness . . .

When he came to, the big driller was working over him. He blinked, sat, spat.

"Did it work?" he mumbled.

"It worked."

He looked around. The firing had ceased. Men were stalking silently through the enclosure, tugging at gruesome things.

"Where's Gunsight?" Harvey asked.

"Not in hell," the driller answered.

The Lawrences came out. There was excitement and turmoil. Virginia weepingly told how brave Luke had died in her defense, and how the enemy had broken through over his dead body. She and two men went to his corner, but his body was not there. She returned, still sobbing, to her father.

"Something terrible has happened to him," she wailed. "I know it has. You must go hunt for him. Maybe they've carried him off. Maybe they have him somewhere torturing him."

AS Harvey regained control of limbs and senses, a theory began to form. The Major probably had the same theory. They did not mention it to Virginia. They commenced a thorough search of the premises while hard railroaders removed the fruits of battle.

Harvey and the Major and two mule skinners went through the house. A. Lucas was not in it. Harvey hoped he had not been in the barn. They turned next to the porches. He was not in the porches.

They went to the shop where Jim Wasson's old transit still sat in its cupboard. Virginia followed.

In this shop was a heap of old cowhides. It was a big heap. The torch light flickered over it. Harvey was in the act of turning away. The Major gripped his arm. He turned back to the pile of hides.

This time, he observed a peculiar rounding at the top. Piles of honest cowhides are not rounded. He next observed that this pile was quivering violently, and that a moaning sound

issued from it. Honest cowhides don't quiver and moan.

Harvey circled the pile. Virginia circled it with him. Where the dozen top hides broke to leave an opening, he saw a something which looked like the sole of a patent leather shoe with the toe turned down.

Softly, very softly, he lifted the quivering hide. The moaning grew louder. His eye followed a pair of striped trousers to a bended knee, and from the knee up a pair of quivering coat tails to a bended hip.

Harvey gave the hide a violent yank. It came off, bringing others with it; and a terrified shriek came from the stinking heap; and a terrified A. Lucas Dalton, unaware that Apaches had long since died or departed, lay waiting for his scalp to slip.

The Major snorted; Harvey chuckled; a mule skinner slapped his thigh and haw-hawed. Virginia blushed with shame. She stormed and cried: "You horrid wretches! You horrid—" and fled to the sacred precincts of her disheveled boudoir.

THERE was a vacancy in the surveying crew the next day. The altitude having seriously affected A. Lucas Dalton's heart—so the boss announced—he took the first train out for Boston. He did not take Virginia Lawrence with him.

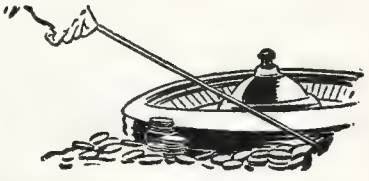
Harvey took the place A. Lucas vacated, and worked all summer, helping build *his* railroad. He was busy, because he soon became an important member of the survey crew; but he was not too busy to spend his week-ends at the ranch.

He and Virginia rode horseback over the hills, and walked together through the canyons. Harvey did not mention A. Lucas Dalton — and she didn't, either. But every time they passed a cowhide drying on the corral fence, Harvey's eyes would twinkle and Virginia's face would grow violently red.

That fall, when the last rail was in place and the first train running through to Guaymas, there were flags and bunting, and shotguns and forty-fives all along the line. These were in celebration of the coming of the railroad.

But the sixteen charges of dynamite which Mike Carson and his crew set off at Crittenden—they were in celebration of something entirely different. For, when the train stopped at that deserted camp, Harvey Wasson carried his bride through shouting punchers and hard railroaders to the rear coach of the waiting train. They were taking a honeymoon trip to the end of the Southwest Passage.

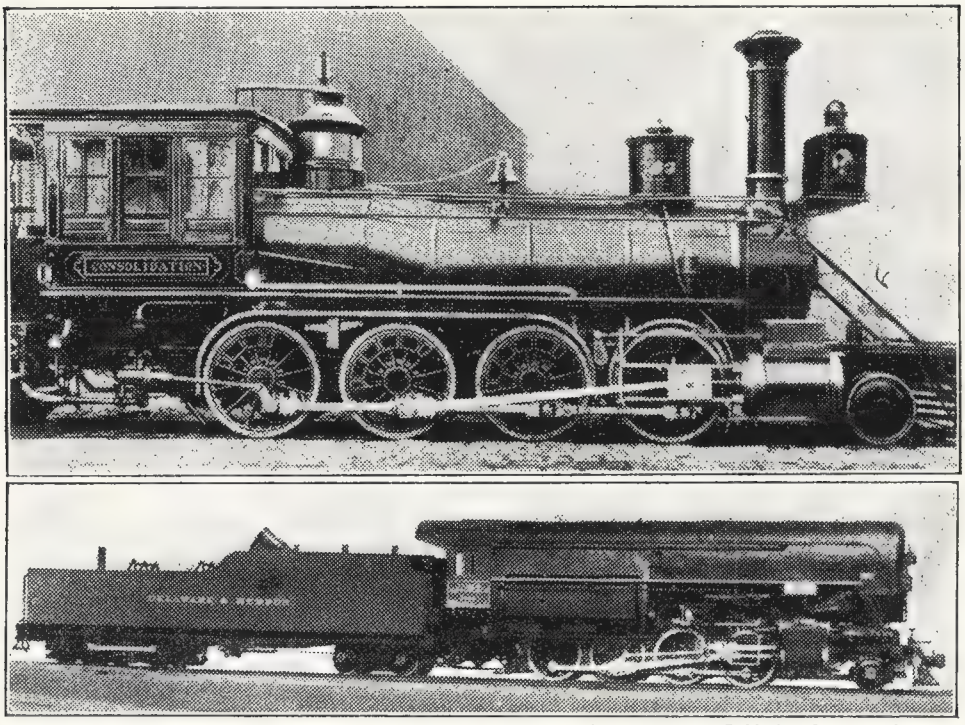
You take a chance



WHEN YOU BUY THE *unknown*

● Why risk money on unknown razor blades? Probak Jr., product of the world's largest blade maker, "stands up" for many smooth, clean shaves—sells at 10¢ for 4 blades! Buy a package today and enjoy a tip-top shave tomorrow.

PROBAK JUNIOR



Upper Photo Courtesy Baldwin; Lower, Alco

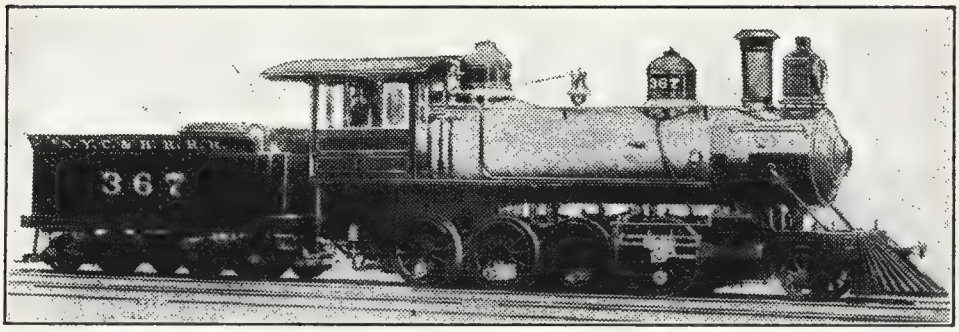
The Earliest and Latest in Consolidations. (Upper) Lehigh Valley's Original "Consolidation," the Engine That Gave the 2-8-0 Type Its Name. (Lower) The Heaviest and Most Powerful 2-8-0 Ever Constructed, No. 1402 ("James Archbald") of the Delaware & Hudson, Built in 1930. She and Two Similar D. & H. Consolidations Are the Only Outstanding Exceptions to Mr. Curran's Statement That the 2-8-0 Type Is Now Out of Date. In Reality a Cross-Compound, the 1402 Has One 20½x32 and One 35½x32 Cylinders; 63-Inch Drivers, 500 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 356,000 Lbs. without Tender, Exerts 84,300 Lbs. T. F. Running Simple and 70,300 Lbs. Running Compound. Her Tender Booster Exerts 18,000 Lbs. T. F.

Hump-Backed Hogs

By ARTHUR CURRAN

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, Master Mechanic of the Mahanoy Division of the Lehigh Valley, is credited very generally with the design of what is now classified as the 2-8-0 type. In July, 1866, the Baldwin Locomotive Works built to his order an engine with a two-wheel pony truck and four pairs of drivers, cylinders 20 inches in diameter and with a 24-inch stroke, 48-inch driving wheels, and weighing 90,000 pounds, of which 80,000 were on the drivers. To this engine was given the name "Consolidation," in honor of the union of two roads now in the L. V. system. Since then, all engines of this wheel arrangement have been known by the same name; a fact which gives very strong support to Mitchell's claim to fame.

The well-known authority, J. Snowden Bell, points out, however, that in 1864 a tank engine for pusher service was built on this wheel arrangement by John P. Laird, Pennsy Master of Machinery. This job was a rebuild of an old engine of the 0-8-0



One of the First Four Consolidations Built for the New York Central & Hudson River R. R. (Now New York Central)

type, to which pony wheels had been added. The reader is privileged to draw what conclusions he likes from the situation, though sentiment favors Mitchell, and the name he chose survives. Moreover, his engine was a new one and intended for road service with tender complete, and was followed by many others on the L. V. and other roads. These points are worthy of consideration, and are beyond controversy.

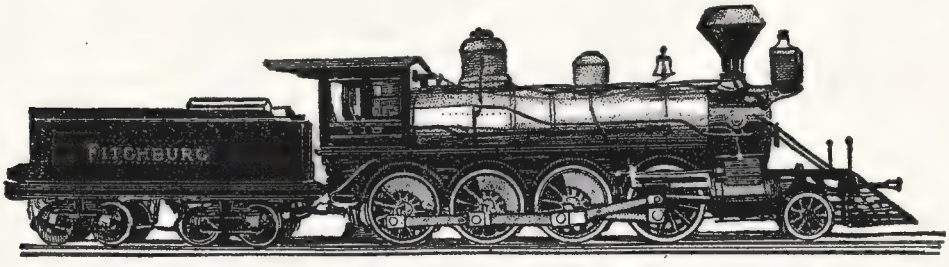
The story of the Consolidation type, from that day to this, is merely one of increasing dimensions. It was popular, as proved by the various expedients to prolonging its life. These included compounding, superheating, wide firebox and various types of valve gear. All failed because it was impossible to obtain sufficient depth of firebox with a wide grate.

The Consolidation had a nice time during the years that drag service, which was conducted on a go-as-you-please basis, was about all that freight trains afforded. With the demand for more speed, greater steaming capacity was required. This licked the Consolidation.

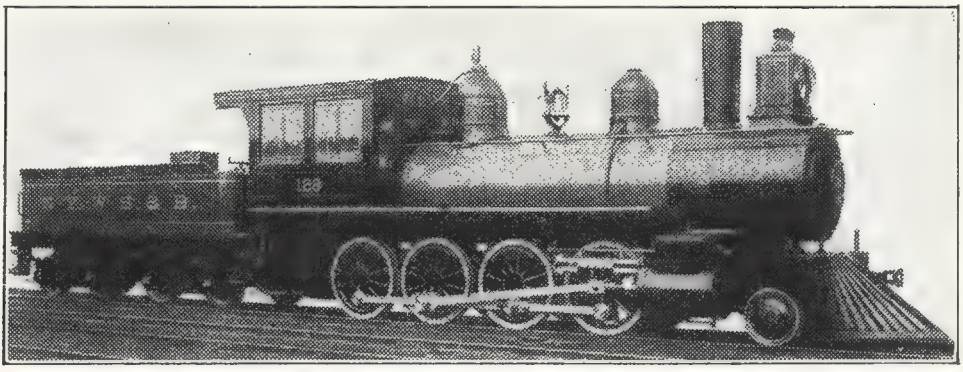
When wheel diameter got up to 63 inches, this type could, with a fair load on a low grade line, roll 'em rather well. But such condition could not be guaranteed. Up-hilly-down-daly roads needed plenty of beef in an engine, and the ability to wheel 'em without needing to have the wheels dropped at the end of the run. Furthermore, at high speeds the riding qualities of the 2-8-0 were nothing to write home about!

Among types of boiler, all familiar designs were tried on 2-8-0 engines; including "straight-back," crown-bar wagon-top, radial-stay wagon-top, Belpaire and Wootten. It made no difference, however, in the end. The heyday of the Consolidation had come in an era which could not be prolonged. That era gone, the type had to go. But it was a monster at the last.

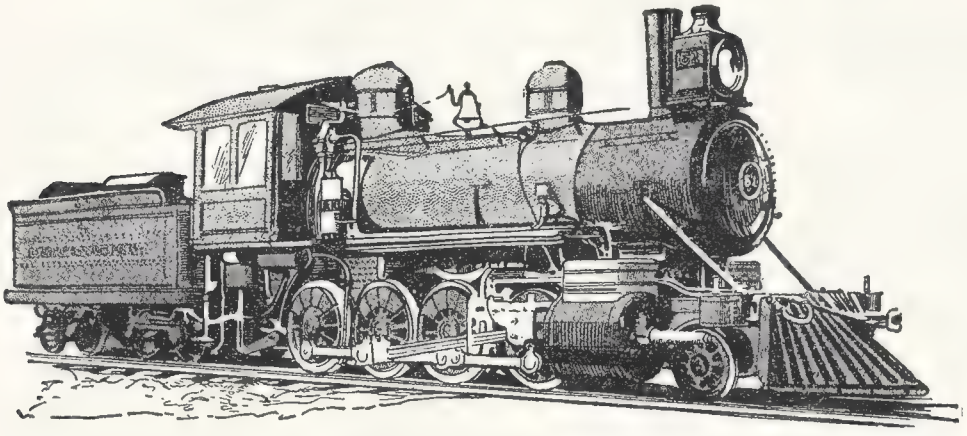
It is of interest to note that such a large and important railroad as the New York Central had very few Consolidation engines until after the turn of the century. That road had used the 4-4-0 in freight service right up to 1889. when the Moguls were



No. 115, One of the Five 2-8-0's Built by Taunton in 1887 for the Fitchburg Railroad (Now Part of the Boston & Maine)



This Straight-Backed 2-8-0 Was Built by Baldwin in 1883 for the New York, West Shore & Buffalo, Just Being Completed up the West Shore of the Hudson River



No. 61 of the Adirondack & St. Lawrence (Now N. Y. C.), a Typical Cross-Compound of Her Day, Built by Schenectady in 1893. Note the Extended Piston Rods. They Became Very Popular up to Fifteen Years Ago, but Since Then Have Been Disappearing

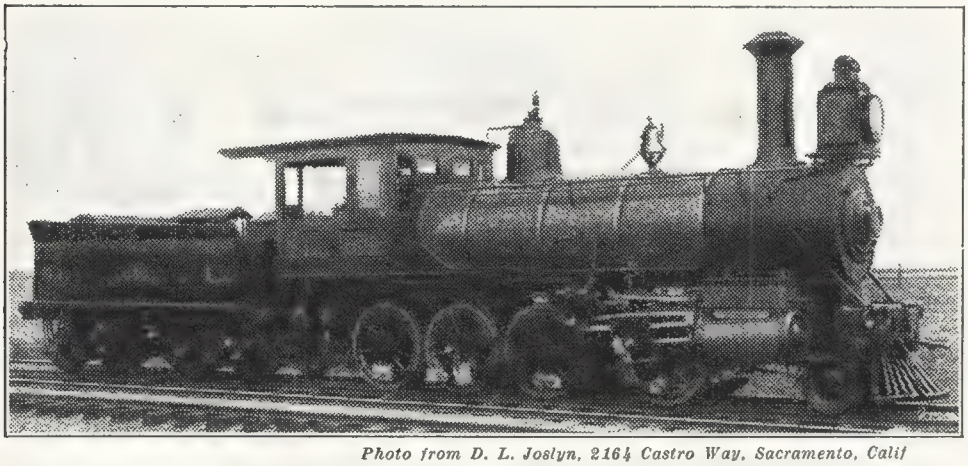


Photo from D. L. Joslyn, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif

Here's the Way the Consolidations Looked out on the Pacific Coast in the Early Days. No. 45, Built by the Southern Pacific in the Eighties for Its Subsidiary, the Oregon & California, Had Inclined Cylinders and Was Equipped with the Famous Stevens Valve Gear

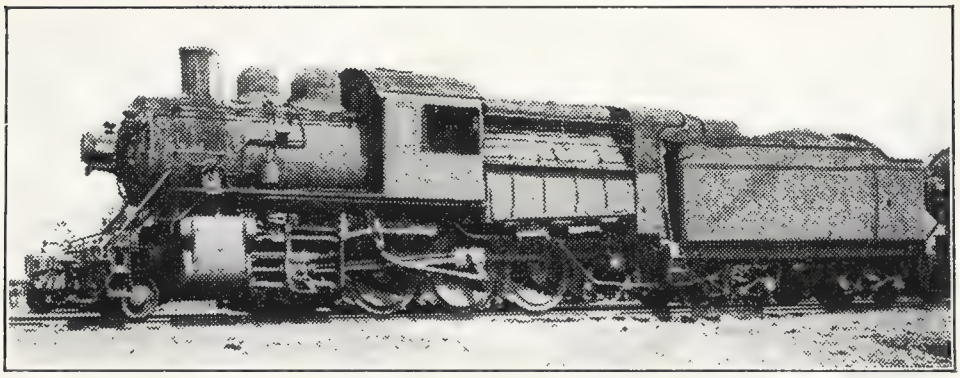


Photo by a Member of the Ry. & Locomotive Historical Society

And Here Is a "Mother Hubbard" Consolidation Type, Originally Built to Burn Hard Coal, and Therefore Equipped with a Firebox So Big There Wasn't Room Above It for the Cab. She Is No. 341 of the Lackawanna

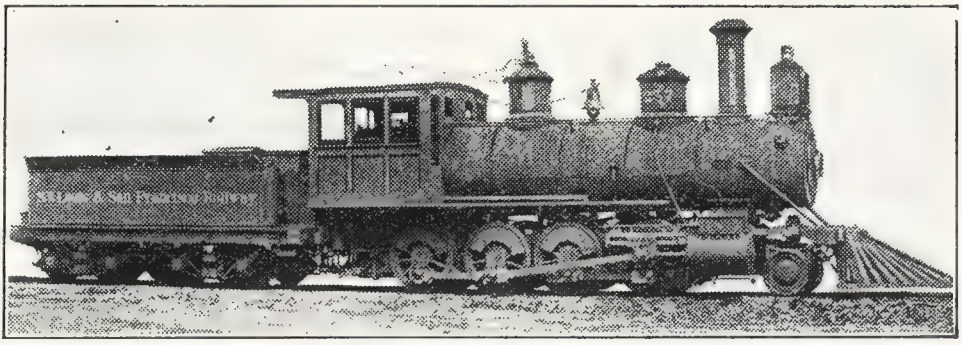
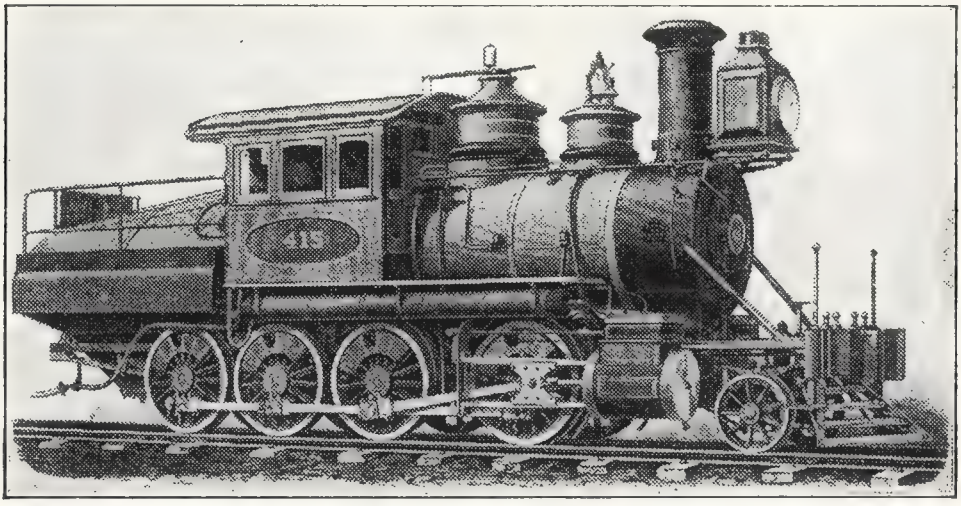


Photo from J. Fisher, 136 Washington St., E. Orange, N. J.

Out on the Old St. Louis & San Francisco, Many Years Ago, They Ran Low-Wheeled 2-8-0 "Creepers." This One, the 257, Was Built by Rogers in 1887



The First Consolidation Type Equipped with the Wootten Firebox, Which Burned Hard Coal and Was Responsible for the "Mother Hubbard" Style of Cab, Was No. 415 of the Philadelphia & Reading, Constructed by Baldwin in 1880. She Had 20x24-Inch Cylinders, 50-Inch Drivers, 120 Lbs. Pressure, and Weighed 104,100 Lbs., "Including Two Men"

placed in service. The latter ruled the roost for a dozen years.

However, in 1888, Schenectady Works built about four engines of the class represented by No. 367, with 20- by 26-inch cylinders, 51-inch drivers and 132,000 pounds weight. These engines incorporated the standard practice of the builder throughout, and do not call for comment.

Connecticut was a Rogers stronghold in the old days. If you threw a pebble in almost any direction, you would hit a Rogers engine. Thomas Rogers was a Connecticut carpenter. After his locomotives had made Paterson, N. J., famous, his old neighbors were with him, almost to a man. They bought his engines and filled the woods with them. There's loyalty for you!

There was an exception. This was the Central New England, which favored Baldwin; possibly because the Philadelphia & Reading had been in control for a time. At any rate, the road had 4-4-0, 4-6-0, 2-8-0 and possibly other types by that builder.

Among the latter were half-a-dozen or so hogs, of which No. 34 is an example, with 13½ and 23- by 24-inch cylinders, 51-inch drivers and weight of 131,220 pounds. These engines were built in 1893, at which time Baldwin was pushing the Vauclain system of compounding, introduced a few years previous. This engine is of more than local interest, for it exemplifies a design very widely distributed over the country.

The objections to this system of compounding centered in the very intricate steam passages, although at low speed and with reverse lever rather far "down in the corner," it worked pretty well. Even so, it was found that the higher steam pressures, commonly used on compounds, had more to do with their economy than the style of the cylinders. Thus the compound gave impetus to the introduction of higher pressures on single-expansion locomotives. This, it must be recognized, was a very real service.

In the Gay Nineties some designers tried enormous boiler barrels. These helped in starting heavy trains; but, as the firebox was the limiting factor, such an expedient availed little at road speeds. Even a husky boy had a tough time hitting the flue-sheet of one of those bowling-alley narrow fireboxes.

The number of Consolidations ran to box-car figures. There were plenty! To illustrate even the outstanding examples would fill a library. Some roads just naturally collected 'em. Carefully proportioned and properly assigned, they turned out a good job. The difficulty came when the attempt was made to project them into an age which had got beyond their capacity.

What happened then is not properly a portion of the present account. The "hog" was, however, a typical American institution, and will be remembered as such by all who lived in its heyday.

IN THE ETHIOPIAN WAR ZONE

Burton Holmes Photos from Ewing Galloway

Glimpses of the 487-Mile Franco-Ethiopian Railway; One-Meter Gage, 39.37 Inches: (Top) Addis Ababa Terminal. (Middle) Natives Boarding a Train at Modjo in the Sugar-Cane Region. (Bottom) Engine No. 125, Consolidation Type

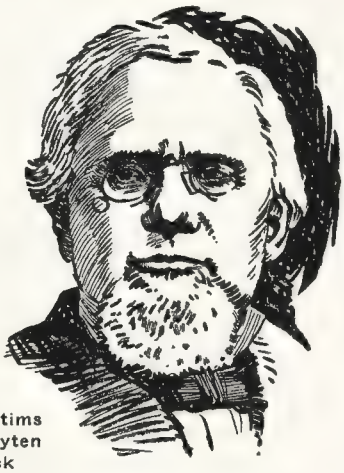
Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer, N. Y. Chapter, Ry. & Loco. Historical Society

"The Legislative Special" from Albany: Typical Scene in a Wagner Parlor Car More Than 50 Years Ago

The Wreck at Spuyten Duyvil

By H. R. EDWARDS

Author of "The Cornfield Meet at Silver Creek," etc.



Webster Wagner, Sleeping-Car Inventor, One of the Victims of the Spuyten Duyvil Wreck

A LIGHT snow was swirling around the Chicago-New York Express as she double-headed out of Albany at 3.06—twenty-six minutes late—on a gray January afternoon of 1882, straightened her long "string of varnish" after leaving the yards, and settled down for the 142-mile run to New York City.

It was Friday the 13th. Although there were thirteen wooden cars in that train, the possibility of a jinx didn't seem to worry the seventy-seven politicians who were traveling southward from the New York State capital on free passes given by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

They laughed and rough-housed like schoolboys on a holiday. As a matter of fact, that's just what it was. The State Legislature had adjourned for the week-end, and they were going back to the big city—back to the bright lights of Broadway and the three-story brownstone mansions of Twenty-third Street.

Just behind the two locomotives were coupled two mail cars; then a baggage car and four passenger coaches, all the property of the railroad. Lastly, and most important, came six parlor cars: the "Red Jacket," the "Sharon," the "Vanderbilt," the "Minnehaha," the "Empire," and the "Idlewild"—all built and owned by the Wagner Drawing-Room Car Company, of New York; each valued at about $17,000.

Mr. Wagner himself was riding that train. Webster Wagner, of Palatine Bridge, N. Y. (some fifty-five miles west of Albany). Inventor of the sleeping-car, president of the Wagner Company, five times elected to the State Senate, and an influential member of its railroad committees.

Mr. Wagner was sixty-four. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a high forehead and blue eyes, and possessing rare vigor for a man his age. His young son-in-law, Jay Taylor, was riding the same train as parlor-car conductor in charge of the Wagner rolling stock.

The newspapers that day were filled with rumors of a proposed merger between the Wagner Company, capitalized at five million dollars, and the Pullman Company, capitalized at ten million, which soon would be twelve and a half million. Such a combination would monopolize the field, revolutionize railway travel, and bring immense revenue to the stockholders of both concerns. It was expected to be the crowning triumph of Webster Wagner's long and useful career.

Newspaper reporters were trying to get a statement from Mr. Wagner; but, like the good politician that he was, he shook

Interior Views of Parlor Cars, Showing the Luxury of Travel in the 'Eighties

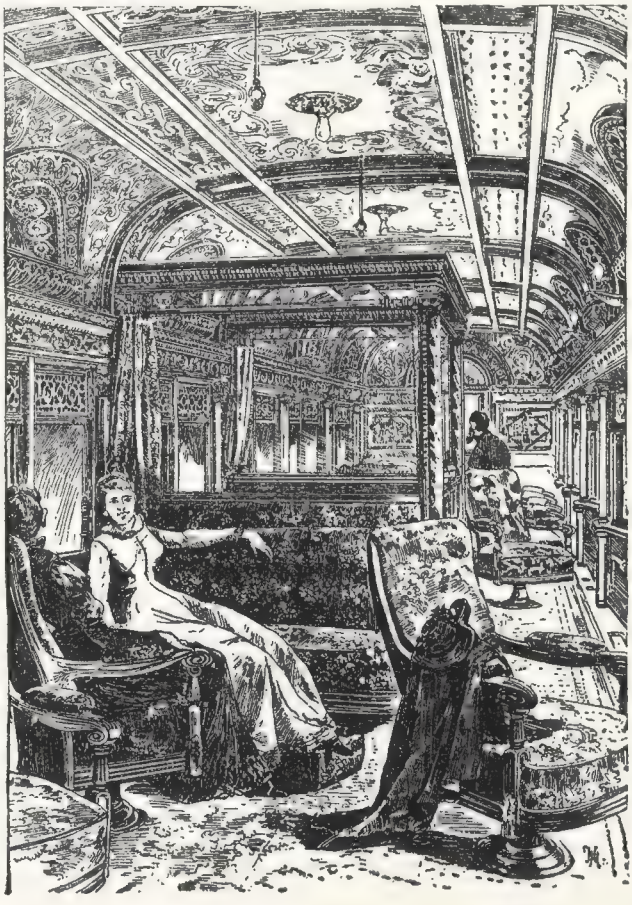
their hands with a genial smile — and talked about other subjects. As the Chicago Express rumbled through the deepening shadows of the late afternoon, winding along the snow-covered bank of the Hudson, he passed around cigars to the political news-hounds and told his life story.

MR. WAGNER revealed that he was born at Palatine Bridge on the second of October, 1817, became interested in transportation at an early age, and was apprenticed to his brother James as a wagon builder. Later the two brothers went into partnership, but Webster soon decided there was more of a future in railroading, so he resigned and got a job as station agent at Palatine Bridge.

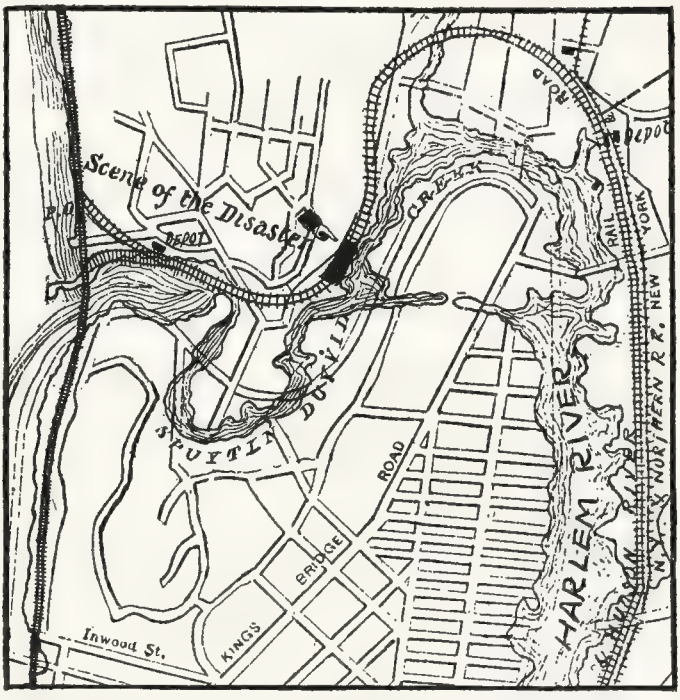
He held that job from 1843 to 1860. During that time he watched the long through trains of comfortless cars go by his station, and one day he stumbled upon the idea that brought him fame and fortune.

"I had never thought of the sleeping-car," Mr. Wagner admitted to the reporters, "until I saw one of a very clumsy pattern built by a man living near Palatine Bridge. The man had no capital, no capacity, and not much inventive genius. I saw right away that his idea was good, but had to be developed.

"I hadn't much capital, either, but I applied to William H. Vanderbilt for per-



mission to use an old passenger coach to illustrate my notion of what a sleeping-car should be. I knew that the Hudson River Railroad was sharing a large amount of business with the night boats that it should have for itself. Men who needed all the time they could get begrudged the five or six hours lost in traveling between New York and Albany by boat. It seemed to me that much time could be saved by providing accommodations for merchants and others who would be glad to sleep while they traveled rapidly."



The Northern Boundary of Manhattan Island, N. Y. City, as It Looked in 1882. This Section Today Is Served by Two Metropolitan Subway-Elevated Systems. At the Upper Left is the New York Central Main Line, Which Parallels the Hudson River to Albany

He broke off abruptly, opened the window and peered out. The snow had stopped falling. A tiny station rushed by in the gathering twilight.

"The air feels good!" he exclaimed, and closed the window. "It was quite a problem for me to get the right ventilation in those cars. Oh, yes, as I was saying, my request for an old car was granted, and I went to work to fit it up with berths. It took me months to finish that car. Even then it had to be seen and approved by Commodore Vanderbilt before it could be used on this road. I urged his son, William H., to persuade the old man to look at my car. At first the Commodore ignored my request, but finally consented.

"It was a critical Sunday morning in 1858 when old Vanderbilt and his son were to visit the Thirtieth Street depot in New York to look at my new-fangled contraption. Before they arrived I walked through the car a dozen or more times to see that everything was all right. After the Commodore had made his inspection he asked:

"'How many have you got of these things?'

"'There is only one,' I told him.

"'Go ahead!' he said. 'Build more! It's a devilish good thing, and you can't have too many of them.'

"I realized then that my fortune was made," Senator Wagner continued. "With my brother's help four cars were built at a cost of thirty-two hundred dollars each, and they began running on the first of September, 1868. The first car had a single tier of berths, and the bedding had to be packed away in a closet at one end of the car, thus occupying much valuable space. Too much, in fact. The one tier of berths was not profitable enough, so another was installed. Thus the modern sleeping-car came to be."

"What did you do about ventilation?" one of the reporters reminded the inventor.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "At first the ventilation system was found to be

Scene of Spuyten Duyvil Wreck, Looking Toward the Northwest, Just After the Railroad Tracks Had Been Cleared. In the Foreground Is the Creek Which Marked the Boundary Line Between Spuyten Duyvil and Manhattan. In the Center Are Shown Killoullen's Hotel and Saloon, to Which the Victims Were Taken. (See Picture on Page 53)

imperfect. The upper berths were too close, as the roof was flat. To overcome that objection I devised and applied the pitched roof, much higher than that of the old cars; thus securing ventilation and eventually the swinging upper berth which was adopted later and is in use today."

INCIDENTALLY, the invention of the elevated roof proved so useful that it was applied not only to sleepers, but also to day coaches. On August 20th, 1867, Mr. Wagner put into operation his first drawing-room car for day travel. He made several trips abroad to study the English, French and Swiss passenger cars, survived two or three wrecks, and finally, in 1882, was looking forward to a merger with the rival interests of George M. Pullman.*

But Senator Wagner did not live to see the merger consummated. And all because of that hilarious group of politicians who were riding in his drawing-room cars from Albany to New York on Friday the 13th. At least, that's what the train crew maintained in the investigations that followed, although no one came forward to name the guilty person.

Everybody agreed that there was quite a bit of drinking among the passengers that afternoon on the Chicago Express, and even two or three of the porters showed signs of intoxication. As Conductor George Hanford testified later:

"We had a lively party on board. All through the cars they were passing bottles, drinking freely, smashing hats, and singing songs. Apparently they were sober when they boarded the train at Albany, but many became drunk after the train started. I had no control over them. Someone, I don't know who, pulled the rope connecting with the air brakes, and the train came to a standstill, to enable the engineer to pump out the air."

If pulling that rope was intended to be a joke, it proved to be a ghastly one. The train had stopped a little to the north of Spuyten Duyvil, on the outskirts of New York City. At that point there was a deep cut through a ledge that obstructed a view of the station. On one side rose rocks and high ground. The other side sloped down toward the Hudson River.

Just before entering the cut a southbound train had to round a long curve, and it was impossible for the engine crew to see what was around that curve ahead of them. Previously the N. Y. C. & H. R. had kept flagmen on duty at both ends of the cut, Bill McLaughlin and Richard Griffin, paying them each about thirty dollars a month, but in a wave of economy they had discharged McLaughlin, leaving the dangerous stretch of track insufficiently guarded at the north.

At the moment the express came to a sudden stop, Senator Wagner was talking to some of his political companions in the Empire, the second car from the rear. One of them was saying:

"I've got a couple of friends here who want to get passes from you."

Nobody knows whether or not the inventor had a presentiment of tragedy on that occasion, but he certainly betrayed uneasiness over the unscheduled stop. He rose and remarked:

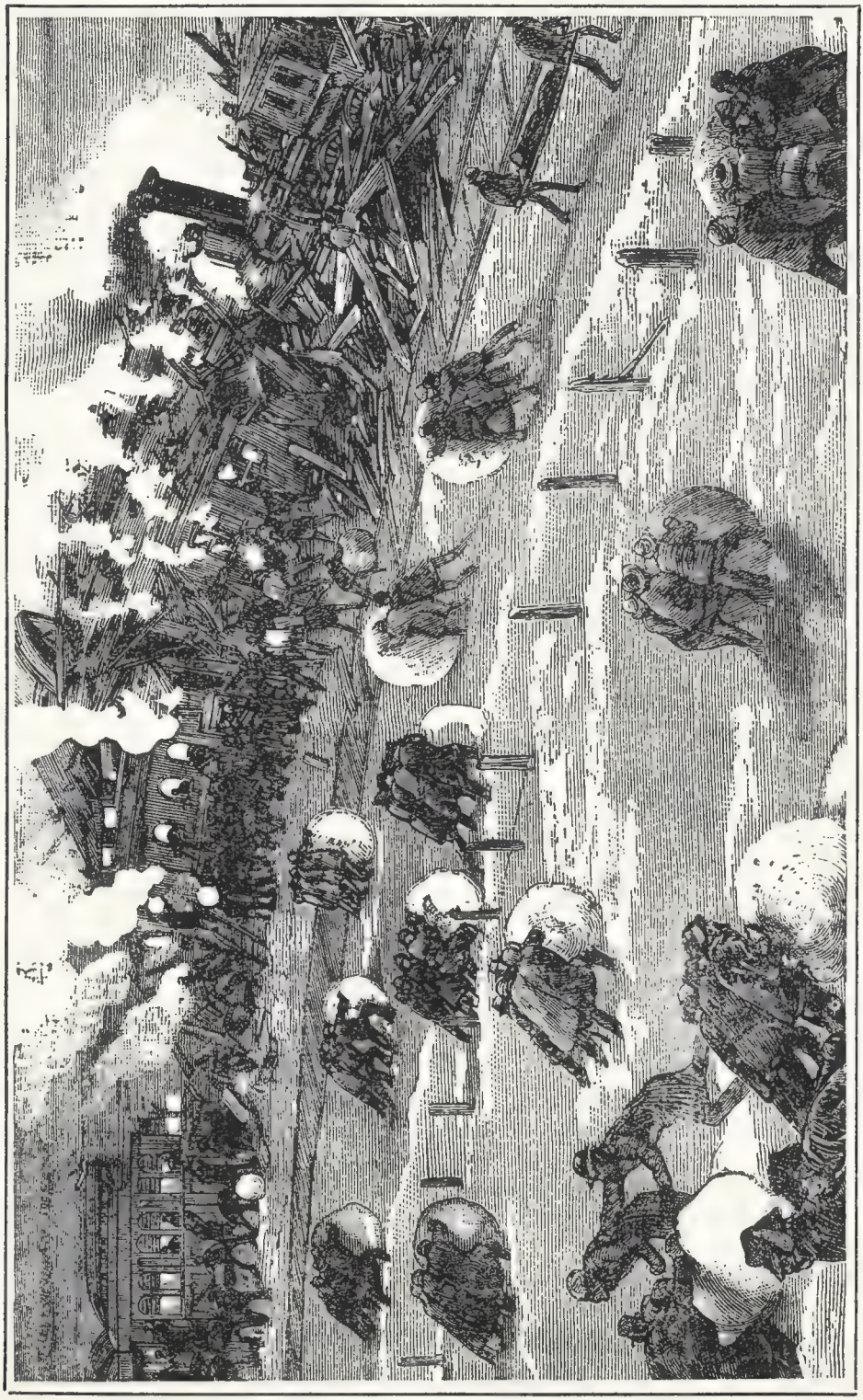
"Well, gentlemen, I think I'll take a look through the train. These confounded railroads have a passion for smashing up my best cars."

Mr. Wagner left the Empire and hurried back into the end car, the Idlewild. That was about 7 P.M. It was the last time he was seen alive.

EDWARD STANFORD, engineer on the first locomotive, who had been employed on the New York Central for twenty-five years, made several attempts to start his train, but only succeeded in breaking the drawbar connecting the two engines.

The second engineer on the doubleheading express, Archibald Buchanan, who had

** Neither Wagner nor Pullman invented the first sleeping-car. Back in 1843 the Erie Railroad had 2 sleepers, known as "diamond cars" after the shape of their windows, built by John Stephanson. Even before that, in 1837, the Cumberland Valley (P.R.R.) had a sleeper, the "Chambersburg," with 12 berths in 3 tiers but no bedding.*



In the Absence of Fire-Fighting Equipment, the Trainmen, Passengers and Men From Nearby Farmhouses Used Huge Snowballs to Combat the Flames and Facilitate the Task of Rescuing Survivors from the Wreckage

eighteen years of engine service on that road, said later that he had seventy-five pounds of air on, and it had dropped at once to forty when somebody back in the cars pulled that cord, and he had tried to relieve the brakes by pumping them off. Recharging an air cylinder, he pointed out, took about fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile, George Melius, the hind brakeman, swung into action. This was his story:

"A minute or two after our train stopped I got my lamps, white and red, and walked back to protect the rear. I stood behind my train about two minutes, and then started back around the curve about six or seven car lengths behind my train. It took me about five minutes to walk that distance"—at the investigation later he was made to walk that same distance, which took only two minutes—" and I stood there perhaps two or three minutes.

" I waited there because I considered the distance sufficient to stop any train. While I was on duty at that point, the Tarrytown local came in sight, seven or eight car lengths from where I stood. Instantly I started waving my red lantern across the track. I think there was time enough to stop the train, even though I judged she was making about forty miles an hour."

His brother, who was a conductor on the Poughkeepsie train, advised Brakeman Melius to modify that speed estimate in telling his story to the coroner's jury—" because," said Conductor Melius, " the Tarrytown local had just stopped at the Spuyten Duyvil depot and could not possibly have picked up so much speed in that short distance." So George modified his story for the official investigations.

AT 6.40 P.M. the southbound local had left Tarrytown, N. Y., fourteen miles away, with Frank Burr at the throttle and Patrick Quinn wielding the scoop. Both were men of years of experience in engine service on the N. Y. C.

" We were five minutes behind time when we pulled out of Tarrytown," Burr explained, " because we had waited for the Chicago Express to pass us there. The express went by at 6.15 at high speed, evidently making up the lost time. We stopped at Spuyten Duyvil depot at 7.04. We were then thirteen minutes behind the express."

The number " thirteen " seems to run like a theme song through the history of this occurrence. It was Friday the 13th, there were thirteen cars on the express, and the local was running thirteen minutes behind the express.

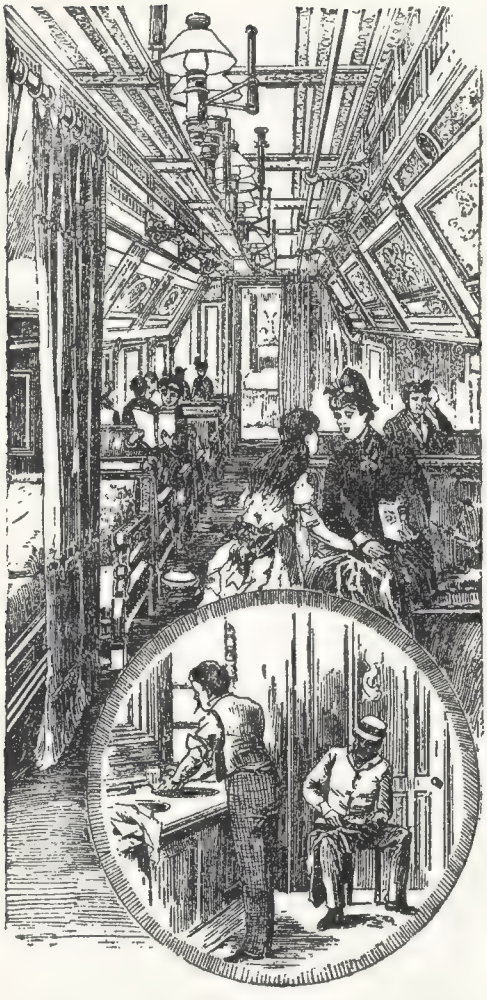
" After leaving Spuyten Duyvil," said Engineer Burr, " we entered the cut at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour. There was no danger signal or warning of any kind ahead in the cut. And, I might add, Kilcullen's Hotel, standing close to the right-of-way, completely shut off our view of the curving track until we were almost on top of the stalled train.

" We passed out of the cut into the curve—I was looking ahead at the time—when I saw a flagman (Melius) with red and white lights in his hands. He was swinging the red light across the down track, upon which we were. At the same time I saw the rear of the express before me.

" When I first noticed the red light, the flagman was standing not more than two car lengths ahead of me, and the train was not more than thirty-five feet beyond the flagman. Altogether I was not more than three and a half car lengths behind the express when I first sighted her.

" I put on the air brakes at once, reversed the engine, pulled the throttle wide open, blew the whistle, and did all in my power to stop. But a collision was inevitable. I remained at my post until the engine finally plowed into the rear of the express and stopped there. Then I got out and did what I could to help with the work of rescue."

The locomotive of the Tarrytown local was only slightly damaged. Her overhauling was estimated later to be not more than a fifty-dollar job. She was imbedded in the parlor-car Idlewild. Her headlight,



Old-Timers Will Recognize These Familiar Glimpses of a Sleeping-Car Back in the Days "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"

broken but still shining, had pushed its way a dozen feet within the luxurious car, casting a weird glare upon the terrified passengers.

The Idlewild, in its turn, had been partly telescoped into the car ahead, which was the Empire. It was not known then how many persons had been killed or injured, but the engine had on a full head of steam and a boiler explosion was feared. An explosion under those circumstances would have added frightfully to the casualty list.

James Kilcullen, proprietor of the small saloon and hotel near by, had viewed the catastrophe from his doorway, and was one of the first to hasten to the rescue with a ladder, an ax, and a couple of water buckets. Said he:

"If you want to use a shutter or two to carry the victims on, don't hesitate to tear them off my house."

Survivors of the wreck who had managed to scramble out of the cars, aided by a number of husky fellows who hurried to the scene from near-by villages, formed a bucket brigade and threw water from the Hudson River onto the last two parlor-cars, which had caught fire almost immediately after the collision.

ENGINEER BURR was the first to recognize the danger of a boiler explosion. Seizing the fireman's scoop from Patrick Quinn, he commenced piling great shovelfuls of snow into the furnace. Fortunately, although it was mid-winter, the weather was rather mild, and the snow was soft enough to work with.

Water carriers who had been emptying their pails onto the flaming cars, followed Burr's example and dashed them against the locomotive boiler instead. Eventually the fire in the firebox was quenched, and attention was turned once more to the Empire and the Idlewild, from which came the agonizing cries of victims who were slowly burning to death.

Conductor Hanford, of the express, noticed that the occasional pailfuls of water were doing very little to check the blaze.

"For God's sake, hurry!" he cried. "Throw snow onto the fire!"

And, although badly burned about the face and hands, Hanford started to roll a snowball toward the terrible mass of burning timbers and hissing metal. Soon hundreds of willing hands were pushing great mounds of snow toward the danger spot. (See front-cover painting.) Some, braving the fierce heat, ran alongside the blazing cars and tossed the snow in through the windows. Others risked death themselves to drag out both the living and dead from the fiery hell-holes.

To enable the rescuers to keep at work while removing the victims, their companions deluged them with water and pelted them with snowballs.

At the moment of impact the lamps in one end of the Empire went out. Those in the other end gave a light which, pale and sickly though it was, proved to be a blessing. With this illumination every occupant of the Empire was enabled to get out or be carried out alive before a wall of fire made exit impossible; and no one perished in that car.

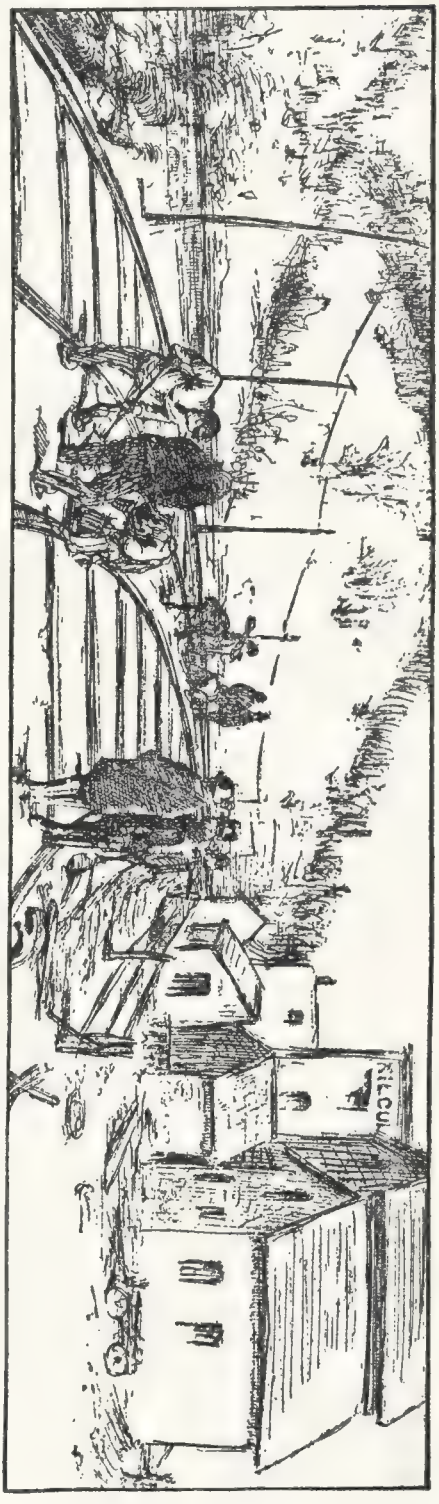
Until a year and a half before the accident the N. Y. C. & H. R. had lighted its cars with candles. General Superintendent John M. Toucey maintained that these were safer than oil lamps; but the traveling public had complained that they could not read by such light, and so oil lamps were substituted.

The cars were heated by the Baker patented process, not by stoves, and the heating apparatus was concealed from view. Nevertheless, according to Conductor Hanford, who had been in train service on that road for eleven years, this system was the cause of the fire, though the oil lamps added to the conflagration.

Tons of snow were thrown upon the two cars, and in a short time the volunteer workers had the hills and roadway scraped almost entirely clear of snow. Even this, however, seemed hardly able to abate the heat. Late at night relief came with the arrival of the fire department from Carmansville, a wrecking train from the Thirtieth Street depot, and two or three ambulances from New York City hospitals that had made a long and terrible drive through the dark over snow-covered, muddy roads.

The fire apparatus, pumping water from the Hudson, soon put the fire out. But before this happened, the cars had been reduced to a shapeless mass of charred wood and twisted metal.

James Kilcullen threw open his place to the victims, dead and wounded alike. When the grim casualty list was finally counted, there were found to be eight dead—most of them burned beyond recognition—and



Clearing Up After the Wreck; Manhattan Island in the Background; Kilcullen's Saloon at the Right

nineteen persons were seriously injured.

The bodies were carried into Kilcullen's saloon and there were laid, a ghastly spectacle, upon the floor and billiard tables. Two rival undertakers who had hurried over from Yonkers, N. Y., quarreled with each other as to which one should take charge of the bodies.

ABOARD the wrecking train were General Superintendent Toucey, who was in charge of the entire N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad between New York City and Buffalo, and Division Superintendent Charles Bissell. Both officials remained on the scene of the wreck all night, personally supervising the rescue work and disposal of the ruins.

By 4 A.M. the two tracks were cleared sufficiently for trains to run in both directions. The trains from New York brought a throng of newspaper reporters and curiosity seekers. Kilcullen's thirst emporium did a land-office business, scores of men all day long drinking and playing billiards on the very spot where bodies of the wreck victims had laid but a short time before.

The first of the dead to be identified was Senator Wagner. The famous inventor had perished in the Idlewild, which he had sought to equip with every appliance for safety and comfort. Sorrowfully his son-in-law, Conductor Jay Taylor, claimed the body. One of the Wagner cars was draped with black and coupled onto a special train taking the Senator back to Palatine Bridge for burial—to Palatine Bridge where he was born sixty-four years before, and where he had served the railroad for seventeen years as station agent.

Another of the dead was the Rev. F. X. Marechal, chaplain for Blackwells Island, New York City—the spiritual advisor for inmates of the workhouse, the insane asylum and the almshouse. He, too, was burned to death in the Idlewild.

So were Mr. and Mrs. Park Valentine, a young bride and groom who had been married the night before at a fashionable society wedding in New England. He was twenty-two; she was nineteen.

Conductor Hanford was the last person to see the newlyweds alive. Forcing his way into the shattered and burning car, he saw the devoted pair standing together in the wreckage. Mr. Valentine was trapped beyond all hope of being extricated. His bride was clinging to him; only her clothing was caught in the wreckage.

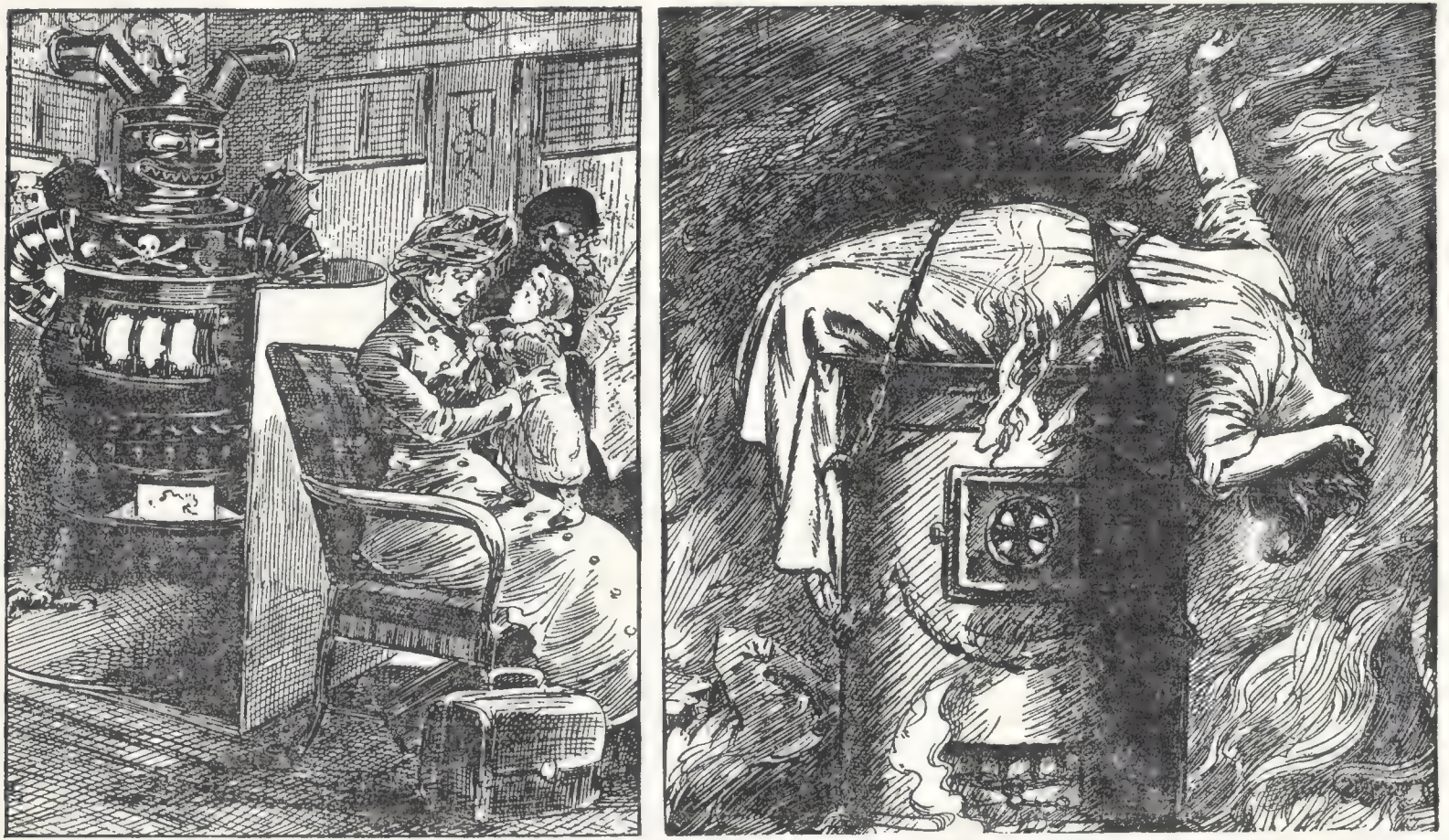
Hanford said later that if she had been willing to slip out of her clothing and leave her husband she could have been saved. This he urged her to do, but the hysterical girl refused to obey. The heat was too intense for Hanford to stay in there long enough to force her to do this, to save the woman in spite of herself, and so the young couple died together.

IMMEDIATELY after the accident, according to A. H. Catlin, who had charge of the road's air-brake equipment, the brakes on the wrecked train were examined and found to be in good working order. Just who had pulled that cord, at the height of revelry back there in one of the cars, will probably never be known.

Mr. Toucey, however, picked on Conductor Hanford and Brakeman Melius, particularly Melius, as the prime scapegoats.

"The collision," said he, "was a direct result of the violation of Rule Fifty-three." Following is the rule he referred to, as stated in the N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad rule book:

> **Whenever a train is stopped on the road, or is only enabled to proceed at a slow rate, the conductor must immediately send a man with red signal at least half a mile back, on double track, and the same distance in both directions if on single track, to stop any approaching train, which signal must be shown while the detention continues.**
>
> **This must always be done whether another train is expected or not. In carrying out these instructions the utmost promptness is necessary; not a moment must be lost in inquiry as to the cause of stoppage or probable duration; the rear brakeman must go back instantly. Conductors will be held strictly responsible for the prompt enforcement of this rule.**



Newspapers of the 'Eighties Vividly Denounced the Current Method of Heating Passenger Coaches as a Menace to Railway Travel. (Left) "A Demon to Be Exorcised," From the Old N. Y. Graphic. (Right) "The Modern Altar of Sacrifice: the Devouring Car Stove," from Harper's Weekly

At the coroner's investigation, the attorney for Melius asked the general superintendent: "Suppose one of the employees cannot read. How should he know what the rules are?"

Mr. Toucey replied: "If there is such a man he ought to leave the employ of the road."

"Do you know of any such?" persisted the lawyer.

"I do not," said Mr. Toucey.

Then the truth came out. Although George Melius had been employed in train service on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad for more than twenty years, *he could neither read nor write!*

It did not take the coroner's jury long to reach a verdict. They held that eight persons had been killed "by criminal means and culpable negligence in the performance of their several duties" on the part of Brakeman Melius, Conductor Hanford, Engineers Stackford, Buchanan and Burr, General Superintendent Toucey, and the railroad company itself.

Later the grand jury indicted Hanford and Melius on the charge of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and recommended:

(1) Discontinuance of the use of mineral oil for illumination of cars.

(2) Use of steam or hot water or hot air heating of cars instead of heating by direct radiation.

(3) Extension of the block signal system.

(4) Larger train crews.

(5) Employment of signalmen at all dangerous cuts and curves.

(6) Trainmen and others holding responsible positions should be required to read and write.

(7) Inclusion of water pails and tool boxes containing axes, etc., on every train.

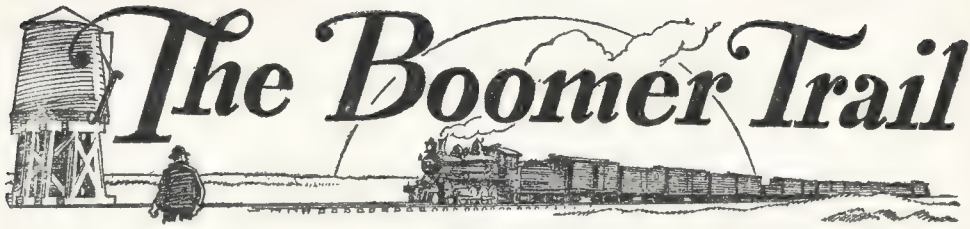
(8) "The practice of giving free passes to legislators and others holding office under our state and city governments is contrary to all proper ideas of good public policy and should be prohibited by law."

On account of the death of Senator Wagner, who had been a member of important railroad committees, the Senate of New York State also made an investigation. Its report, June 1, 1882, was vague and obviously written by politicians; but was definite about one point, namely, putting the blame upon Brakeman Melius and not upon any of the railroad officials.

An aftermath of this disaster was revealed in a recent letter from Richard McCloskey, of Co. 3, Veterans Administration Home, Va., who wrote to RAILROAD STORIES on his seventy-fifth birthday, June 10th, 1935: "I was a witness of the wreck at Spuyten Duyvil and knew George Melius. About a year after the wreck I boarded a horse car on Second Avenue, New York City, and recognized Melius as the driver. He was well disguised by a long growth of whiskers."

If any other Spuyten Duyvil witnesses are still living, the general yardmaster of RAILROAD STORIES wants to hear from them.

Try TOWN TAVERN
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OK
APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN PUBLIC
Judged on taste, quality and price, Town Tavern has been OK'd by millions who have tried this good low-priced rye.
TOWN TAVERN Straight Rye Whiskey
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
PENN-MARYLAND CORP., A Division of National Distillers, Executive Offices, N. Y. C.
This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



I CAN'T tell you how happy I am since the brothers have answered my request in Sept. "Boomer Trail." I was a trainman for 23 years on G. T., New Haven, N. Y. C. and Pennsy. Am now sick in bed with lung trouble. Was lonely and depressed until the letters started pouring in—more than 200 of them from all over the country! Some good pictures, too. How glad I am to get them all! I know now that someone is interested. One kind reader sent me a subscription to RAILROAD STORIES. I shall receive the magazine every month for a whole year.

But I can't answer letters personally; have no stationery or stamps. I am more than badly bent. The brothers will understand. I hope they won't stop writing me for that reason. Letters cheer me up, take me back to my railroad days. You should see the nice collection of photos hung up in my room here at the hospital. I guess that makes me a member of the International Engine Picture Club, doesn't it?

I feel I have a "31" order all the way from now on—and will I put up a stiff fight to recover! Life is sweet again, thanks to you all.—ALFRED ROBILLARD, Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

* * *

I BEGAN railroading 45 years ago. RAILROAD STORIES recalls bygone days. When waiting at a meeting point, old-timers would tell about trains running away, never less than 60 m.p.h., in 2 or 3 pieces. Those old heroes would confess how they climbed to the hurricane deck, set brakes, coupled 'em up without slipping a turn and sailed right on into the terminal. Or about the box car that sneaked out of the line, rolled down the dump while the train coupled itself up and went on, and how that car hid out for months before it was even missed. "Ah, them wuz the days!" —J. F. LEDDEN, B. & O. operator, Salamanca, N. Y.

* * *

INFORMATION wanted about Albert Nelson Henry, born near Logansport, Ind., Nov. 17, 1878, a railroad man, last heard from in May, '05, running out of New Albany, Ind., on the C. I. & L. At that time he weighed about 160 pounds, 6 ft. tall, fair complexion, blue eyes, light curly hair. His only sister, Mrs. Edith May Field, 919 W. Miami Ave., Logansport, Ind., is in failing health.

* * *

"THE BOOMER TRAIL" (Oct. issue) is one of the best stories I've ever read. I was acquainted with Turkey Moore when he was running out of Birmingham on the same road on which I was engineer, but I didn't know his experiences were so varied and tremendously interesting.—J. C. DE HOLL, Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

I ENJOYED years of close friendship with Turkey Moore during his days with the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corp., when I was a hydro-electric plant operator. Many of the characters he mentioned were well known to me.—CHAS. GLEAVES, 764 7th Ave., San Francisco.

* * *

IKE ROOD, mentioned in Turkey Moore's story, was a personal friend of mine—a fine engineer and a perfect gentleman, but sometimes when Ike was off duty he drank too much "tea." Print more boomer stories.—DON SIBLEY (member O. R. C.), 1115 N. 7th Ave., Tucson, Ariz.

* * *

TURKEY MOORE worked on one road on which my cousin, Hugh Sims, was an engineer. I'd like to know who was the lonesome whistler on the T. & B. V. in 1907. Never heard any one like him.—L. SIMS, Porterville, Calif.

* * *

I'VE seen many places Turkey mentioned; I knew Peg Harris, and once carried him from Tampico to Gardenas when I was running on the Mississippi Central, Alligator Div.—JAS. DEEGAN (boomer hoghead), 1851 Brooks Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

TURKEY MOORE'S story was of special interest to me because I knew two of the men he referred to: Johnnie Bowersock and Charlie Burke.—C. C. MADISON, 1510 S. 17th St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

DURING my 25 years as a boomer I worked as op, agent, lever man, fireman, engine nursemaid, and power-house engineer. When I was on the Long Island R. R. I had a couple of drinks with a fellow at Bellmore. A few days later the papers were full of my strange drinking companion—Gerald Chapman, who pulled the big mail robbery there!

Another time I watched a Phila. & Reading freight train pull in from a side line with both engineer and fireman dead drunk on front of the pilot. If steam had not been heavy on the left side, they would have crashed the main line! On other occasions I handed out clearance cards on a single-track line and then crawled up the order-board pole to see if they made it for sure. One night I lost a wreck train for 3 hours. The usual thing was to be fired and rehired about every other week.—E. W. REITER (founder of Boomer Railway Men's Ass'n.), Shelly, Pa.

HAVE toured this country via blinds, rods, tops, tenders and pilots. Have ridden trains that I was told could not be ridden. Once rode the "Scenic Limited" on the Western Pacific, Oakland to Portola, 250 miles. She was hauled by a brass-jacketed antique which yanked 11 Pullmans along like nobody's business. "Blinding" fast trains enables one to appreciate stories like "Bakehead Hennessey" (Aug. issue).

For instance: I leave Los Angeles on the Santa Fe "Chief," on the blinds. The depot is at the left, so I get on the right side of the train. I must know on which side all depots are located, where the limited stops and where interlocking towers are, for if I am spotted the train may be stopped in the middle of the Mojave Desert to unload me.

It's very hard to ride a train when the whole crew objects. When approaching stations or towers I must climb up and over blinds to opposite side. If train stops I must leave the blind or else a trainman may open a vestibule door. Then I must climb rapidly to top of the train. I have had trainmen chase me all over the train, and I've ended up under the step on a Pullman, with trainman trying to kick my head off. The Santa Fe is a notoriously hard road to ride.—"California Slim," 628¾ Plymouth Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

NEVER lost a day in 45 years of railroading (nearly every dept.). Some record! Although in perfect health and active, I can't get a job. You see, I'm 85. Experience isn't considered.—B. W. Hefferon, Blue Plains, Washington, D. C.

* * *

WHEN the Engine Picture Kid wrote about his visit to Lind, Wash. (Sept. issue), he failed to mention Paradise Hill, where the old-timers used to rifle the N. P. drags, or the "Old Wooden Shoe."

He and Goldenrod should come to Pocatello, made famous by its Night Yardmasters. Once a carload of barrelled whisky was set out there. The yard bull roosted on the catwalk to make sure no snakes wriggled out. But some naughty switchmen sneaked under that car with cans, buckets and tubs and a brace and bit. When it was all over, the bull smelled a leakage and investigated.—John Donlon, Pocatello, Idaho.

(Note from the Engine Picture Kid: *I didn't mention being night yardmaster at Pocatello because I didn't want to get mixed up with any of the other 787,458 night yardmasters there, nor with the 1,623,999 other boomers who claim to have been night yardmasters at Pocatello, who never even seen Idaho. However, Goldenrod was night yardmistress there for 3 weeks.)*

* * *

I WANT to hear from anyone who knew my grandfather, Chas. Campbell, S. P. and G. N. colonization agent, and U. P. traveling passenger Agent. He knew J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman. —Robt. Larsh, Route 6, Frankfort, Ind.

RAMBLING recollections of my boomer career: I learned railroading from my dad, who was a switchman on the Reading in Philadelphia, 1860-79. A cousin of his, also a switchman, jumped in the dark into a dump car. The bottom opened under him and a whole train of empties ran over him. His remains were gathered up in a tub. If war is "hell," as Gen. Sherman said, railroading in old days was its twin. Father lost his job after the Knights of Labor strike in 1879, so he went to the Mo. P. in Kansas City as a section hand. Two years later he was given a section foremanship out in Kansas.

For years I fired out of Chicago on the Erie. Hitting a cow with light power of bygone days was no joke. "The harder you hit 'em the farther you knock 'em," was the motto of old-time runners, who didn't like to have live stock curling up under their pilots.

One engine crew hit a cow which was stuck between the ties on a wooden bridge. It took 24 hours to dig engineer, fireman and head brakeman out of the wreck; for they knocked that bridge down and the train piled up on them. In those days there was no "big hook," only block and tackle.

Once I mistook a flock of turkeys roosting on the roof of a long, high trestle, seen by the light of an oil headlight, for a cow. I widened the old mill out and hit 'em for a home run. The birds came down eventually, but I am reliably informed that feathers are still sifting out of the sky at that point.

When I was firing on the Alton in 1804, Blackstone couplers were still in use on that road. —Highball John Burns, Box 1521, Luhrs Sta., Phoenix, Ariz.

* * *

I BEGAN calling crews on the Wabash at age 13. Two years later I held down the 3rd trick in the joint C.&A. and Santa Fe station at Willow Springs, Ill. From there I went to the Katy at Parsons, Kan., and did relief work on that road for 3 years. Later I was general foreman and supt. of construction on various railroad building jobs.

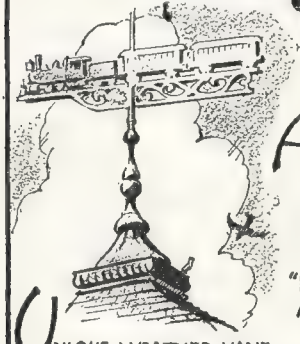
After that tried braking on the Raton hump on the Santa Fe and was flagman for Jerry Quinn between Albuquerque and La Junta. Next tried train service out of Denver on the D.&R.G. and on the U.P. between Denver and Laramie, Wyo. Then on the Pennsy hump at Altoona, Pa., and on the Mo.P. in Kansas City. Fired on the Burlington and C.&S., ran an engine in Honduras, was car foreman, D.&R.G.W. and S.P., air brake instructor and car foreman on the S.P., the U.P. and the T.&P., track foreman in Kansas on the Rock Island and E.P.&S.W. in New Mexico. Finally on street railway here. Would like to hear from some of the boys on the pikes mentioned.—C. Sutton, 5629 Ash St., Los Angeles,

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOSEPH EASLEY

180-POUND BELL INSTALLED IN ST. SIMON'S P.E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y. IT WAS DONATED BY THE LONG ISLAND R.R. AND CAME FROM ENGINE NO.307, CLASS H-6 SB, BUILT BY BALDWIN IN 1907 AND RECENTLY SCRAPPED

A MAGIC DOOR-MAN. THESE DOORS AT P.R.R. STATION, N.Y. CITY, ARE OPENED AND SHUT BY AN "ELECTRIC EYE". AS YOU APPROACH DOOR, THE LIGHT "SEES" YOU COMING; DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE WITHOUT BEING TOUCHED



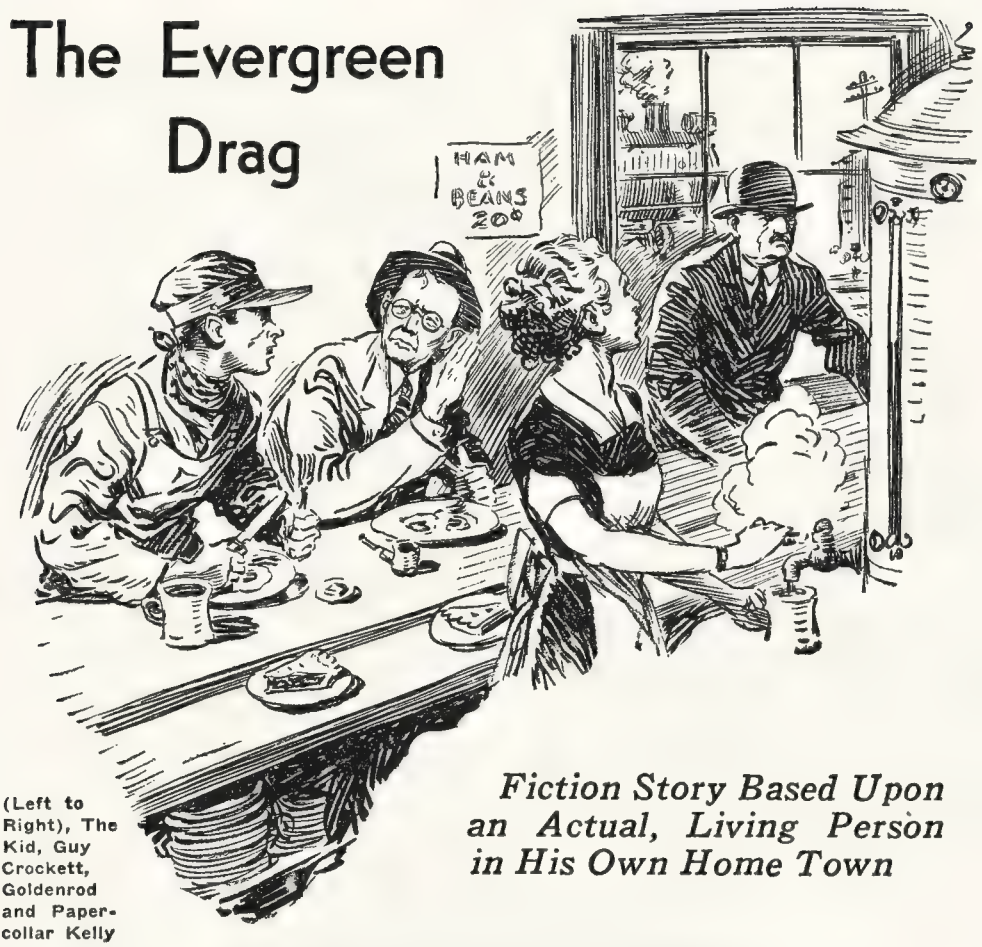
UNIQUE WEATHER VANE ON SANTA FE RY. PASSENGER STATION AT ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS

ANCIENT PLAQUE IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LOURDES, FRANCE, SHOWING HEAD-ON COLLISION OF TWO TRAINS CARRYING PILGRIMS TO LOURDES SHRINE

THE NETHERLANDS RY. IN HOLLAND GIVES ITS YOUNG PASSENGERS FREE CARD GAMES CONTAINING COLORED PHOTOS OF LOCOMOTIVES, CARS, SIGNALS, ETC.

BALLOON RAILWAY AT VITZNAU RIGA, SWITZERLAND, PROJECTED ABOUT 80 YEARS AGO BUT NEVER BUILT

The Evergreen Drag



(Left to Right), The Kid, Guy Crockett, Goldenrod and Paper-collar Kelly

Fiction Story Based Upon an Actual, Living Person in His Own Home Town

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

OUT of the frying pan into the Flyer is how Goldenrod comes to Guilford, Maine, which is where this bird Guy Crockett lives when he ain't off fishing somewhere.

Goldenrod, which is a very pretty name for a girl except maybe to a fellow with hay fever, is the good-looking daughter of Hardshell Higgins, ex-hogger and president of his privately owned three-and-a-half mile pike up in Saskatchewan known as the Happy Valley line. So naturally she can boom around the country in a very de luxe style on a pass, and always rides the varnished wagons.

Personally, I use the box cars, as I do not like to see anything wasted, and I always figured an empty box car should have something into it.

In fact, railroads might just as well get the revenue from such traffic instead of the brakemen. They could put benches into the empty freights that are batting back and forth all around the country day and night, and maybe charge a third class fare for guys with itching feet who are too proud to ride in busses.

The only brass hat I ever spoke to

about this was Goldenrod's old man, and although he was quite a boomer in his day, he is now a very conservative railroad executive. He dismissed the idea promptly.

Riding the plush, Goldenrod gets into Guilford at 9:04 A.M. from Portland on the Bangor & Aroostook. I breeze in later on the freight and am enjoying the trip and scenery from the cupola of the crummy, on account of Jep Hipple, the skipper, is an engine picture fien' like I am. I can tell right away he is a railroad picture fan, because he is wearing his International Engine Picture Club button on his overalls.

Guy Crockett, of Guilford, Maine—Fisherman and Engine Picture Fan. Host to Goldenrod and the Engine Picture Kid

Naturally we get to talking, and instead of wrapping a brake club around the seat of my pants when he finds me riding in the empty ice container of a reefer, he invites me back into the doghouse.

"Do you know a fellow in Guilford named Guy Crockett?" I says to him as we rumble past Lows Bridge.

"Know him?" says Jep, grinning. "Guess purty nigh everybody in Maine knows Crockett."

"What is he?" I says. "A tax collector or a descendant of Davy Crockett, who defended the Alamo?"

"Naw," comes back Jep. "He's the best danged fisherman in this part o' the country. Acquainted in Guilford, be you?"

"I will be when I meet Mr. Crockett," I says.

Jep has a car of mixed merchandise to set out at Guilford, and as we ease into the yard I notice huge piles of four foot birch logs stacked alongside the siding.

"Gosh!" I says to Jep. "They must burn a lot of firewood up here winters."

"Thet ain't firewood," snorts Jep, kind of disgusted. "Them is toothpicks."

Well, maybe Hipple thinks I have not got very good sense, but I have traveled around some in my day, and I know there ain't a state in the Union, including Maine, where the men is so big they can use four foot logs for toothpicks.

"Yeah?" I says, easing out on the crummy steps and pointing to a rusty coal scoop lying in the right of way ditch. "And I suppose that's what you guys use for a teaspoon."

"Them buildin's back there," goes on Jep, "belong to the Hardwood Products Company. Folks claim Guilford's got the second largest toothpick mill in the world."

"Oh," I says.

The freight eases to a stop and I swing off the caboose with my suitcase in one hand and my camera in the

other. Up ahead is the passenger depot, a frame building with a square bay for the brass pounder jutting out onto the platform. Goldenrod is standing by the bay talking to a tall bird with baggy pants on, and a battered felt hat set carelessly on his head. He is squinting out from behind a pair of spectacles and smoking a blackened, fat-bellied corn-cob pipe.

JUST then she spots me. I drop my suitcase and run forward, throwing my arms and camera around her.

"Honey," I says. "Ain't you met Crockett yet?"

"Uh-huh," laughs Goldenrod disentangling herself. "Kid, he's a fast worker."

Of course, I'm not a fellow who would let the green god of jealousy bother him none. Still I says to her: "I am surprised that you would come to Maine to flirt with guys who are fast workers, when you are engaged to a nice, steady engine picture fien' like me."

"Sometimes," says Goldenrod, smiling wistfully, "I think I'm just engaged to a roll of film and a clicking camera shutter." She turns to the bird with the corncob stuck in his face.

"Mr. Crockett," she says, "meet my trial and tribulation, my fiancé, the Engine Picture Kid."

"Glad to see you," says Crockett, thrusting a hand in my direction, and giving me a man-sized handshake.

"And now, Smarty," breaks in Goldenrod, "you owe Mr. Crockett an apology for that suspicious mind of yours. When I said he was a fast worker I meant he had everything all arranged for us when I got in this morning. I'm going to stay with him and Mrs. Crockett. You can bunk in town."

"Jobs?" I asks.

"All set," says Goldenrod, pointing to a little eating house across the track that is backed up almost to the rails. "I'm going to deal 'em off the arm again over there at Bet and Nell's Kitchen. You're slated for the front end of Extra Eight."

"Firing?" I inquire.

"Yep," says Crockett, "it's an evergreen drag. We haul a lot of Christmas trees out of here for the big cities along about this time every year."

"Okay," I says.

"When you and Goldenrod get some time off," says Crockett, "we'll go out to Davis Pond and get that big black bass I missed last Saturday."

THE hogger on this evergreen drag is the queerest old cuss I ever fired for. He don't ever smile, nor raise his voice. In fact, he don't say much at all. And he looks more like a preacher than anything else, sitting solemnly at the throttle in the cab of his chunky, low-drivered freight hog.

He don't wear the conventional overalls neither. Instead, he has on an old black broadcloth city suit that is musty green with age. Under his vest he wears a striped shirt with one of them old-fashioned stiff collars held onto it with collar buttons. The collars is celluloid so's he can spit on the end of his handkerchief and wipe the smudge off when he gets a spot of coal dust onto them. And he crowns his regalia with a black derby, set very straight on his head.

The rails on the B. & A. call him "Papercollar" Kelly, but nobody seems to know anything about him except he landed down in Portland a long time ago as a boomer, got a job and stayed with it ever since. A lot of the guys is always poking fun at him on

Bangor & Aroostook Depot at Guilford, Six Miles from the Two-Foot-Gage Monson Railroad

account of his clothes, and because he don't never laugh or joke, or cuss, or anything, but personally I take a liking to the old dude. Besides, firing for him is a lot different from firing for a hogger with a hair-trigger temper such as Hardshell Higgins, Goldenrod's old man, has got.

The second day out with him, we are coming down from Greenville, which is where the B. & A. makes connections with the Canadian Pacific and is the upper end of the line that branches out from Derby, when he turns to me very sudden and grabs me by the arm.

"You take a lot of pictures, don't you, young man?"

"Yes," I admit.

"With that little black box?" cuts in the hogger, nodding toward the camera which is lying on the left hand seatbox.

"Yes," says I.

But Papercollar goes right on. "I want you to do something for me. Take a picture of every bum you find riding my train."

Well, like any foreman who has boomed around, I have met a lot of screwy hoggers in various parts of the country. But I figure this Kelly must be more nuts than the rest of them put together, or even than Hardshell Higgins, although I would not make that statement to Goldenrod, because there are plenty of other things an engaged couple can argue about than how dizzy her father is.

"Gee," I says, "Mr. Kelly, there is an awful lot of 'boes riding the rods these days."

"That," says Kelly, "is why I want the pictures."

Of course, although Papercollar is going to pay me for this rogues' gallery of brake-rod riders, I must say it seems a very silly collection of railroad photographs to take, and besides it is not as easy as it sounds because a lot of these hoboes feel they ain't primped up enough to have their pictures took and object strenuously.

BETWEEN hauling Christmas trees in carload lots down on the first lap of their long journey to the city markets and darting around getting pictures of unemployed box car tourists for Papercollar I am a very

busy guy and do not get to go fishing with Crockett. I am explaining this to him down at Bet and Nell's which is where I always eat regardless of the hour the evergreen drag pulls into Guilford, as that is practically the only chance I have to see Goldenrod.

"What do you suppose a fellow like Papercollar wants with all them pictures?" I says to Crockett.

"Search me," he says. "I can't understand it. But then I suppose there are people that can't understand saving locomotive pictures or stamp collecting, or even fishing, either."

"Yeah, dumb people," I says. But that of course does not explain about Papercollar Kelly.

Goldenrod comes over between customers. But she can't dope it out, either.

"Aren't you boys going to have something to eat?" she says, because while she is always glad to see us in the eating joint, business is business with her and she is not a girl to forget that she is working for Bet and Nell and not running no merely social meeting house.

Well, I give her my customary big order, because the longer I eat the longer I can stay and talk to her.

Just then Papercollar comes in and sits down and orders crackers and milk.

"Kid," says Crockett to me, jerking his thumb in the direction of Papercollar, who has a faraway look on his face, "that fellow has something on his mind besides his derby."

WELL, that is what I have been thinking ever since I have been firing for him, but I do not find out what it is until the night I drop over to Papercollar's neat little white cottage up in Greenville to deliver him a batch of bums' portraits that I took.

Inside the house is clean as a pin, and although Papercollar lives there alone and is just sitting down for supper when I arrive I notice the table is set for two.

"Oh," I says, "I guess you was expecting me, Mr. Kelly."

"I guess I wasn't," says Papercollar. Then he sees me looking at the extra plate and cup and saucer on the table, and his neck gets as red as a rooster's comb. "I—er—set two places tonight so's I can have my breakfast on the other side in the morning," he goes on. But he is not very good at dissembling the truth, like some hoggers I know, only I will not mention any names because I would not want Goldenrod to think I was calling her old man a liar.

"I've got some pictures for you," I says.

"Have you?" He seems a little more enthusiastic as he reaches a bony hand for the package and almost jerks it from my grasp.

He tears off the wrapping, looks at each picture eagerly, then turns it face down on the table. For the moment he seems to have forgotten I am in the room. He gives a long sigh as he places the last one on the pile, and the light that shone in his eyes dies down. Then he picks the bunch up, tears them in half and drops them into the stove.

Of course I ain't no professional photographer, but I do not like to take pictures for an old coot to have him toss them into the fire. Besides it ain't economical when old copies of the *Bangor News* is better for kindling.

"Well," I says, "I have heard of guys being crazy enough to light a cigar with a dollar bill, Mr. Kelly, but you are the first nut I ever seen putting good pictures into the cook stove."

"Oh," says Papercollar, startled. "I

had forgotten you were here. I'm sorry, but I didn't find what I was looking for."

"What was you looking for?" I says. "A picture of Clark Gable in among them bums?"

"No," says Papercollar quietly. "I thought maybe Fate might forgive an old man—that some day Jim might ride my train." He swallows hard.

"Who?" I want to know.

"My son," says Papercollar softly. And it ain't a very comfortable feeling to be standing there and see tears well up in a grown man's eyes. I figure maybe I had better be leaving, and start toward the door.

"Don't go yet," says the hogger, whipping out a blue handkerchief and blowing his nose.

THEN he tells me about raising Jim from the time he was six years old and his mother died.

"He was a wild, tow-headed youngster," says Papercollar. "As Irish as the Blarney Stone. High-strung, and stubborn too. I couldn't keep him from hanging around the freight yards, snitching rides. I was afraid he'd get hurt. It was the only thing we quarreled over."

Finally when the boy was almost grown and too big for his old man to spank, Kelly threatens that if he ever catches him hooking onto box cars again he will turn him out of the house.

"Two days later," says Papercollar, "a yard bull hauled him off a fast freight as we was leaving the B. & O. yards at Cincinnati. I was just as stubborn as he was. Told him we was through as father and son and that if I never saw him again it'd be too soon."

"What makes you think he's still hitching rides?" I says. "He must be grown now."

"'I'm going to ride freights all my life,' were his last words to me," says Papercollar slowly. "And I know the stubbornness of the lad." He gets up and moves toward the living room. "Like to see a picture of him? It's the last one I have of him. Taken when he graduated from grammar school."

Well, of course, I am always glad to humor an old man like Papercollar Kelly and so I let him show me Jim's picture.

The picture startles me more than a little, but I do not say a word until I can get back to Guilford and get ahold of Goldenrod and Guy Crockett.

"It's the same bird," I says to Goldenrod. "You know—the Jim Kelly breaking freight out of Montreal on the Canadian Pacific."

"Jim Kelly," repeats Goldenrod, trying to rack her memory.

"Sure," I says. "The fellow member of the International Engine Picture Club I swapped pictures with. Sent him shots of Hardshell's power on the Happy Valley line in exchange for views of some of those big C.P. 5900 series."

"Anyhow," says Goldenrod, "we can send him a wire and find out."

"If it's the right person," says Crockett, "I've got a swell scheme for surprising Papercollar." He turns to Goldenrod. "Youngster," he says, "this fishing for a lonely man's son beats fishing for speckled trout both ways from Sunday, don't it?"

Well, this brakie in Montreal is the right Jim Kelly. At first he thinks I am stringing him along, but when he gets convinced he comes down to Guilford like Crockett instructs him to, and Crockett and Goldenrod meet him on the 3:42 P.M. passenger train and smuggle him out to Crockett's house.

I don't see him until night, but Jim

is all excited. "Gosh," he says, "I left Cincy after that last quarrel with Dad. Ducked the bull and went right out of town on his own train. But I've been looking for him ever since. Just as hard as he's been looking for me, I guess. I was a dumb kid."

He goes to the window, and a gay smile steals over his face.

"Still," he says to Goldenrod with a grin, "I stuck to my word. I've been riding freights right along. I wouldn't swap railroading for a bank president's career."

"Me either," I cut in. "Especially just now."

Crockett explains to Jim what he wants him to do, and Jim falls in with the scheme eagerly.

"It'll sure surprise Dad," he says. "Right around Christmas time, too."

As a matter of fact the way it turns out more than Papercollar is surprised and even the best laid plans of mice and Mr. Crockett is capable of becoming distorted in their execution.

IT is getting on toward the Yuletide holiday season and Extra Eight, the evergreen drag, is bowling down the high iron with a full train of fresh spruce tops piled high on flat cars and lashed down. Papercollar is over on the right hand seatbox of one of the Bangor & Aroostook's Class D-2's, a sturdy little ten-wheeler.

Papercollar's derby is jammed on his forehead, and as usual he is staring glumly out at the right-of-way. Suddenly he shifts toward me.

"What in tarnation's the matter with you?" he says. "You been jumping around the cab this whole run like a hen on a hot griddle."

"Nothing," I says, as I miss the firebox with a scoopful, and the coal bounces around the deckplate.

Papercollar looks at the mess disgustedly. "Pick 'em up," he says. "The idea is to get the coal into the firebox and not sling it at the engineer."

Well, I can't keep quiet any longer. "Maybe Santa Claus will be good to you this Christmas," I says.

"There ain't any Santa Claus," snaps Papercollar, spitting viciously at a milepost that floats by outside his cab window.

"Don't be too sure," I says.

"O.K., Cinderella," growls Papercollar. "You just keep a hundred and eighty pounds in this kettle and leave an old man alone and we'll get along better."

We were wheeling the last load of Christmas trees down for the season. We swing past Monson Junction all right, and through Abbot Village. Then it happens, as we come into Guilford. Papercollar has slowed down for the curve on the slight embankment just beyond the depot and Bet and Nell's kitchen, when one of the flats decides to climb the iron on the bend.

There's a violent wrench, a twist on the engine, and a crash, as a drawbar and the airhose parts company somewheres back in the train. The engine bucks to a stop like a pitching bronco. I am standing in the gangway, but I don't have to jump to the ground. I get slammed there and bury my face in the cinders.

When I pick myself up Papercollar is laughing, and it is the first time I have seen him laugh since I been in Guilford.

"You ought to go in vaudeville with that diving act," he says. "It's the best unloading job I ever seen."

Crockett and Goldenrod and everybody else that has been in the eating house runs out and crowds around the

train to see what's happened. The middle of the train is a mess. One flat has turned over, completely spilling a pile of Christmas trees over the embankment, and a couple of others have got themselves jammed across the tracks and half way on top of each other.

Goldenrod stares down the track at the wreck. Her clenched knuckles snap up to her mouth and she gives a little scream of terror.

"Kid," she says, her face suddenly drained white, "maybe—oh, hurry!"

She darts off toward the pile of spilled spruce tops, with Crockett at her heels. I start to follow.

"Hey, where you goin'?" yells Papercollar. "The big hook'll pick 'em up."

I guess my face is white too, because by this time I have counted the cars back to the one that spilled.

"Maybe there was a bum riding the train," I says, nervously. "He—he might be under those Christmas trees."

A sudden hard look glazes Papercollar's eyes.

"Serve him right, if he got killed," snaps the old hogger. "Men ain't got no more business stealin' rides—than kids."

He climbs stiffly out of the cab and stalks into Bet and Nell's Kitchen. "I'm going to get me a bowl of crackers and milk."

Goldenrod and Crockett is already yanking at the Christmas trees when I reach them.

"Jim! Jim!" calls Goldenrod. "Where are you?"

"Tenth car," says Crockett, sweat pouring off his face.

"He's under there," I gasp to Crockett. "I saw him fix a place for himself among the evergreens just before we left Greenville."

"Jim!" calls Goldenrod again.

This time there is a faint response from the bottom of the heap of trees. "I'm not hurt," comes the muffled voice from the depths of the trees. "Got a mouthful of pine needles, that's all."

CASEY, the head shack; his partner, St. John; and Banana Ayers, the con, come up. Naturally they want to know what we are doing frantically pulling away at the tangled mass of Christmas trees.

"There's a man under them," snaps Crockett, tossing a twelve-foot tree over his shoulder and nearly flooring Banana Ayers with it. "There's a man buried under there. Get busy, you guys."

Some of the townsfolk who have gathered round begin dragging at the trees too, and in a few minutes a battered and bedraggled Jim Kelly, with broken spruce twigs draped about his ears, climbs out of the giant's nest of evergreens and stands slightly dazed, but grinning at the crowd.

"Phew!" he says. "That's the last time I'll make a Christmas tree decoration out of myself—for Dad or anybody else."

Goldenrod gives a sigh of relief and smiles at Jim. "Anyhow," she says, "I'm glad you're not hurt."

"Me, too," says Crockett.

Right then Papercollar comes out of the eating house. He spots Jim in the excited group around the pile of trees. He hurries forward, pushing people out of his way, until he is opposite his boy.

"Son," he says sternly, "what did I always tell you about riding freights?"

Then he breaks into a smile and the next second Jim and Papercollar are shaking each other's hands and slap-

ping each other on the back like a couple of happy school kids.

Suddenly Papercollar turns around, his face suffused with a glow. Crockett and Goldenrod and me are all laughing at him.

"What is this anyhow?" snaps the hogger. "A put-up job?"

Crockett grins sheepishly. "We got in touch with Jim," he explains, "and planned to surprise you when you pulled into Guilford, hauling your last load of evergreens through for the year. We wanted you to discover Jim hidden among the Christmas trees."

"Yes," adds Goldenrod soberly, "but as it happened, I don't know who got the biggest surprise."

"I did," says Jim, picking bits of Christmas tree out of his hair. He turned to his dad, his eyes shining.

"Hold that pose, you two!" I yell, running back to the engine cab for my camera. "I want to get a picture for my album."

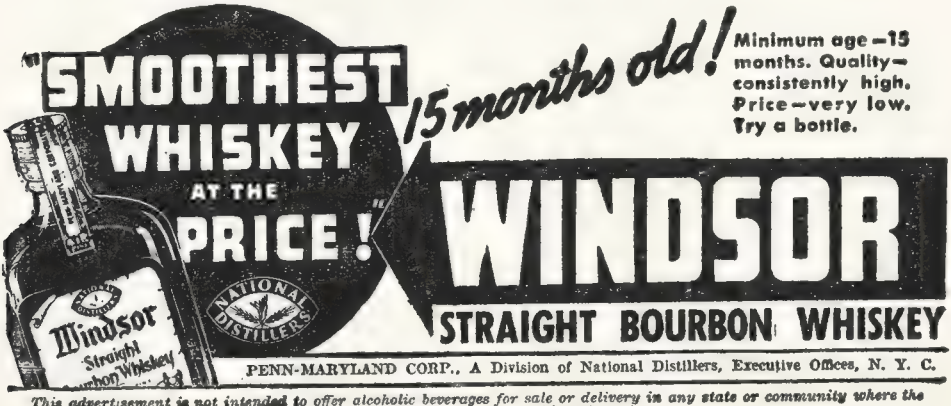
Which I did, and it turned out all right. And although it is not strictly speaking a train or engine picture, it is nice to have some human interest railroad shots in a collection.

Anyway, next month Goldenrod and me plan to be in Hollywood, to help make a railroad movie, and out there human interest is the big thing. The trouble is that most railroad movies do not lack human interest, but lack real railroading. That is just one of the places where an engine picture fien' like myself will prove a godsend to the movie boys.

The Abandonment of a Branch Line

NO more do these West Virginia hills echo with the deep music of the locomotive's whistle, the rush, the power, the thunder of the speeding train, said the N. & W. Ry. Magazine, commenting on the abandonment of a branch line. For the steel rails have been ripped up. Stations are deserted. The Iron Horse is silent. Gone is a dependable transportation agency, a good citizen, a community builder. Gone are taxes that helped to pay for the maintenance of county and district schools and highways. Gone are jobs by which men lived and supported their families. Gone are purchases that helped to keep mills and mines running.

Will the buses and trucks that now rumble through these hills supply the taxes that send boys and girls to school? Will they take up the slack in purchases? Will they buy, build, and maintain roadways? Will they take care of the unemployed? Can they take the railroad's place? Experience says "No!" Then who will foot the bill? The public, as usual.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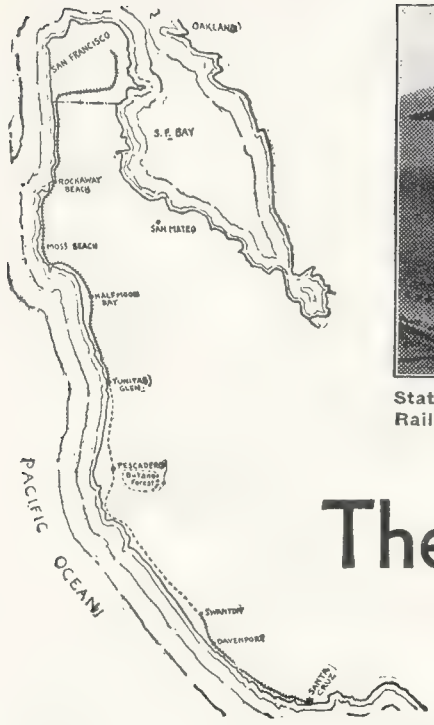
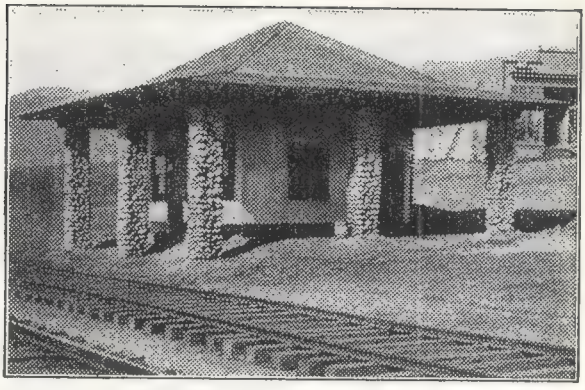




Station at Farallone City, Calif., on the Ocean Shore Railway. (Left) Map of the Road. Dotted Line Was Never Built

The Ocean Shore Comes Back

By G. H. KNEISS

WHEN a railroad is abandoned, it is usually gone forever. And yet, in California, a railroad is being reborn after fifteen years of complete abandonment.

The Ocean Shore Railway was planned as a fast double-track electric line between San Francisco and the resort city of Santa Cruz, 80 miles to the south. Construction started in 1905 and involved much heavy rock work around the cliffs. However, progress was rapid and plans for a grand opening were being made when the earthquake of 1906 came along and toppled much of the roadbed into the Pacific Ocean.

This was a bitter blow, but the management set bravely to work at reconstruction. Reluctantly they pared down their double-track electric project to a single track steam line, and in 1907 two unconnected sections were opened for business—from San Francisco south to Tunitas Glen, 36 miles; and Santa Cruz north to Swanton, 15 miles.

The northern division appeared to be an immediate success. Vast crowds overtaxed the second-hand rolling stock which the road had purchased, and it became necessary to equip flat cars with wooden benches to handle the throngs. A real estate boom caused new towns to spring up overnight. "Developments" were marked off into fifty-foot lots and sold as fast as the surveyors could drive in their stakes. Dance halls, bath-houses, and amusement piers were built as quickly as carpenters could knock them together. The San Francisco terminal at 12th and Mission streets was incessantly busy.

From this point the trains were handled by an electric locomotive through the streets to the city limits, where the steam engines took over the job. Halfway down the single-track line the trains entered a wye and backed the rest of the way to Tunitas Glen, there being no room there between the mountains and the Ocean to turn the trains.

But the Ocean Shore Railway, despite

its huge traffic, was in desperate straits. The work of rebuilding after the earthquake had been a severe financial strain, and on the southern division another hard blow had been received. The main reason for opening this short stretch had been to get traffic from a large cement mill near Swanton. But the Southern Pacific constructed a branch from Santa Cruz to the cement mill and, because of its through connections, took the cement traffic away from the struggling Ocean Shore.

In 1911 the system was reorganized as the Ocean Shore Railroad Company. For a while everything was rosy. Freight traffic was developed on the northern division, the line passing through the finest artichoke fields in the state. Other garden products, rock, and sand were the main tonnage. In 1914 the road carried more than 300,000 tons of freight and nearly 200,000 passengers. It began to look as if the gap between Tunitas Glen and Swanton could soon be closed and through trains run to Santa Cruz.

Then came Old Man Gasoline. A bus line paralleled the railway, using the fine new paved state highway. Trucks began to solicit the artichoke traffic. Ungrateful shippers, secure in their belief that the railroad would always be there if they needed it, began to patronize the new form of transportation. By 1919 freight tonnage had fallen off more than 75 per cent, and passenger traffic had been cut in half. The Ocean Shore was beaten by Old Man Gasoline. In 1920 the State Railroad Commission issued an abandonment order.

The railroad went out of business. Locomotive whistles no longer mingled with the roar of breakers on the rocky shore. Rails were torn up and the rather pathetic old hand-me-down rolling stock, some of which had graced the Pennsy's fast trains in the seventies, was sold. The Ocean Shore became a glorious memory.

It seemed that the iron horse was craving revenge. Inhabitants of the region discovered what it meant to lose their railroad. The fine " developments " developed no further but fell into decay. Most of the " city lots " were sold for taxes. The blank windows of vacant dwellings stared hopelessly at the desolation of the abandoned railway stations that had once been crowded with happy, care-free crowds. The country " went back."

And now, like dawn after a dismal night, comes news of the resurrection of the Ocean Shore. Rights to the abandoned roadbed have been purchased by a new organization. Reconstruction will begin as soon as an agreement can be reached with the California Highway Commission, which has been seeking part of the right-of-way.

The complete line to Santa Cruz will

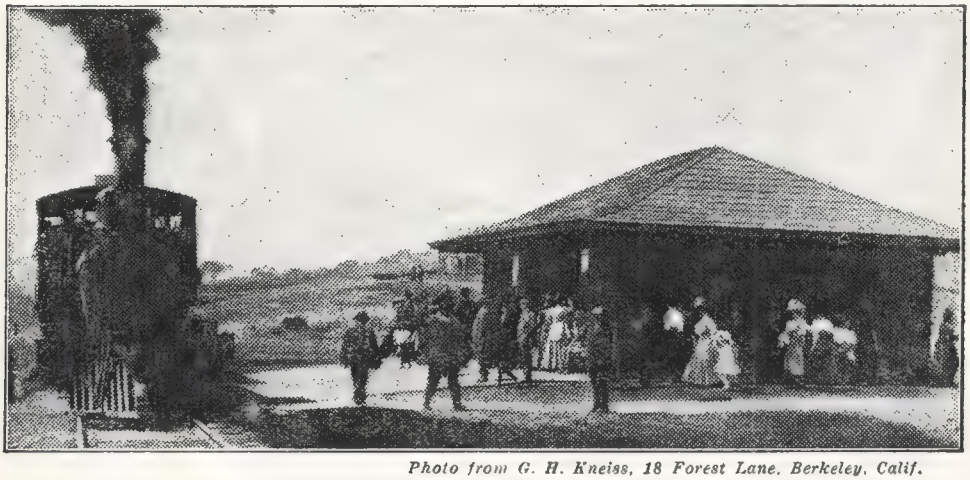


Photo from G. H. Kneiss, 18 Forest Lane, Berkeley, Calif.

An Old-Time View of the Depot at Granada Beach, Calif., on the Ocean Shore Railway

be put into operation. Instead of the antiquated steam equipment of the past the new management plans to use light roller-bearing gasoline cars and trailers for frequent passenger service.

Prime reason for the rebirth of the Ocean Shore is the opening up of the Butano Forest, containing more than a billion feet of redwood lumber. This is located on the never-built section between Tunitas Glen and Swanton. There is a possibility that this stretch will be built after all.

Have the inhabitants of this region learned their lesson from fifteen years without a railroad? One rather thinks—and hopes—they have.

The Ticket Counterfeiting Racket

FIFTY years ago Louis Rice was chief clerk for the Mo. P. general ticket agent at St. Louis. He threw up his job and became a ticket scalper, opening offices in several midwestern cities in partnership with a crooked lawyer named Lands. Rice and Lands soon found that the chief expense in their business was buying the tickets which they sold. "The deuce with this!" said Rice, or words to that effect. "Why can't we print tickets ourselves?" He bought a print shop in a small town in Illinois.

Rice was not a careless man. He knew just the kind of paper the various railroads used, and got some. He copied all signatures expertly, probably by photography. And he figured out serial and form numbers that would convince the smartest conductor. What prevented it from being a "perfect crime," however, was the fact that Rice's ticket numbers were duplicates of numbers on other tickets. "But that's all right; nobody will notice," he said to Lands, who was worried.

The tickets sold well and the slick promoters made thousands of dollars. Rice, who had recently become engaged, dazzled his fiancee with presents.

One day C. G. Warner, general auditor of the Mo. P., began wondering why his road carried so many more passengers than they had sold tickets for. "There is crooked business afoot," thought Warner, and sent for a mass of used tickets. Ragged and soiled, they were heaped on his desk. Warner had all the numbers copied down and compared. Two were duplicates!

"Our tickets are being counterfeited," he told the Mo. P. gumshoes. "It's up to you to get details." Suspicion fastened on Louis Rice, as he knew a lot about tickets.

It did not take Rice long to discover that the Mo. P. was on his trail. He decided to take a vacation and went to Kansas City. The detective, Thomas Furlong, also went to Kansas City. "Louis Rice? Oh, yes—he's gone to Salt Lake." Rice was too well known on all the lines. From Salt Lake he visited San Francisco, then Portland. At Seattle he heard much about the attractions of Western Canada, so progressed to Victoria.

His trailer also went to Victoria and spent several hours looking over the scenery; but Rice was not a part of it. Rice, in fact, had plunged into the Kassiar Mountains, where the fishing was especially good, to a camp some 357 miles from Victoria. The detective decided to go fishing, too, and chose the same camp. Rice was not there.

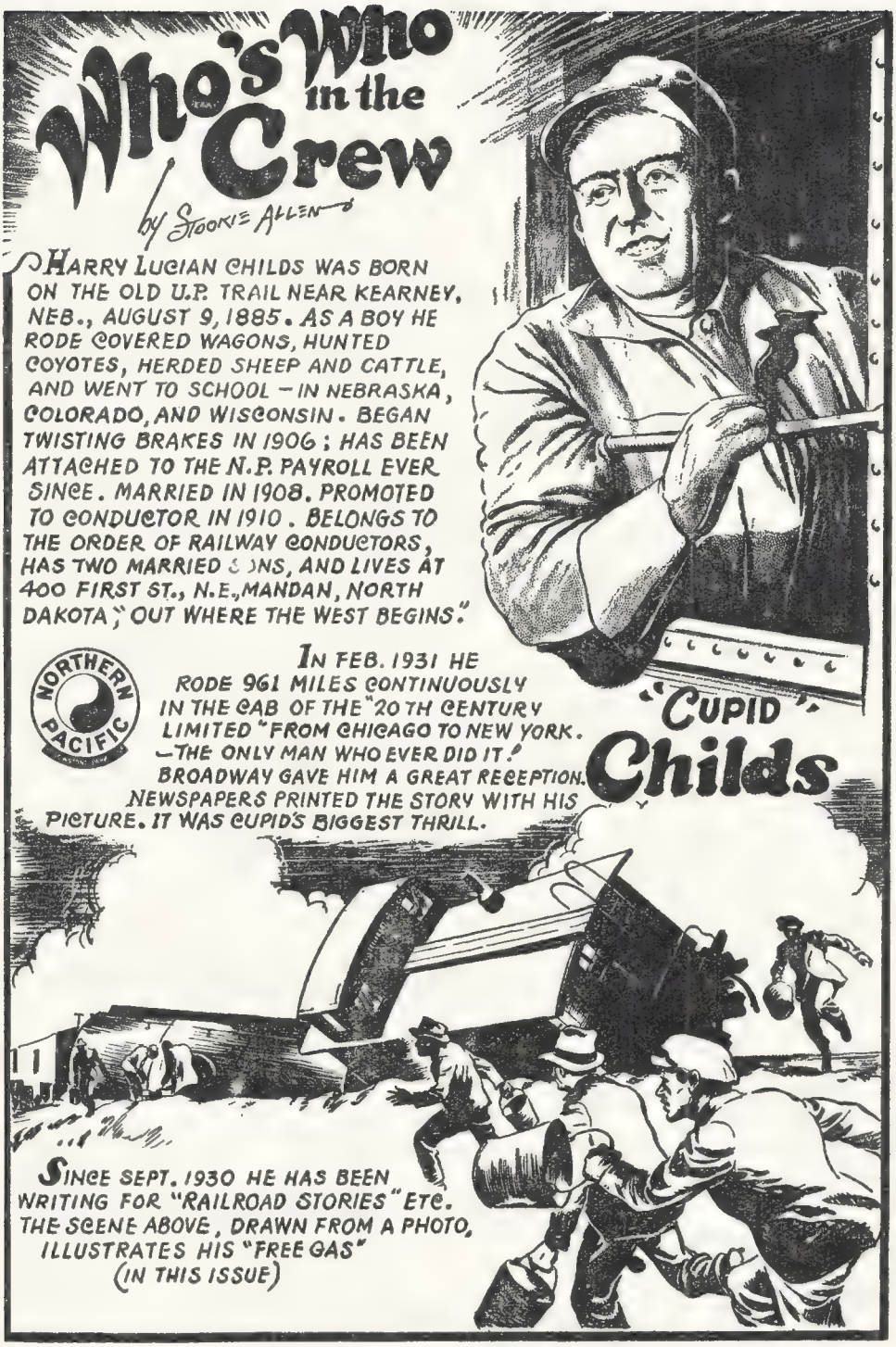
Rice did not care much for the Kassiars, so went back to Seattle and then to Portland. Then he got a job in a bed spring factory; it is possible that he had always wanted to know how bed springs were made. Or maybe he thought such a factory was the last place a detective would set foot in. He put on dirty overalls and let his beard grow.

"Mr. Louis Rice?" It was the persistent Furlong. Rice was nabbed at last! On his way to St. Louis the fugitive told all. The nervous Lands also was arrested.

"I have friends," warned Lands, "who will get me out of this."

"That," said Furlong coldly, "is not my worry." A short time later both Rice and Lands were exonerated by a friendly judge, who remarked: "Forged railroad tickets have no intrinsic value."

Rice gave up ticket printing. The life was too strenuous. He got married moved to Iowa, and sold insurance. Lands died shortly afterward. Ticket faking was made illegal in most states. It would take a very shrewd crook now to evade these laws—and the railroad detective force is still on the job.—Jim Holden.


Who's Who in the Crew
by Stookie Allen
HARRY LUCIAN CHILDS WAS BORN ON THE OLD U.P. TRAIL NEAR KEARNEY, NEB., AUGUST 9, 1885. AS A BOY HE RODE COVERED WAGONS, HUNTED COYOTES, HERDED SHEEP AND CATTLE, AND WENT TO SCHOOL — IN NEBRASKA, COLORADO, AND WISCONSIN. BEGAN TWISTING BRAKES IN 1906; HAS BEEN ATTACHED TO THE N.P. PAYROLL EVER SINCE. MARRIED IN 1908. PROMOTED TO CONDUCTOR IN 1910. BELONGS TO THE ORDER OF RAILWAY CONDUCTORS, HAS TWO MARRIED SONS, AND LIVES AT 400 FIRST ST., N.E., MANDAN, NORTH DAKOTA; "OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS."
NORTHERN PACIFIC
IN FEB. 1931 HE RODE 961 MILES CONTINUOUSLY IN THE CAB OF THE "20TH CENTURY LIMITED" FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK. —THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER DID IT! BROADWAY GAVE HIM A GREAT RECEPTION. NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE STORY WITH HIS PICTURE. IT WAS CUPID'S BIGGEST THRILL.
"CUPID" Childs
SINCE SEPT. 1930 HE HAS BEEN WRITING FOR "RAILROAD STORIES" ETC. THE SCENE ABOVE, DRAWN FROM A PHOTO, ILLUSTRATES HIS "FREE GAS" (IN THIS ISSUE)

Next Month—Ed Pugsley, Freight Conductor on the British Columbia Electric Railway

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Free Gasoline

By "CUPID" CHILDS

ONE of our branch line locals on which I do considerable work is conceded to be about the heaviest on the system. It is not unusual for us to handle from sixty to one hundred cars daily. To facilitate the work the officials have furnished us with an extra caboose placed on the head end with only the merchandise peddler cars between it and the locomotive. Following that in station order are the short hauls, and on the rear the second caboose occupied solely by the flagman. This arrangement places the captain, head shack and swing man at the scene of action immediately when the train arrives at a station.

On the first day of May our regular captain laid off. Instead of being the swing man that fateful morning, I was the captain. It was raining a cold drizzle that was almost snow. We felt that we were a pretty lucky crew, for instead of the usual fifty or sixty cars, we had only twenty loads, made up as follows: three peddlers; Caboose 1099, in which we were riding; two tanks of gasoline, two merchandise setouts, and another tank of gas. Behind this was a miscellaneous assortment of commercial loads, including two heavy cars of gravel. They all made up a train of something over 800 tons, pulled by engine 1550, a small "Mike."

What with the moisture we'd been getting of late, we all realized that the roadbed was getting a bit soft in spots. Our engineer was also aware of the fact and for some time had used fine judgment regarding speed. After shutting the gates and getting a highball, he settled the 1550 at about twenty-five, despite the fact the speed restrictions allowed him thirty.

The swing man and myself busied ourselves at the desk, while the head man was in the cupola. About five miles out the air went into emergency. Instinctively I hollered, "Hang on!"

Both the swing man and myself grabbed the desk with both hands and the head man got a handful of the perpendicular rod at his side, while we all watched the hand on the air gage go rapidly to zero. A broken air hose, or at worst a break-in-two, we thought.

But ere the little hand had flickered to the peg on the gage we heard and felt an ominous "bump, bump, bump." The 1099 was on the ties. Next there was a rending and crashing, and every foot we moved the crummy was took toward the bank that separated us from the Missouri River.

When we stopped we found we couldn't stand up, still or otherwise, for the 1099 was leaning at an angle of better than forty-five degrees toward her right side. Before I could get to my feet I could look out the window in front of me and see the ground of the little bank and ditch almost in my face. At the same time the head man yelled: "Look out for fire—there's gasoline all around us."

A regular river of that dangerous fluid was rushing under the windows of the wobbling crummy. But when I tried the front door as an exit it was jammed so that it would not open. Meanwhile the brakemen had opened the rear door, and we all got out in the rain. However, we didn't

mind the wet. Even though the rain and soft track had caused our spill, the damp air and moisture no doubt prevented any sparks from igniting the flowing gas.

Ahead of us, on their sides, lay the first three cars. The engine crew had naturally hurried back to see how we fared, but now they had to hurry the other way, for that little river of gasoline was heading rapidly down the track toward the locomotive.

"Get that engine away from there; she'll set the whole thing afire," we yelled.

Seeing we were all right, the engine hurried to move away. After a bit of hurried inspection, they found that something had flown up and disconnected the air hose coupling between the engine and tender. We decided that a broken rail must have caused the wreck. It was fortunate, since before any of the cars had taken to the country, the air had been set in emergency on the whole train, thereby lessening the force of the pile-up considerably.

One tank car lay on its side, with fluid pouring from the dome. Its rear draw bar had gone completely through the end of the other tank car and let the entire eight thousand gallons run out.

Scrambling back into the 1099, I gathered up the bills and reports. The little old stove was hanging precariously on the upper side of the caboose. We surely were lucky we didn't have one of the old pot-belly stoves, or both it and the fire might have been scattered all over, and the gasoline fumes would have been ignited before any of us had made our first exit.

The swing man and the fireboy had taken the engine and gone up the track to a farmhouse where they were pretty sure they'd find a telephone. Not knowing just what success they'd meet with, I hiked back about a mile or so to another farm and was lucky enough to find a lad willing to tackle the four miles of mud back to the terminal with his car.

In the hour I was away the news had spread among the people for several miles around, and those who could get through the terrible roads were there helping themselves to gasoline. With tubs, barrels, pails and cans, they were getting well repaid for their efforts. A fair-sized stream still trickled from the dome of the overturned car several hours after the spill.

When the roadmaster got on the job, he soon determined the cause of the spill. It was a broken rail. It must have given way as the 1550 passed over it, for everything behind the tender went in the ditch. We thanked our lucky stars the locomotive was not derailed and left where it would have set fire to the gasoline.

In over thirty years of jerking the latch, it was the first spill for Art McLean, our engineer, and also for myself. Much as we regretted it, we only hoped any others we were due for would turn out as luckily.

Adventures of a Boomer Op

By GEORGE C. HASELTINE

I HIT the boomer trail back in 1883, and I wandered for twenty long and adventurous years—years of freedom, when I was young and the West was new and the world lay at my feet. After getting canned from the N. P. at Helena* fifty-two years ago, I went to Minneapolis.

Jobs were easy to get in those days of wooden coaches and iron men. As soon as I called on E. H. Graves, then superintendent of telegraph service for the C. M. & St. P., he sent me to Ashton, in what is now South Dakota, on the H. & D. Division of the Milwaukee. J. H. Fleming was agent, I was day operator, and George Burton worked the night trick. In addition to railroad duties, we handled much West-

*See "Railroad Stories," April, 1934.

ern Union business for which we were not paid.

That summer the big W. U. strike came off. To show our sympathy for the lightning slingers, I drew up an agreement refusing to handle any W. U. business during the strike, signed it and sent it out along the division.

Shortly after the strike ended, a young man dropped off the train at Ashton and handed me a letter from Graves stating my services were no longer required and the bearer would relieve me.

There being no pass enclosed, I called up Graves and asked him how about transportation back to Minneapolis, but he said nothing doing. However, Sam Howarth, a telegraph construction foreman whom I had known at Minneapolis Jct., happened to be in Ashton with a pass to St. Paul for himself "and crew," and he took me along.

Home again, I wrote to the D. & R. G. at Denver and to the Canadian Pacific, which was then building westward from Winnipeg. Both replied at the same time, telling me to come on at once. I tossed a coin to decide where to go, then packed my grip for Denver.

September, 1883, found me on the D. & R. G. pay roll to the tune of $60 a month as agent and operator at Husted, Colo., within sight of Pike's Peak. At that time the road was all narrow gage. However, there were three rails between Denver and Pueblo, and both standard and slim gage trains ran between those points.

The Fort Worth & Denver City Railway (now part of the Burlington Lines) was then a five-foot gage pike. Thus there were three gages of track in the Denver yards, with the resulting complication of frogs.

Soon I got itchy feet, turned down a $70 job in Denver, and landed as D. & R. G. agent at Tennessee Pass, Colo., 10,240 feet above sea level, the highest point on a standard-gage railroad in North America. The station is right at the crest of the Continental Divide, so that raindrops splashing on the eastern end of the roof ultimately reach the Gulf of Mexico, while those dripping from the western end of the same roof find their way to the Gulf of California.

There was no town at the station, only a store and post office; but down in the bottom of a steep canyon, about two miles distant, was the village of Taylor. The altitude at the Pass was such that it was impossible to boil beans or potatoes or make decent coffee there, so I existed chiefly on fried and roasted concoctions.

By June I became fed up with this location and got a transfer to Red Cliff, at the bottom of a canyon so deep and narrow that even in summer we could not see the sun until nearly 9 A.M. and lost it behind the western rim about 4.30 P.M. From there I shifted to Malta, and then to Leadville, as op in the office of George W. Cook, superintendent of the Third Division. Leadville in 1884 was pulling out of the frontier era of gunplay and general cussedness. Mining was, of course, the principal industry.

The swellest saloon in town was owned by "Pap" Wayman, and the first article confronting a patron as he stepped in the front door was an immense Bible on a book rack.

PULLING out for Kansas City, I thought I'd try Eastern roads for a change, but found nothing open but $40 or $45 "O. S." jobs; so I drifted back to Minneapolis for the third time. In December, 1884, I attached myself to the Northern Pacific pay roll again, as night op in the new freight station at Minneapolis. A night watchman called crews for me. There was little telegraphic work, and no night trains except early in the evening and at 6 A.M., so I managed to get three or four hours of shut-eye during the night.

It was really a bed of roses; but in the spring of '86, tiring of city life, I meandered over to Livingston, Mont., to work in the super's office.

Shortly after my arrival, Colonel Clowry of the Western Union came out with a

special train of guests to tour Yellowstone Park. Among them was John D. Rockefeller, who dropped into the office that evening to file a telegram for Cleveland.

" How much will that cost?" the oil king wanted to know. He was sending it as a " black."

I counted the words, thirteen. " One dollar and thirty cents," I replied.

" Let me see that a minute," said Rockefeller.

He re-read the message, crossed out three superfluous words and returned it to me with a dollar bill. I suppose that was how John D. acquired his millions. But I have often wondered why the oil king did not use his telegraph frank, as I feel sure he must have had one.

One day I went alone on a fishing trip in the canyon of the Yellowstone, and was having such good luck that I lost all conception of time. The descent of darkness found me five miles from town, but at the mouth of the canyon I saw a headlight coming toward me. This puzzled me greatly, as I knew there was no train on the Park branch at that hour. The boys, thinking I might have met with an accident, had sent the yard goat out after me.

In October, 1886, I was pounding brass at Minnesota Transfer, halfway between Minneapolis and St. Paul. This was the busiest place I had ever worked; there were wires from all directions over the Northwest. Three of us handled the business, and we scratched hard to keep all hooks clear.

Again the boomer call. I went to Portland, Oregon, with an old school friend who'd been working as gateman at the Minneapolis Union Depot. But the best I could get was a ten-day relief job with the W. U., while my partner took to driving street cars.

We soon decided to move on. As we were broke, I soaked my gold watch for twenty bucks, and we took steerage passage on an O. R. & N. steamer for San Francisco. I tried to hit the S. P. for a job. H. R. Pratt, who was then general superintendent and hired operators for the entire system, kept promising he'd take me on as soon as he could, but it seemed that the time never arrived.

My partner landed a job in a saddle shop; and we were able to eat, after a fashion. We found a place where we could get a plate of stew, bread and coffee for a dime. And we could go into any of the saloons along the docks, get a large glass of beer for a nickel, and hit the free lunch until the bartender began to give us the hard glassy eye.

Finally Mr. Pratt offered me a choice of two jobs: night op at Lordsburg, N. M., or op-brakeman on a work train in northern California.

" I prefer New Mexico," I replied right off the bat.

" New Mexico," he explained, " is a pretty hard country, with a tough class of citizens."

But I said: " I've worked in tough places before, when I was on the end of the track in Montana."

So he wound up by giving passes to my partner and me to Lordsburg. That was in 1887, long before the days of the Interstate Commerce Commission, when the roads were generous with passes.

LORDSBURG proved to be a small town near the Arizona line, the end of the S. P.'s first freight division out of El Paso. A slim-gage pike, the Arizona & New Mexico, ran between Lordsburg and some large mines of the Arizona Copper Company at Clifton, Ariz.

From Clifton a twenty-inch gage road, with real engines and cars, wound up the mountains to another large group of copper mines at Morenci. Part of this line ascended at an angle of about thirty degrees and through a tunnel. Locomotives did not operate on this section, the trains being taken up and let down by stout cables.

At that time Charles H. Markham, who later became president of the Illinois Central, was agent for the S. P. at Lordsburg. Markham was fond of boxing. He and I often put on the gloves with each other out in the freight house.

In 1887 cash fares on the S. P. were ten cents a mile in Arizona and New Mexico. It can readily be understood what fine picking this was for the men on passenger runs. I had been working there only two nights when I was "initiated." An eastbound passenger train, No. 19, was due at 1.30 A.M. The crew always changed engines there and registered. When the conductor came in to register, he and I were alone in the office. He asked:

"Any passengers tonight?"

"Yes," I answered. "Two for Deming and four for El Paso."

He glanced toward the ticket window, which was up, and said: "Did you sell any tickets?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Well," the skipper went on, "my name is Sammie, and whenever I come by, you just keep that window shut. Savvie?"

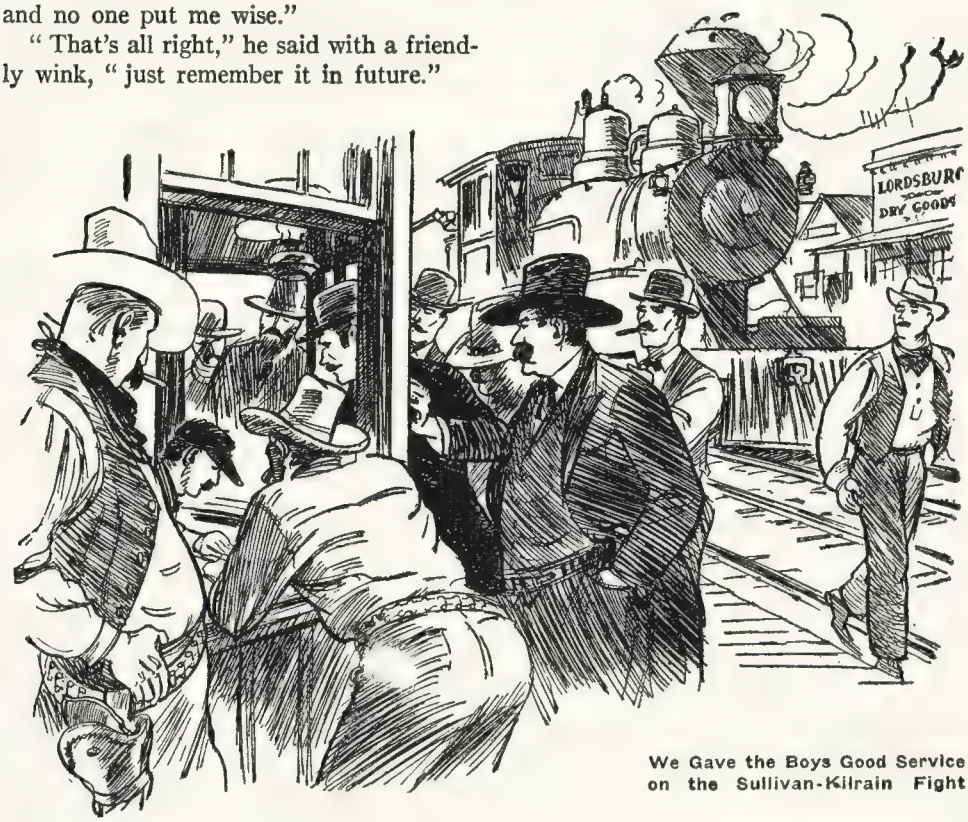
A light dawned on me. "Why, certainly," I replied. "You see, I am new here and no one put me wise."

"That's all right," he said with a friendly wink, "just remember it in future."

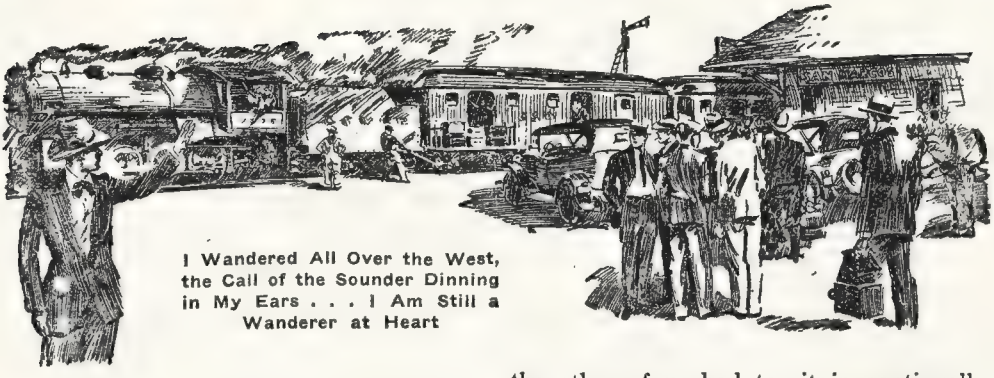
So the next time Sammie came along going east, I had mislaid the keys to the ticket case. On his return trip from El Paso the skipper called me out into the baggage room and slipped me a ten dollar gold piece. None of the other passenger conductors offered to make an arrangement with me, and Sammie was the only one I saved cash fares for.

Despite a general order that no passengers be carried in cabooses on freight without a special permit from the division super, ten cents a mile was too great a temptation. It was a common practice for freight men not only to carry passengers but even to solicit them.

Gentlemen went armed continually with both rifles and six-shooters, except when in town, for at that time New Mexico had a law that a person must divest himself of his pistol within fifteen minutes after coming into a town and not resume it until



We Gave the Boys Good Service on the Sullivan-Kilrain Fight



I Wandered All Over the West, the Call of the Sounder Dinning in My Ears . . . I Am Still a Wanderer at Heart

fifteen minutes before leaving. In obedience to this law, when a bunch of waddies drifted in for a time, all sorts of six-shooters would be piled up on the back bars of thirst emporiums.

I was doing pretty well at Lordsburg: $75 a month from the S. P., $30 a month keeping books for a mercantile firm in my spare time, the arrangement with Sammie, and secret pay from two mining companies to give special attention to their foreign cablegrams.

Since Lordsburg was a division point, I had plenty of boomer visitors to feed and "square" for a ride out of town. That was one of the drawbacks of working at a division point; some months it added ten dollars or more to my board bill.

One of the boys I entertained was Bogardus, chief of the wandering knights of rust. It was said of "Bogy" that he had worked in every fair-sized city in the States and Canada, also in Mexico, had crossed the continent twelve times, had been at sea and up in a balloon (which was *something*, back in the '80's) and down in a diving bell. Bogy was an artist with key and pen but would never stay on a job more than two or three pay days.

The Sullivan-Kilrain fight for the world's heavyweight championship came off while I was at Lordsburg, and as there were a number of sports in town, we two brass pounders took up a subscription among them to furnish news of the fight. We hooked the bulletins off the New Orleans-Los Angeles through wire and gave the boys good service, but of course one or the other of us had to sit in continually until it was all over.

In 1888 we did the same thing with the Cleveland-Harrison presidential election. This time, however, we earned every cent subscribed, as it was two days before the final result was announced. We could not depend upon a "call," neither could we "break," for we were outlaws on the bulletin service.

THE following January I was canned for delaying two trains by forgetting to pull out a ground plug when I went out for lunch. Going to Denver, I was offered an "O. S." job on the Burlington, but soon passed on to Pocatello, Idaho—the Mecca of all boomers. There I worked awhile as machinist helper for the Utah Northern (Oregon Short Line).

Except for the railroad right-of-way, the Pocatello of those days was all on an Indian reservation, so there could be no saloons in town itself. But there was one in the railroad eating-house on the right-of-way. Its bar was seventy-five feet long; many a time I saw it crowded along the entire length, with six or eight bartenders serving red-eye.

My next jumps were to Portland, San Francisco, Tucson and Benson, Ariz. Then back to Lordsburg in August '89, as day op. There I drifted into an undesirable entanglement, entirely unconnected with railroading. The only remedy I could see was to skip town—which I did reluctantly, on May Day, 1891. A sense of chivalry prevents me from giving details, but every boomer will understand.

I wandered to St. Louis, and to St. Paul. Then on the Northern Pacific once more at some little " Main Street " on the prairie near Mandan, N. D. (now the home of " Cupid " Childs).

I wandered all over the West. At Sanderson, Tex., I was operator for quite a while. The railroad eating joint there was run by a Chinaman. I had a room upstairs. There were only three white families in town. Engine crews who laid over occupied the railroad bunkhouse. Passenger conductors used a two-room adobe house, while freight trainmen slept in their cabooses. Usually I shared my room with a brass pounder.

During the seven years I worked at Sanderson there were many changes in night ops. One day I was surprised to see a lady named Mrs. C. C. Dean get off a train to relieve a night man who had quit.

" Where can I find a room?" she asked.

That sort of floored me. " Lady," said I, " there's no such place in town."

" But I've got to live somewhere."

Thereupon I explained the arrangement I had made with her predecessors—namely, for one man to occupy my room in the daytime while I slept there at night.

" That suits me all right," said the lady. " That is, if you don't mind."

" Not at all," I responded gallantly.

Mrs. Dean and I lived in the same room during the several months that she worked at Sanderson but we were never both in the room at the same time. She was just " one of the boys," a first-class op who wrote a beautiful hand and sent flawless Morse. We got along together fine.

Gradually my right arm became played out so that I could no longer send the perfect Morse I used to send. On St. Patrick's Day, 1899, I quit the game for a while, reluctantly, to work on gasoline pumping engines over wells in Texas.

The call of the sounder dinned in my ears, and I went back to telegraphy. This time I was on the El Paso & Northeastern (now part of the Southern Pacific Lines), working at the front while they were building from Carrizozo toward Tucumcari and Dalhart. Then I went to Capitan as agent.

That was my last rail job. My hand had lost its cunning, so in October, 1902, I accepted a position in the office of Bob Neighbors, sheriff and tax collector at Fort Stockton, in Pecos County, Texas. Ever since that date I have been a member of the " Courthouse gang " in one capacity or another. Today, some thirty-three years later, I am still there.

Boomer railroad men and ops are now relics of the past. Even old Mexico, that one-time paradise for wanderers, has long been closed to rails from the States and Canada. Nevertheless I have kept my card in the Order of Railroad Telegraphers continuously since 1888. Some years ago I became a life member of the Old-Time Telegraphers and Historical Association. We take great pleasure in our annual reunions, talking over old times, the records hung up, and artists who made them.

BECAUSE MEDICAL SCIENCE says this:

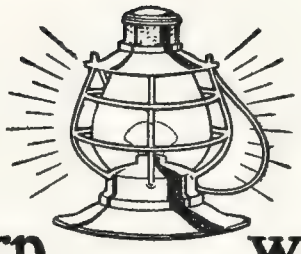
"The researches (of the Doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies."

—excerpt from "The Common Cold" based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. Physicians.

LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops NOW CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR

No change in the famous Luden flavor. Same quick throat comfort. But *now* Luden's contribute to your alkaline reserve! 5¢

By the Light of the Lantern



Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

WHAT has been the financial record of the Canadian National Railways between 1929 and 1934?

(2) *Could a private concern have done any better under the same conditions?*—N. E., Nelson, B. C.

(1) The Canadian National's operating ratio (percentage of operating revenues used for operating expenses) stood at 85% in 1929, rose to 99% in 1931, fell to 96% the next two years and to 92% last year. Considering the large area and small population of Canada, the competition of the older and better-established Canadian Pacific, the great number of unprofitable branch lines, and the depression itself, these figures are not alarmingly high. Many railroads which are considered very well managed have not been able to keep their operating ratios much lower during the current hard times.

The point is, however, that the Canadian National is running up enormous deficits. Even in 1929 the net deficit was around $45,000,000. In 1932 and 1933, after all charges, it was more than $96,000,000 each year, and last year it amounted to $85,501,273. The reason for these huge deficits, "mounting in astronomical proportions," is the interest charge on the CNR's great debt. For the last three years it has averaged, each year, around $56,000,000 on the funded debt and another $35,000,000 on government advances. To appreciate the size of this burden, reflect that the total operating revenues were only $148,519,742 in 1933 and $164,902,502 in 1934. Obviously, if only the interest on the funded debt had been taken care of, the Canadian National would have needed an operating ratio of about 57% in 1933 and about 60% in 1934—something that few roads were able to show even in good times. And if the interest on the government advances had been paid, it would have had to show an operating ratio of about 39% in 1933 and 45% in 1934. Impossible as these ratios were during those years, they will be hardly less impossible in the future. For a privately-owned railroad, of course, the way out would be bankruptcy. But since the Canadian National system came into being largely to prevent the bankruptcy of roads whose bonds the Canadian Government had guaranteed, the future of the CNR is neither very clear nor bright. In a future issue we hope to print an article explaining in detail how a great government-owned railroad was set up in Canada, which, incidentally, supports more railroad *per capita* than any other in the world.

(2) Frankly, we can't see how. We do not deny the anti-government ownership charge that mixing railroads with politics often occurs under government ownership, and that maybe it is bad. But we simply cannot imagine a private corporation's taking over the CNR lines under the same conditions and improving matters to a degree worth hollering about. In our opinion, the Canadian situation proves nothing for or against government ownership, and anyone who uses it to argue that government ownership is a success or a failure is either ignorant of the situation or is deliberately distorting it. Anyway, in the last analysis the present plight of the CNR can be traced far more to the greed or poor judgment of the private owners and promoters who pushed through unnecessary railroad lines years ago than to the government which backed them and which is now running them.

R. M. H., Brainerd, Minn.—The Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern was inc. in 1918 as successor to the old Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque ("Dan Patch Lines"), sold at auction in July, 1918. It has 74 miles of track (main line runs between Minneapolis and Northfield), 12 locomotives, 8 passenger (4 gas-

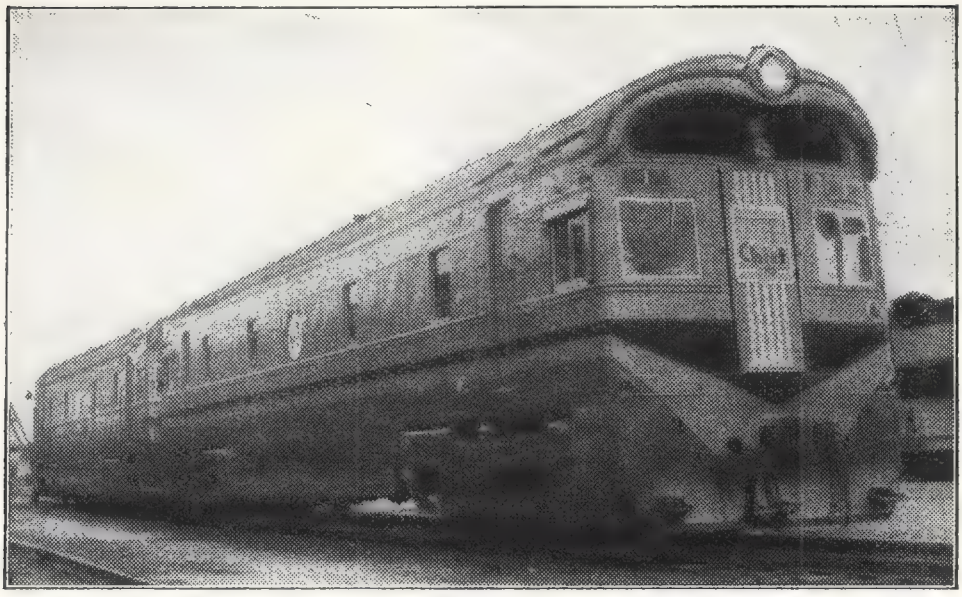


Photo by W. A. Ranke, 1236 Cornelia Ave., Chicago

This is No. 1, the Santa Fe's Bright, New, Giant 3600-Horsepower, 240-Ton Diesel Locomotive, Now Hauling the "Chief" on the Fastest Schedule in History between Chicago and Los Angeles

electric), 78 freight, and 13 miscellaneous cars. It has been making money during the last few years. Road and equipment are valued at $1,953,406.

(2) Operated jointly with the MN&S and controlled by practically the same parties is the Minnesota Western Ry. It was inc. in 1908 as the Electric Short Line Ry. ("Luce Lines"). In 1924 it was reorganized as the Minnesota Western RR, and in 1932 it was acquired from the Pence Auto Co. (which owned it at the time) by a new corporation called the Minnesota Western Ry. It runs between Minneapolis and Gluek, Minn., 115 miles, has 8 locomotives (3 steam), 119 freight, 18 passenger and 10 miscellaneous cars. It showed a net deficit in 1934, but net income in 1933. Road and equipment are valued at $112,656, and total assets are $133,818.

HOW do the Lackawanna's through freights between N. Y. (Hoboken) and Buffalo compare with similar service on the Erie, Lehigh Valley, and NYC?

(2) Where are the largest freight yards of the Lackawanna?—G. W. P.

(1) Train 51 of the Lackawanna leaves Hoboken at 7 P.M. and covers 390 miles to E. Buffalo in 12 hours; Banana Train 55 leaves Hoboken at 10.30 P.M. and arrives at E. Buffalo 4 P.M. the next day.

Train 87 of the Erie leaves Jersey City at 6.15 P.M. (except Sunday) and covers the 425 miles to Buffalo by 7 A.M., including intermediate stops. Eastbound No. 86 makes the trip in 12 hours, 5 minutes.

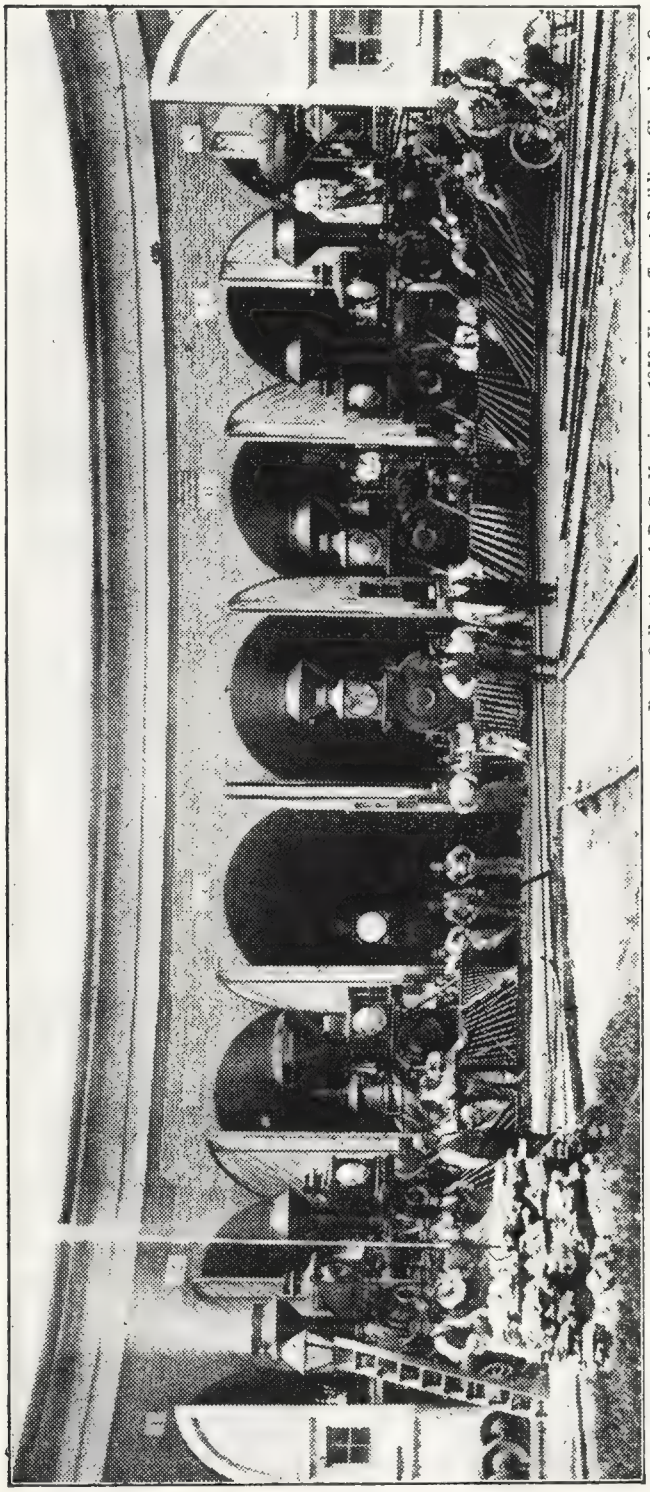
Train NYB-1 of the Lehigh Valley leaves Oak Island, N. J., at 8 P.M (except Sunday) and covers about 445 miles to Buffalo in 13 hours, including stops.

The "Merchandiser" (NB1) of the New York Central, said to be the world's fastest freight train, leaves 33d St., N. Y. City, at 7 P.M. (except Sat., Sun., and holidays) and covers the 438 miles to Buffalo in 10 hours, 50 minutes, including four stops. This train handles only less than carload freight, and the cars are equipped with passenger trucks which permit a speed of 70 m.p.h. The same time is made eastbound. Over the West Shore the NYC operates Train WB3 from Weehawken to Buffalo, overnight, in 13½ hours.

(2) The Lackawanna's largest yards are at E. Buffalo, and their capacity is 4,397 cars. Next largest are at Secaucus, N. J.—3,965 cars.

J. K.—There are two sets of track pans on the NYC's Hudson Division: one at Clinton, where all four tracks are equipped with pans; and one at Tivoli, where 1, 2, and 3 have them.

J. M., Monessen, Pa.—The Washington Run RR was inc. in 1895, opened 1900 between Layton and Star Jct., Pa., 4 miles. It had 1 locomotive and 3 cars in 1919, and it went out of business about 5 years ago.



From Collection of R. G. Morrison, 1259 Union Trust Building, Cleveland, O.

All Lined up to Have Their "Pitchers Took" at the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Roundhouse in Norwalk, O., Sixty Years Ago. Although the Old Gals and the Young Men in the Photo Have Probably Made Their Last Run, the Roundhouse Still Stands as Shown in the Photograph on the Next Page

B. W.—The Ilwaco Ry. & Navigation Co. was chartered in 1888, opened in 1889 from Ilwaco to Sealand, Wash., 16 miles. It was 3-ft. gage, in 1895 had 2 locomotives, 18 cars, 1 launch, 1 tug and 1 steamer. It later became part of the UP.

J. E. C., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.—The Pennsy's streamlined electrics in the 4700 series are 4-6-4 type and are Class P5a; in the 4800 series, 4-6-0-0-6-4 type, Class GG-1.

(2) The Pennsy has three 2-8-2 type electric locomotives (two Class L-6 and one L-6a), which are used in freight service.

HOW *many tons of coal and gallons of water does a NYC Hudson type require to haul 12 Pullmans between Harmon and Albany, N. Y.?*

(2) *Could a two-cylinder 4-6-4 with 84-inch drivers and 350 lbs. pressure develop 4800 h.p.? Does a boiler with 350 lbs. pressure require more coal and water?*—S. J. M., Detroit, Mich.

(1) Under ordinary conditions, we'd say she'd use 140 gals. of water to a mile, and make about 13 miles on a ton of coal. On the 110-mile trip between Harmon and Albany, therefore, she'd use about 15,000 gals. of water and 8 tons of coal.

(2) First of all, refer to our discussion of horsepower on pages 80 and 81 of our May, '35, issue. The Baltimore & Ohio's new 4-6-4 type

Photo by R. G. Morrison

The Ancient Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Roundhouse at Norwalk, O. (See Opposite Page), Now Converted into a Factory and Covered with Vines and Planted with Shrubs

(now hauling the "Royal Blue" between Washington and New York) has 84-inch drivers, 350 lbs. pressure, 19 x 28 cylinders. Her cylinder h.p. rating is only 2200, and since she has a relatively small boiler, we doubt that she would develop more than 3000 h.p. in actual tests. However, if an engine with the same driver dimensions were equipped with a large enough boiler and correspondingly larger cylinders, an actual h.p. rating of 4800 could be attained.

The higher the boiler pressure, the greater the temperature, and the more efficiency. For the amount of work done, a high-pressure boiler requires less coal and water.

M. D. K., New Haven, Conn.—The New York, West Shore & Buffalo began construction in 1880-1881 and was completed in 1884. In 1886, after a bankruptcy, it was acquired by the New York Central & Hudson River (NYC).

The New York & Oswego Midland was organized in 1866 and opened in 1871-1873. In 1882 it constructed the line from Weehawken to Middletown for the newly-formed New York, West Shore & Buffalo, from whom it then rented that portion. It went bankrupt in 1873, whereupon its Western Division became known as the Ithaca, Auburn & Western (no longer operated) and the rest of it as the New York, Ontario & Western, its present name.

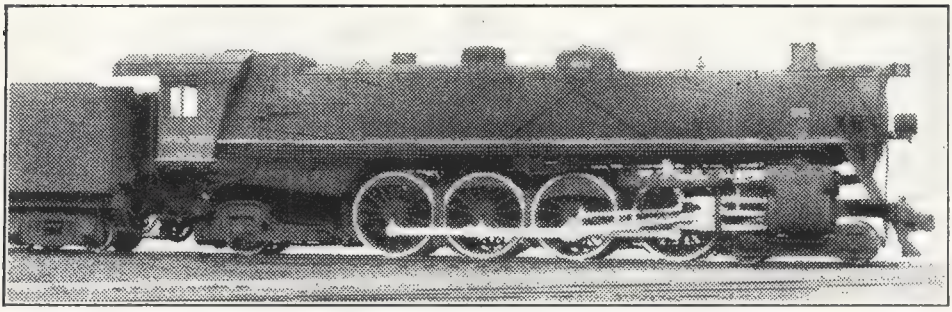
WHAT does the figure "30" stand for in the lingo of the telegraph operator, and how did it come to be used?—A. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For many years railroad "ops" have used it to indicate the end of the message they were sending. It seems to have originated in newspaper offices, where reporters dashed off three "x's" to indicate the end of their stories. Since the Roman numeral for ten looks practically the same as an "x," and since three "x's" could be translated as "30," some bright fellow hit upon the idea of using a simple "30" instead of the letters.

The newspaper and press association telegraphers adopted the idea, and it promptly spread to the railroad telegraphers. At least, that's the most plausible explanation we've heard. For all we know, the telegraphers may have hit upon the idea first.

W. M. J., Basking Ridge, N. J.—The PP&B was the old Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie & Boston, opened about 1890 and bankrupt a year later. It was operated by the Reading until 1893, and then jointly by the Lehigh Valley and the NYS&W. In 1895 it became the Lehigh & New England.

(2) Many roads have articulated 2-6-6-2 types, which, obviously, have 6 drivers on each side. However, the only road which has considerable



Mountain Type No. 602, Used by the Central Vermont (Roster of Its Locomotives on Page 88) to Haul Its Fast Passenger Trains

numbers of engines with six *connected* drivers on each side is the Union Pacific, which owns and operates 88 engines of the 4-12-2 type (Nos. 9000-9062, 9078-9087, and 9500-9514, built between 1926 and 1930). Very few engines with six connected drivers on each side had been built before them, either here or abroad. The first was an 0-12-0 type constructed by the Philadelphia & Reading in 1863 for pushing service on steep grades.

J. W. R., Guthrie, Okla.—The Louisiana Railroad & Navigation Co. was inc. in 1903 to succeed the old Shreveport & Red River Valley Ry. The line from New Orleans to Shreveport was put into operation in 1907, and by 1918 the road had 45 locomotives and 1,433 cars. In 1929 it was leased to the Louisiana & Arkansas for 999 years.

WHY do American locomotives have so much junk hanging all over the boiler?—L. B., London, England.

British locomotives have just as much "junk" on them, but it is tucked away where you can't see it. American engines have been designed with utility as the main objective, and all the necessary accessories were put wherever they were easiest to get at. Lately, however, American designers seem to be getting around to the British idea, and are cleaning up the boilers. In fact, our streamlined steam locomotives have gone the British practice one better, and have completely hidden all hangings, gadgets, protuberances, and miscellaneous equipment under a hood.

But to tell you the truth, most Americans (ourselves included) have always thought that our locomotives were better looking than the British engines, anyway. The appurtenances, pipes and pumps, we believe, are in complete harmony with the feeling created by a steam locomotive, and that it is not only good railroading to put them where they are, but also good design. We'll admit that some of the hump-backed or otherwise deformed engines that have appeared here from time to time are certainly nothing to feast the eyes upon. But neither would they have been if all their "junk" had been hidden. Their defects in beauty were far too serious to be overcome by a little face-lifting. On the other hand, whenever a locomotive builder turned out an engine with a good-looking, well-proportioned boiler and mounted it over a well-spaced set of drivers and trucks, that engine always gained immeasurably by the devices hung on it where they can be seen.

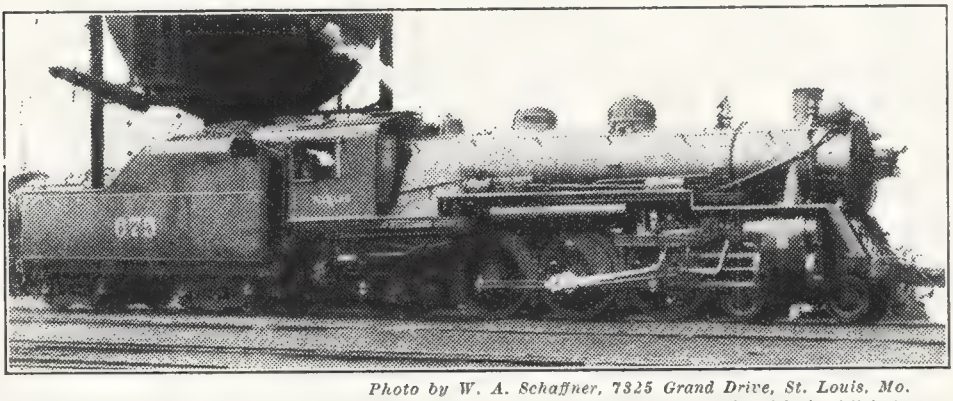


Photo by W. A. Schaffner, 7325 Grand Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

One of the Wabash's Class J-1 Pacific Types, Used to Haul the "Banner Blue Limited" between Chicago and St. Louis, 286 Miles, in 5½ Hours

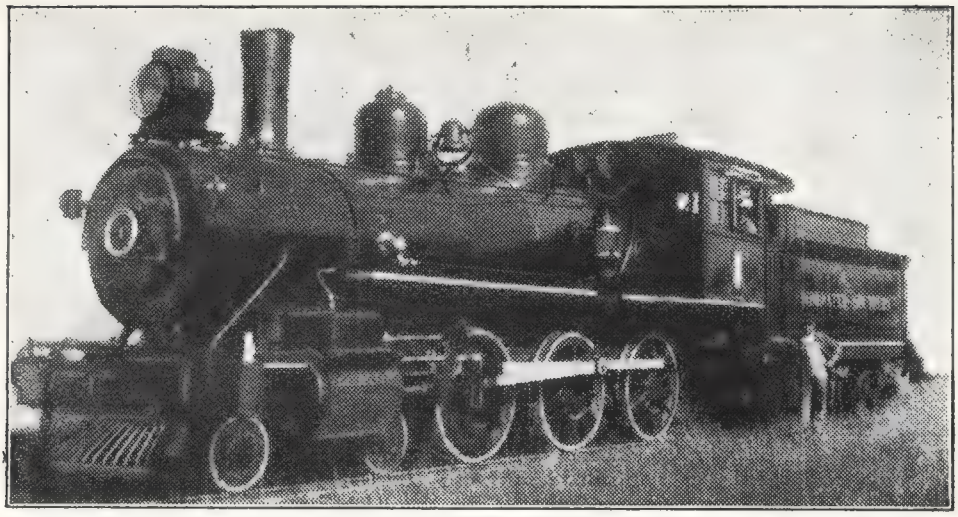


Photo by C. P. Lindman, Box 75, Escalon, Calif.

The One and Only Motive Power of the Tidewater Southern Is This Ten-Wheeler, Built in 1876 by Rome for the Denver & Rio Grande and Purchased by the T. S. about 20 Years Ago. She Has 18x24 Cylinders and 50-Inch Drivers

They transform the locomotive from a cold, matter-of-fact machine into a personality that is human; and by contrast they emphasize the huge impressiveness of it.

J. G.—Locomotive No. 1640 of the Chicago & North Western is equipped with the Young Valve Gear, which is claimed to be superior to the Walschaert Gear (which it resembles) for engines which must be worked at top capacity or occasionally overloaded, or for large-cylindered and other locomotives which are worked hard.

R. P., Ogden, Utah.—The Laramie, North Park & Western was inc. in 1924 to succeed the old Colorado, Wyoming & Eastern, which was inc. in 1914 to take over the old Laramie, Hahn's Peak & Pacific. It is 111 miles long, has 5 locomotives, 41 cars and a year ago employed 46 people. Road and equipment are valued at $7,025,857, and total assets are $7,237,788. For the last 6 years it has operated at a loss. It will be purchased by the Union Pacific very soon.

R. W., Islip, N. Y.—The Copper River & Northwestern, which runs from Cordova to Kennecott, Alaska, 196 miles, was inc. in 1905 and purchased in 1915 by the Kennecott Copper Co. It has 13 locomotives, 336 cars and about 135 employees. It has operated at great losses for years. Road and equipment are valued at $28,683,661.

(2) The Alaska RR was begun in 1915 by the Federal Government and completed between from Seward to Fairbanks, 470 miles, in 1924. The Tanana Valley RR, a narrow-gage line from Fairbanks to Chatanika, was taken over, but abandoned in 1930. In building the main line the old Alaskan Northern was used between Seward and Kern Creek. At present the road has 21 locomotives, 898 freight, 33 passenger and 98 miscellaneous cars.

L. B., Albany, Calif.; W. S., Pasadena.—The Tidewater Southern Ry., which is controlled by the Western Pacific, was inc. in 1912 to succeed the Tidewater & Southern RR (inc. in 1910) and the Tidewater & Southern Transit Co. (inc. in 1912), runs from Ortega to Helmar, Calif., 49 miles, and has 13 miles of branches. It owns 3 locomotives (1 steam—photo on this page), 6 cars, and employs about 30 people. It has made money during the last few years.

ARE any light road engines of 4-4-0, 4-4-2, 2-6-0 and 4-6-0 type being built for home use any more?

(2) *Please print a short history of the Susquehanna & New York RR.*—R. K. R., Newton Square, Pa.

(1) During the last five years only nine steam locomotives of small type were built in this country for home use. Included are the two streamlined 4-4-2's of the Milwaukee Road (the "Hiawatha" engines), two 2-6-0's and four 0-4-0's for industrial purposes, and one 2-6-2, also for industrial use.

(2) The Susquehanna & N. Y. was inc. in 1903 as a consolidation of the Susquehanna & New York Ry and the Gray's Run RR Co. It is 68 miles long, and runs from Towanda to Williams-

port, Pa., has 6 locomotives, 64 cars and about 100 employees. Controlled by the U. S. Leather Co., it has lost money for many years, and the reports are that it will be abandoned. Road and equipment are valued at $1,783,960.

C. G., Humboldt, Sask.—The most powerful passenger engines of the Canadian Pacific is Class K-1a, 4-8-4 type, Nos. 3100, 3101, which has 25½ x 30 cylinders, 75-in. drivers, 275 lbs. pressure, weighs 423,000 lbs., exerts 61,000 lbs. t.f. The CPR"s most powerful freight engine is No. 8000. Data on p. 85 of last month's issue.

(2) Canadian National's most powerful passenger engine at the time we went to press was Class U-3, 4-8-4 type, Nos. 6300-6311, which has 26¼ x 30 cylinders, 73-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weighs 356,000 lbs., exerts 60,200 lbs. t.f. Class U-2, 4-8-4 type, is more powerful with booster (69,700 lbs. t.f.) but not with engine alone. The CNR is building ten new 4-8-4 types (Classes U-2d and U-4a) which will probably be more powerful. Specifications of the CNR's most powerful freight engine were printed on page 84 of our Sept., '35, issue.

WHAT is the largest steam locomotive on the PRR?

(2) *How do stokers work?*—C. C. McG., Rural Valley, Pa.

(1) Class CC-2s, 0-8-8-0 type, data on which was printed in last month's issue (page 44).

(2) A mechanical stoker is a device for supplying fuel to the firebox of a locomotive. In general, there are two classes: those which feed fuel from above the grates, and those which supply it from below. The latter are little used, but there are many varieties of the former, and this type will be described. It consists of a conveyor for carrying the coal from the tender to the stoker hopper (located under floor of tender), an elevator-conveyor for raising it to the fire door, a system for distributing it over the grates, and a device to regulate the quantity and location in which it is placed. A small steam engine located under the cab floor provides power. The most common brands are the Simplex, Duplex, Hanna and Elvin.

The Simplex Stoker carries coal from the tender through a trough below the tender deck by means of a cast steel screw conveyor run by the stoker engine. Just ahead of the coal gate is located a crusher plate, which breaks up large lumps. The coal is pushed ahead and up into a chimney-like device whose top is inside the firebox just below the fire door. Jets of steam regulated by the fireman blow the coal from it, out on the grates.

The Duplex Stoker has a conveying and crushing system similar to that of the Simplex, but when the coal reaches the under side of the engine deck it passes into a transfer hopper, where it is divided and goes into one of two elevators which raise it to distributors set in the back end of the firebox. These elevators are cylindrical affairs about four feet high which come out of the floor on each side of the fire door.

The Hanna Stoker resembles the Simplex in general arrangement, but it does not use the chimney-like device in the firebox. It delivers the crushed coal directly to the sill of the fire door, from which place it is blown onto the grates by a steam blast.

The Elvin Stoker has a crusher under the tender floor and a screw conveyor leading directly to the elevator, which extends from the cab floor outside the firebox so that its top is flush with the sill of the fire door. No steam jet is used to scatter the coal over the grates, but mechanically operated shovels which resemble arms swing across the top of the elevator and toss the coal into the firebox.

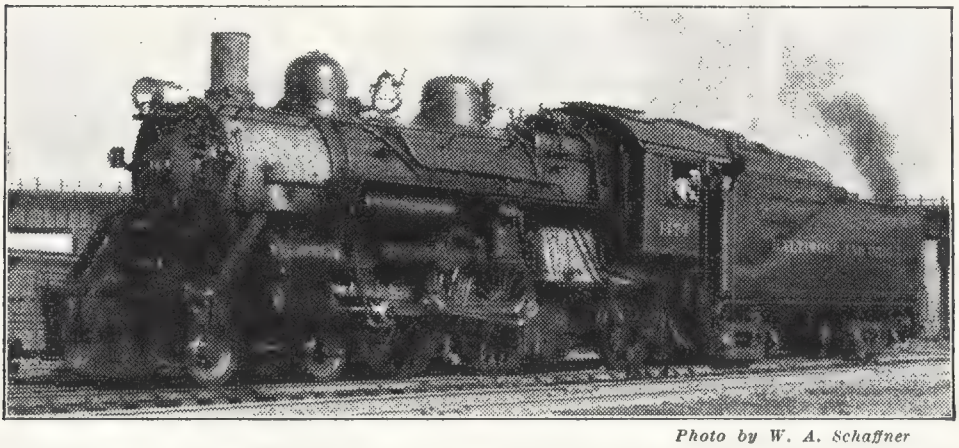


Photo by W. A. Schaffner

The Baltimore & Ohio Uses This 32-Year Old Atlantic Type (No. 1474) to Pinch-Hit for the "Lady Baltimore" (Page 35 of our March '35 Issue) on the 5½-Hour Run between Chicago and St. Louis, 284 Miles

Four-Cylinder, 530 Horsepower Diesel Road Locomotive of the Midland Continental, Which Runs between Frazier and Edgeley, N. D.

J. H. M.—A Diesel engine is similar to a gasoline engine except that it lacks an ignition system. Explosions in its cylinders are caused by the heat of compression, and not by the ignition of a mixture of gasoline and air by an electric spark. Several books have been printed recently on the subject of Diesel engines, some of which are advertised occasionally in this magazine. Your librarian will probably be glad to help you assemble a bibliography of Diesel material, if you are really interested in the subject.

K. C. R., Lincolnton, N. C.—The Carolina & North-western Ry was inc. in 1895 as a reorganization of the old Chester & Lenoir, a narrow-gage line. The property was made standard gage in 1902, and in 1910 it was merged with the Caldwell & Northern. It runs from Chester, S. C., to Edgemont, N. C., 134 miles.

(2) Following is list of steam roads operating in Mississippi:

Alabama Great Southern (Southern)
Bonhomie & Hattiesburg Southern
Canton & Carthage
Columbus & Greenville
DeKalb & Western
Fernwood, Columbia & Gulf
Gulf & Ship Island (IC)
Gulf, Mobile & Northern
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
Mississippi & Alabama
Meridian & Bigbee River
Mobile & Ohio
Mississippi & Skuna Valley
Mississippi Central
Mississippi Eastern
Mississippi Export
Mississippian
Natchez & Southern (MoP)
New Orleans & Northeastern (Southern)
Okolona, Houston & Calhoun City
Pearl River Valley
St. Louis-San Francisco
Southern
Yazoo & Mississippi Valley (IC)

HOW do locomotive tenders keep from freezing up in the winter?

(2) *Please print specifications of the CNR 4000 and 3200 series.*—D. C., Nova Scotia.

(1) In very cold weather the locomotive's injectors are used as heaters; that is, they are adjusted so that a small amount of steam escapes from the boiler through them and keeps the tender water from freezing.

(2) Nos. 4000-4010, T-1, have 26 x 32 cylinders, 57-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weigh 288,000 lbs., exert 64,500 lbs. t.f. Nos. 3200-3299, Class S-1b, have 27 x 30 cylinders, 180 lbs. pressure, 63-in. drivers, weigh 250,000 lbs., exert 53,100 lbs. t.f.

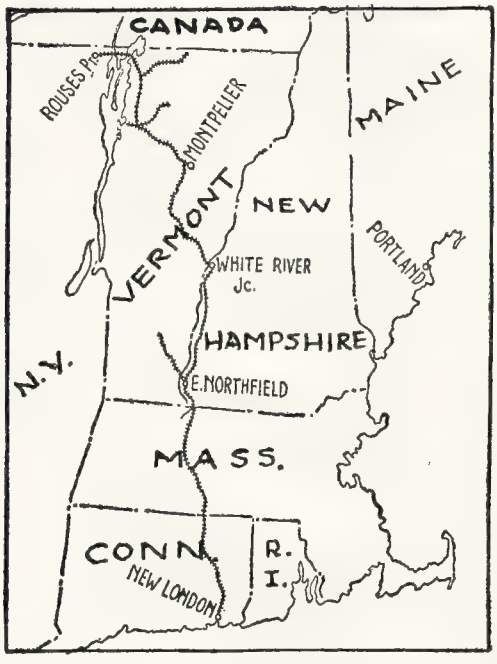
Additions and Corrections

ON page 83 of our September, '35, issue we printed a photo of a rail-bus operated by the Midland Continental RR and stated it was the entire passenger equipment of the line. The Midland Continental, however, begs to differ with us, and points out that in addition to 32 freight and 18 miscellaneous cars it owns two passenger cars, as well as 4 locomotives; and not only that, but one of those locomotives is a modern Diesel —not a switcher, but a regular engine used in road haul movement. We're printing a photo of it on this page.

Locomotives of the Central Vermont Railway

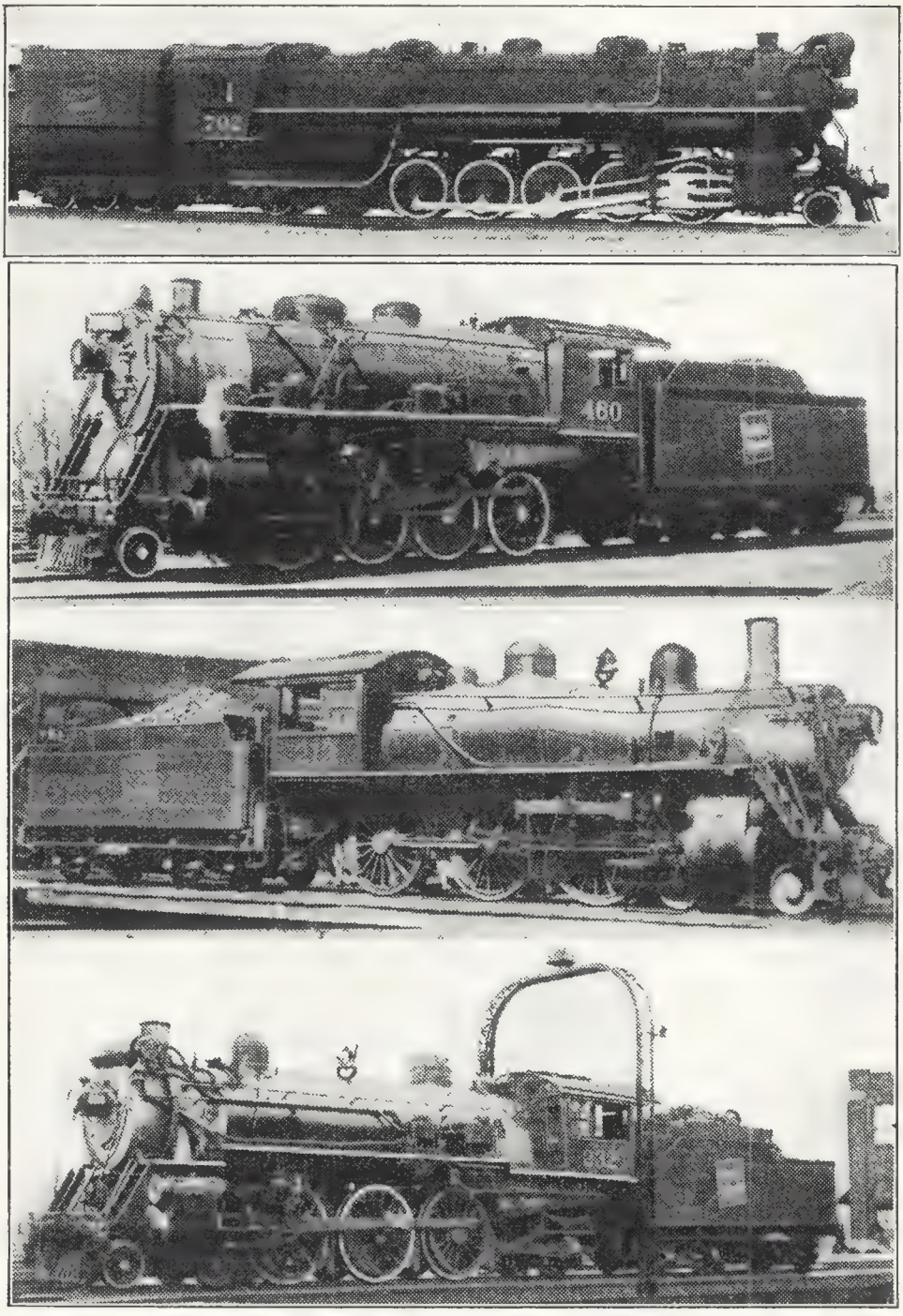
From Collection of D. A. Somerville, 79 W. Essex Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

No. 106, the Only American Type Left on the C. V., as She Looked in 1905



THE Central Vermont is a hundred years old this year. The original Vermont Central R. R. was chartered in 1835, begun in 1836, and completed between Windsor and Burlington, Vt., 121 miles, in 1849. In 1858 it joined operations with the Vermont & Canada R. R., chartered in 1845 and opened from Essex Jct. to Rouses Point and from Swanton Jct. to the Canada line in 1864. In 1873 they were consolidated into the Central Vermont Railroad, which was reorganized as the Central Vermont Ry. in 1899. Between Nov., 1927, and Feb., 1928, part of it was closed due to severe floods, and it went into a receivership until 1929, when the present company was organized. The C. V. is controlled by the Canadian National through stock ownership (dating back to 1898, when the Grand Trunk acquired it). It owns 457 miles of line, 2,760 freight, 98 passenger (inc. 4 gas-electric), 176 miscellaneous cars, and 65 locomotives. The following list of them was sent us by E. K. Heath, and kindly checked and approved by E. Deschenes, vice president and manager.

Numbers	Class	Type	Driver Diameters (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Weight Without Tender (Pounds)	Builder & Date
106	B-3a	4-4-0	70	160	18½x 24	15,950	131,800	Alco, 1892
209, 210	G-2a	4-6-0	64	160	19 x 24	18,400	138,400	Alco, 1892
		(No. 209 dismantled in 1934; No. 210 scrapped last August)						
212, 213	I-6b	4-6-0	73	200	20 x 26	24,220	170,000	Alco, 1904
214	I-6c	4-6-0	73	200	20 x 26	24,220	170,000	Alco, 1906
218-221	I-7a	4-6-0	69	200	20 x 28	27,600	190,800	Alco, 1915, 16
230-232	K-3b	4-6-2	73	195	23 x 28	33,630	217,600	Baldwin, 1912
387-389	O-9a	0-6-0	56	190	20 x 26	30,000	151,900	Lima, 1912
397	E-7a	2-6-0	63	180	22 x 26	30,550	167,670	Grand Trunk 1900
		(Built as Grand Trunk 1394; was later CV 1394)						
400-404	M-2a	2-8-0	57	180	22½x 32	43,500	195,360	Alco, 1905
450-455	M-3a	2-8-0	57	180	24 x 32	49,500	217,720, 223,360	Alco, 1916
		(Originally numbered 420-425; changed in 1922)						
460-475	N-5a	2-8-0	63	200	24 x 32	49,750	231,500	Alco, 1923
		(Nos. 461, 463, 464, 465, 469, 473 exert 64,150 lbs. t.f. with tender boosters)						
500-507	P-1a	0-8-0	51	200	22 x 28	45,200	208,000	Alco, 1923
600-603	U-1a	4-8-2	73	200	26 x 28	44,000	325,000	Alco, 1927
700-709	T-3a	2-10-4	60	250	27 x 32	76,800	419,000	Alco, 1928
		(Nos. 700-709 exert 89,900 lbs. t.f. with trailer boosters)						



Lower Three Photos by F. D. Hoffman, 130 Lincoln Ave., St. Albans, Vt.

Four Representative Central Vermont Locomotives: (Top) No. 702, One of the Ten Giant 2-10-4 Types; (Center) Nos. 460 and 213, Consolidation and Ten-Wheeler Types, Respectively; and (Bottom) No. 232, One of the Three Pacifics

NEXT MONTH: LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

100 Years of Railroading in Germany

By E. J. BAKER

Author of "Canada's Biggest Rail Accident," "When the Circus Went West," etc.

THE German railroad system, which celebrates its hundredth birthday on December 7th, was really born in America.

This is the way it happened: Back in 1831 a German emigrant named Friedrich List built a railroad from Tamaqua to Port Clinton along the Schuylkill Canal in Pennsylvania. It was nearly twenty-two miles long and was used mainly to transport coal from a Tamaqua mine in which List had an interest.

"In the midst of the wilderness of the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania," List wrote later, "I dreamed of a German railroad system."

List was then forty-two years old, having been born on August 6th, 1789, at Reutlingen, Wurtemberg. In 1833, two years after the opening of the Tamaqua line, he wrote a pamphlet entitled: "Concerning a Saxon Railroad System, as the Nucleus of a General German Railroad System."

Courtesy of Robert E. White, Box 425, Pontiac, Mich.

Set of German Stamps Showing Motive-Power Development

At that time there was not one foot of steam railroad in the world, outside of America and England, and List's dreams were regarded as fantastic. German medical men prophesied terrible calamities as a result of the proposed innovation. They said that the "fearful speed" would give the passengers brain fever, to say nothing of their eyesight being ruined by gazing at the flying landscape.

But, like other pioneers, Friedrich List ignored the calamity howlers and pushed his plans through to success. His opportunity came when he was sent to Leipzig as consul, and there he

helped to build the first German railroad.

List had been driven out of his native land in 1825 because of his liberal views, and settled at Reading, Pa. He was a personal friend of Lafayette, the revolutionist, and was well known in America. He also decided to become an American citizen.

It was as an American citizen that List accepted an appointment by President Andrew Jackson as American consul in Leipzig—a fact which German historians sometimes ignore when writing about the birth of their railroad system.

The very first German railroad train ran over the four-mile stretch between Nuremberg and Fuerth on December 7th, 1835. It was pulled by "Der Adler," a locomotive of six tons and fifteen horsepower, built at the Stephenson works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. The first German locomotive engineer, also from England, was William Wilson.

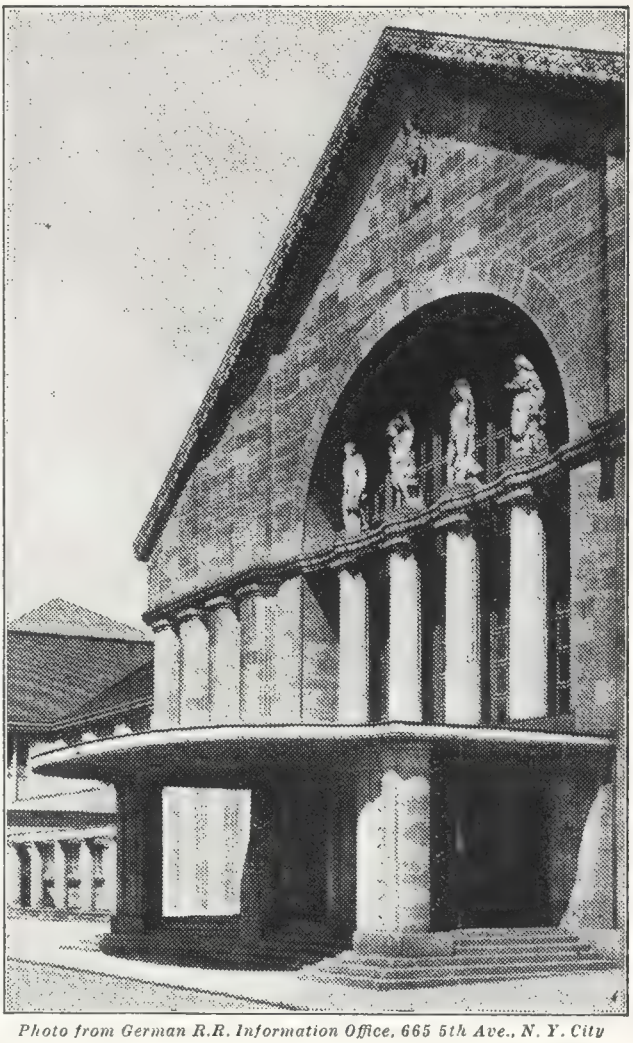


Photo from German R.R. Information Office, 665 5th Ave., N. Y. City

The Only German Railway Depot on Foreign Soil—at Basel, Switzerland. This Magnificent Structure Was Opened in 1913. Its Facade Reminds You of a Church or an Art Museum

Wilson was placed at the head of the new machine shop for the little railroad, which also served as a training school for engineers. The company thought so much of him that they paid him 2,250 marks a year, although the road's chief director was given only 1,360 marks.

In addition to "Der Adler," which operated for twenty years, and other locomotives purchased later, the railroad used horses as motive power for freight trains and for switching, even as late as 1862. This original railway, known as the Ludwigsbahn A.C., is still in existence, although its tracks have served as a tramway since 1926.

Following the success of this line, other roads were started in various sections of what is now Germany. The second one, opened April 24th, 1837, extended between Leipzig and Alten, 5.7 miles. The third, opened October 29th, 1838, ran from Berlin to Potsdam, 16.4 miles. On December 1st, 1838, the first German state railway line, Brunswick to Wolfenbuettel, was inaugurated.

Further developments occurred the next year on April 7th, when the first long-distance line of Germany was placed in

operation. This was the 71.75-mile Leipzig-Dresden stretch. It contained Germany's first railroad tunnel, 1,683 feet long, near Oberau. This line, too, was built by Friedrich List's initiative.

But, like many pioneers, List reaped ingratitude and disappointments. He lived far ahead of his time, and was not appreciated until it was too late. While Engineer Wilson was being paid a handsome salary, the brilliant Friedrich List was reduced to poverty and scorn, and finally, in a fit of despair, shot and killed himself at Kufstein on November 30th, 1846.

Although List is rightly given the credit for being the father of German railroading, and although he built the first German railroad, some mention should be given to a far-sighted genius named Friedrich Krigar who built the first German " steam wagon " a year after Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.

Krigar was the inspector of the Berlin iron foundry. With the aid of a man named Eckardt, he built a locomotive intended to pull coal cars in Upper Silesia. This machine was put on display June 16th, 1816, running on a circular track in the iron foundry courtyard, and pulled a car containing a load of two and a half tons.

Unfortunately, the engine could not be used in Upper Silesia because it had been built to the wrong gage. What happened to it after that, no one seems to know. The drawings from which it was made were destroyed in a labor riot in the revolution of 1848, two years after List's death. The second German-built " steam wagon " was made in Dresden for the Leipzig-Dresden line.

In 1839 only 92 miles of railroad were in operation in Germany, but by 1870 it had grown to 12,400. The following year Chancellor Bismarck wanted to unite the railroads of Germany into a great national system, but this event did not actually take place until 1920. Then, authorized by the Weimar Constitution, the roads were taken over by the Reich and their previous owners paid 39,065,000,000 marks.

The first dining-cars used on German railroads came in 1892. In 1903 a German electric train made a speed record of 126 statute miles an hour, but was discarded because of certain mechanical discrepancies. By 1913 the railroads of Germany totaled almost 40,000 miles. In that year they opened a station at Basel, Switzerland—the only German railway depot on foreign soil. This is a magnificent specimen of architecture. The façade looks more like a church or art gallery, as the photograph shows.

The World War, through the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and other territory, cut the total mileage of German railroads to 36,000, of which 33,260 belong to the Deutsche Reichsbahn-Gesellschaft or national system, employing about 685,000 persons. Except for the Russian Soviet railroad system, it is the largest in the world. The Canadian National is the third largest; and the Canadian Pacific takes fourth place.

Then in 1924 the German system was converted into an independent undertaking, the present German Railroad Company, controlled by the Traffic Ministry.

The most famous of the fast, luxurious German express trains are the " Rheingold Express " and the streamlined " Flying Hamburger," first and fastest of the world's streamlined trains. The latest development in German transportation is a comprehensive system embracing not only the extension of railroad facilities, but also the unification of rail and motor vehicle transportation into one vast network under government supervision.

In 1926 the " Flying Hamburger " astonished the world with its sensational speed. It has been in regular service since 1933, running between Hamburg and Bremen, 96 miles, at an average speed of 77.66 miles per hour.

In addition, the so-called rail Zeppelin, designed by Kruckenberg in 1931, made 143.75 miles per hour—which stands today as the world's record of everything on rails. This extraordinary bit of motive power has been discarded, however, for technical reasons.

Still another world's record was broken by the German Railroad Company in June of this year. A maximum of 119.1 miles per hour was attained by the new three-cylinder, superheated, streamlined locomotive pulling an express train of 200 tons from Berlin to Hamburg, 181 miles. She is now the fastest locomotive in service anywhere.

Today the German railroad system has 23,000 steam engines, 400 electric locomotives, 67,000 freight cars and 64,000 passenger coaches. Each month it carries an average of 26 million tons of freight and more than 100 million passengers. Truly, the dream of Friedrich List in the "Blue Mountains" of Pennsylvania for a "German railroad system" has been fulfilled far beyond his wildest hopes.

And now the German people are celebrating the centenary of this system. The government has issued a set of four postage stamps in honor of the occasion: the 6 pf. green, which pictures "Der Adler"; the 12 pf. red, showing a Pacific type locomotive; the 25 pf. blue, "The Flying Hamburger," and the 40 pf. lilac, the new streamlined 4-6-4 type.

International Engine Picture Club

Members and Friends of the Historical Society on the L. V. Turntable at Coxton

ON Sunday, Sept. 8, nearly 70 members and friends of the N. Y. Chapter of the Ry. & Loco. Historical Society visited Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on a trip arranged by Chairman Tom Taber. In the party were L. B. N. Gnaedinger, railroad editor of the *N. Y. Times;* Freeman H. Hubbard, editor of RAILROAD STORIES, and other members of the International Engine Picture Club. Dr. Sornberger and F. D. Reese drove over from Cortland, N. Y. Fred C. Kirkendall, who has a similar railroad on his own estate at Dallas, Pa. (see Feb., '33, issue for photo of locomotive and cars), covered the story for the *Wilkes-Barre Leader.*

The party viewed the famous Switchback at Mauch Chunk, Pa.—America's oldest railroad. Then they inspected the steep inclined planes of the Central Railroad of N. J. at Ashley, Pa., built in 1838, and the C. N. J. shops near by.

After that, John B. Vaughan supplied a buffet luncheon for the visitors under the trees and gave them all free rides on the "Dorothy," an old standard-gage Lehigh Valley inspection engine, and on his narrow-gage mine engine, both brightly painted and running under their own steam on the Vaughan estate at Kingston, Pa. (See March, '35, issue for details and photo.) Finally the group inspected the L. V. shops and yards at Coxton, Pa., under the guidance of Div. Supt. F. S. Mitten and other L. V. brass hats.

Plans for future trips in the East may be obtained from the Secretary of the N. Y. Chapter, P. O. Box 434, Madison Sq. Station, N. Y. City. Incidentally, the chapter still has a few large sheets showing six American type locomotives. A copy will be mailed to anyone sending two 1½-cent stamps.

JOS. LAVELLE, of 4615 66th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y., and Wm. Monypeny, of Cambridge, Mass., are back from an engine-picture trip of 4,861 miles which took them through N. Y., Pa., Del., Md., Va., W. Va., Ky., Ind. and Tenn. Mr. Lavelle took photos of motive power on many steam roads and some trolley cars—432 prints in all. At Nashville he noticed that each of the engines in the open-air "roundhouse" of the Tennessee Central had a stove standing beside her, for use in winter time. There may be other roads which follow this practice; if so, we'd like to hear about them.

* * *

ON Aug. 20 the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis Interurban R. R. went out of existence. Too much motor competition. In 2 years it could have celebrated its centennial.

To commemorate the passing of this old line, enthusiasts from Baltimore, Washington, Phila., Harrisburg, Lancaster, N. Y. and Trenton toured the line Aug. 18. Official car No. 100 was chartered for the trip. Car No. 50 had to be added to take care of the overflow, for the group gathered at Washington alone numbered more than 100. W. P. Hall was conductor, B. Ellison, motorman.

At Naval Academy Jct. a stop was made for photographers. In Annapolis there was a stop for luncheon. One of the miles on the return trip was covered in 53 seconds. For further details write George F. Nixon, president, Baltimore Society of Model Engineers, 2329 Arunah Ave., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Next month we're printing a short article on high speed train photography, by Fred Jukes.

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

J. ADAMS, 2406 Emerson N., Minneapolis, Minn., has 2⅞x4⅞ at 6c. ea., 20 for $1; and 2½x4¼ at 5c. ea., 24 for $1, of CNW, Burlington, CGW, CMStP&P, CStPM&O, GN, M&StL, etc.

V. R. ADAMS, 669 Central Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants lists and samples of NYC, PRR, CNJ.

T. ARNOLD, 601 E. 34 St., Baltimore, Md., has B&O, WM, Md&Pa, PRR, P&BR, B&LE, Rdg. photos to trade for employees timetables and N&W and Va. negs.

* * *

I. BAKER, 1110 W. 61 St., Los Angeles, will send LARy route map and 4 pamphlets for 13c.

E. W. BARRET, Box 38, R. F. D. 1 Park Ave., Canon City, Colo., wants CCF&RG and F&CC snaps; also has many mags. to trade for back nos. "Railroad Stories."

W. BECKER, 220-4th St. No., Fargo, N. D., will trade GN builders' photos before 1900 for nos. and specifications of old StP&P and StPM&M; also buys GN loco equipt. sheets, Classes B, L, P, Q, S.

R. C. BELL, 438 Clark St., Galesburg, Ill., draws engines from photos; wants lists streamliners; sells Man. & Pikes Peak engines 7c. ea.

R. B. BENNETT, Jr., 220 S. Cypress St., Gilmer, Tex., will buy photos of aband. Marshall & E. Tex.

H. D. BENSON, Box 33, Chesterton, Ind., has '28 and '29 Fireman's or Trainman's Mags., "Railroad Stories" for Sept. '32, May '34; 4½x9½ snap of PRR K-5; 12x17 of UP 7002. Wants C&O 89, 900, 1100 class; M&StL power.

W. B. BERRY, c/o "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, N. Y. City, wants to borrow all kinds of photos and facts on old Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain R.R. He is writing history of this road.

W. J. BANGS, 708 N. Roxbury Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif., wants old Sandy River, DSP&P, Death Valley and other n.g. photos; has Ethiopian, Hawaiian narrow gage and broad gage in Ceylon; buys, sells or trades.

P. W. BLAKEY, 2769 Oxford St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has English loco. mags. '34 and '35 science mags. to trade for U. S. postcard loco snaps; write first.

L. R. BOOTH, Vinton, Va., makes all size prints at 2c. ea.

J. BRINSLEY, 2724 Morgan Ave., Bronx, N. Y., will trade 4 prints 116 size for 1 neg. same size or sell 4c. ea. or trade print for print; send 3c. stamp for list and sample.

R. BROEDER, R. 1, Keyport, N. J., has 30 boys' books, 10 ea. of "Boys' Life" and "Am. Boy" to trade for engine snaps; send 3c. stamp for list. Trades CNJ timetables for other roads.

F. R. BURNS, 1108 Fountain St., Alameda, Calif., has SP engine snaps to trade for T&NO 897-899 or will buy.

G. BUXTON, 99 Fairview Ave., Rutland, Vt., wants photos and negs. n.-g. D&RGW, Colo.&So. and other western roads; will buy or trade.

* * *

H. CAPPELLO, 406 McDonald Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 116 size Brooklyn, B.-M.T trains to trade for old-time steam or modern elec. power.

C. T. CARLSON, R. 2, Box 103, Monticello, Minn., wants Apr., May, June, Oct. '30; June, Sept., Oct., Nov. '31 "Railroad Stories"; has Apr., May '31, Nov. '34 issues for sale.

E. CASEY, 3573 Medill Ave., Chicago, will trade 2 ry. snaps and 5c. for '31 "Railroad Stories."

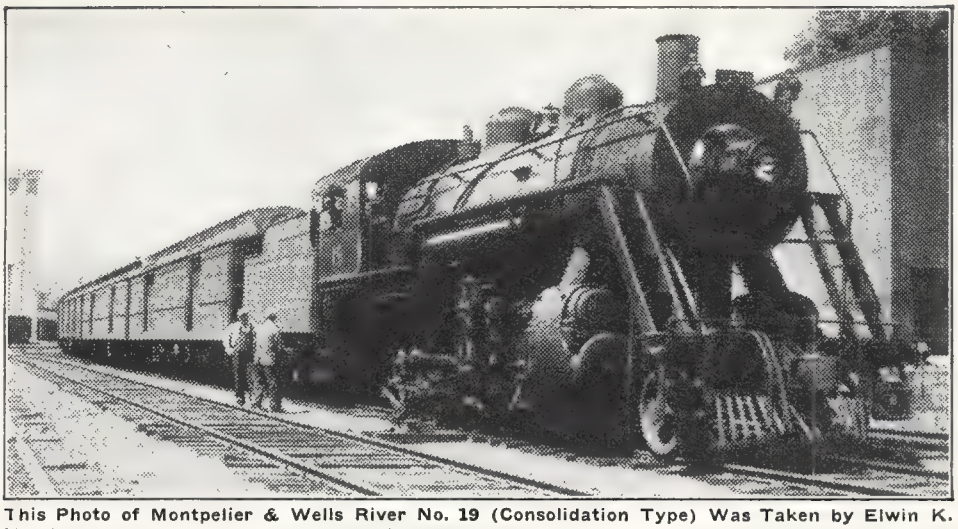
J. CLAYTON, 3505 New Queen St., E. Falls, Phila., Pa., beginner.

R. S. CLOVER, 530 Edge Hill Rd., Willow Grove, Pa., has books, pub. and emp. timetables, old passes, back nos. "Railroad Stories" and other ry. mags.; send 3c. for list.

E. W. COFFIN, 3 Church St., Yarmouth, Me., collects train orders and emp. timecards; will swap for B&A t.c. and orders and Rutland and D&H orders; also for roads outside New England.

B. COMFORT, 1825 Gayle Pl. S. W., Canton, O., has 44 "Boys' Life," to trade for '32-'34 "Railroad Stories."

F. T. CRAWLEY, 28 Harrison Ave., Mont-



This Photo of Montpelier & Wells River No. 19 (Consolidation Type) Was Taken by Elwin K. Heath, Box 15, Barre, Vt., Who Obtained Permission to Ride in Its Cab between Montpelier, Vt., and Wellsville, N. H., While on a Trip Hunting Engine Photos

clair, N. J., has "Encyclopedia of Engineering," Vol. 2, "Loco. Engineering" at $3; "Ry. Engines of World," $1.50; "Ry. of S. A." and "The Train Book" at 50c. ea.

* * *

R. DESCHENES, E. Arlington, Vt., has photos of 40-ton gas shovel collision with loco.

P. DA COSTA, 2625 34th Ave., San Francisco, wants SP locos and switchers, oil co. tank cars, and pass., frt., and working car snaps.

J. DENNEY, 30 2nd St., Columbia, Pa., will trade PRR emp. timetable for W. Md. loco photo.

H. DOBSON, 3300 W. 123 St., Cleveland, O., has 1915-30 moving picture mags. to trade for subscriptions to "Railroad Stories." Write for details.

J. L. DOROUGH, 1012 Eye St. N. E., Washington, D. C., interested in all types engines, rolling stock.

H. F. DOYLE, 915 Grant St., Beatrice, Neb., has UP, Burlington, RI, Erie, Rdg. and foreign locos.; also negs. and "Railroad Stories" to trade or sell.

W. DWIGHT, 1 Webster St., N. Quincy, Mass., has set of 15 dif. p.c. photos of Sawyer River RR (N. Hamp.) at $1.25. Wants prints of "Panama" engines recently scrapped by Grand Trunk; write first with size, price.

* * *

F. F. ELLIS, 42 Lawrence St., Waltham, Mass., has 116 size B&M, B&A, New Haven photos to sell or trade for other roads.

* * *

D. FIELD, P. O. Box 316, Auburn, N. Y., will buy following LV types: 4-4-0, 4-4-2, 2-8-0 and 4-6-0, exc. Class J-25; also H classes.

J. FISHER, 136 Washington St., E. Orange, N. J., will sell copies many rare old builders' prints. (One used to illustrate Arthur Curran's article in this issue.) Write.

W. FRY, Linfield, Pa., will pay 10c. copy for ea. of following "Railroad Stories": Jan., Apr.-Oct. '32; Apr. '33; write first.

G. FRYLING, 411 Market St., Sunbury, Pa., trades or sells 120 and 122 size Pennsy, Rdg., or Baldwin-built engines; send 10c. for list and sample or your own list and sample.

C. FUNKHAUSER, Gen. Del., Gulfport, Miss., has rare collection of old loco. pictures and data; will reproduce them in album which will be roster of all types locos. used before 1890; write for details.

* * *

H. GIBSON, 28 Irving St., Waltham, Mass., wants B&M pass. or frt. engines.

F. GILLESPIE, 300 S. Heidt St., Detroit, Mich., has DT&I engines 10c. ea.

A. GNAEDINGER, 95 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y., interested in steam or elec. engine snaps eastern or midwest roads.

S. M. GREENBERG, 3434 Canal St., New Orleans, La., will buy old emp. timecards, timetables, passes, railroad maps, etc.; write prices.

W. S. GREEVER, Eli P. Clark Hall, Claremont, Calif., will buy C&S timetables, pub. before '30 and any emp.; write price first. Will trade latest PE pub. timetables.

* * *

K. F. HAGEDORN, 3910 S. Monroe St., Tacoma, Wash., will trade for or buy certain NP and CMStP&P negs.; send lists.

A. HAY, 1445 S. Hayworth Ave., Los Angeles, will trade PE, SP and Santa Fe for any eastern roads.

W. M. HAYES, 932 Westmoreland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., will trade 116 size prints for DL&W negs., esp. smaller types; or will buy.

W. S. HEALEY, 1884 Park Ave., N. Y. City, has '32 PRR calendar, $1; also sells B.R.T. cards '10-'19 and '26 NYC emp. timetables.

R. H. HEELEY, 1546 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y., starting; send lists and extra photos. Has D&H, DL&W train orders and clearance cards to trade for others; also D&H timetables for other roads.

H. C. HEISE, Dexter, N. Y., wants photos Sandy River RR, small roads, logging, geared engines.

C. D. HESELTINE, 424 Preble St., S. Portland, Me., has over 300 Maine trolleys; send stamp for list and photo sample.

C. V. HESS, 103 Prince St., Rochester, N. Y., has 5x7 views of Roch. & E. Rapid and Roch. & Sodus Bay at 25c. ea.

C. E. HESSELBAUM, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, wants photos and historical data on Woodstock & Sycamore Traction Co.

G. HIGGINBOTHAM, Bethesda, O., draws train pictures; has B&O orders to trade for others, pictures; wants back "Railroad Stories."

L. HOBMEIER, Sta. D., R. 1, Box 701, Milwaukee, Wis., interested in small modern steam locos.

V. A. HODGES, 1722 Larne Ave., Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, will trade p.c. size CNR 2074 with same size steam loco of road on which you work. Will pay 75c. for neg. of CNR classes, X-3a, X-5a, X-5b, X-9a, R-1a.

F. D. HOFFMAN, 130 Lincoln Ave., St. Albans, Vt., has all CV engines; set 15 for $1.50.

J. HOLMAN, 227 Howe Ave., Shelton, Conn., will sell Air Brake Manuals and Rule Books; write for complete list.

B. C. HOWELL, 2106 Main St., Elwood, Ind., has a copy of "Mitchell's Travellers Guide Through the U.S.," pub. 1830, which contains

all railroads of that time; also stage, steamboat and canal routes, and much other interesting data. Any reasonable offer considered.

R. HUBBARD, 1616 N. Felton St., Phila, Pa., will sponsor pictorial cachet for centennial of first German railroad, Dec. 7, 1935. This souvenir will be mailed from Germany to each fan sending unstamped self-addressed envelope and 15c. before Nov. 15.

J. F. HUMISTON, 7107 34th St., Berwyn, Ill., takes steam, interurban and trolley photos.

* * *

L. G. ISAAC, R.F.D. 2, Constantine, Mich., has 116 size photos 30 roads, mostly modern power, to trade for same size or sell 5c. ea. List and 2 samples 10c.; also trades MC 2-8-0 negs.

* * *

E. D. JONES, 346 Egan Ave., Verdun, P. Q., Canada, has CNR, CPR, HCM, B&M, PRR, SP, IC, LM&S, C&NW, CGW and wreck photos to sell or trade; wants wreck photos.

* * *

F. O. KELLEY, 1217 Huntoon, Topeka, Kan., has 116 size C&S and D&RGW n.g. to trade for narrow-gage or sell 5c. ea. plus postage.

R. KLEIN, 1935 N. 54 St., Milwaukee, Wis., trades C&NW and Milwaukee "19" and "31" train orders.

A. KLING, 320 Lincoln, San Rafael, Calif., (see Oct. Engine Pict. Kid story) wants to buy photos of old-time frt. and pass. power with slide valves: 8 and 10-wheelers, Atlantics, Prairies, Moguls, Pacifics with outside trailer trucks; also modern Mallets, Mastodon, 2-10-2, 4-10-2, and 4-12-2 types.

* * *

E. LASSEUR, Postfach 270, Zurich 7 Eng., Switzerland, will pay price for May & Aug. '32 "Railroad Stories." Write first.

E. LEE, P. O. Box 293, Duncan, B.C., Canada, has CPR, CNR, Esquimalt & Nanaimo and logging road pictures to trade for NYC, D&H and Bangor & Aroostook.

W. L. LEMON, Jr., R.F.D. 1, Smyrna, Ga., starting; send lists.

M. LEVY, 1540 Hillcrest Rd., E. Cleveland, O., beginner.

S. H. LEWIS, 11708 Steel St., Detroit, Mich., has Eastern Mich. Trolley System and Detroit St. Rys., 10c. ea.; also some steam roads.

LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPH CO., Box 6354 W. Market St. Sta., Phila., Pa., has set of 12 train photos (116 size) which appeared in "Baldwin Locos" at $1; also set eight 3x8 famous old-time engines with historical sketches for $1; free 4x5 photo Lackawanna Ltd. with $1 order.

* * *

S. W. McCARTHY, 647 6th St., Oakland, Calif., wants side views of Calif. narrow-gage and short lines.

P. D. McCOURY, 6317 S. E. 94 Ave., Portland, Ore., trades 120 size Portland Trac. Co. and Ore. Elec. for other 120 size trolley or interurban photos.

F. McLEOD, 1068 5th St., Oakmont, Pa., has 200-ft. 16 mm. moving picture of B&LE and 300-ft. film of PRR between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg to rent at $1 ea.; write first.

J. MEHALIK, 322 Delaware St., Monessen, Pa., wants a '26 or '27 "Official Guide."

A. W. and R. E. MELCHING, 1831 S. Hauser Blvd., Los Angeles, have 116 and 616 steam and elec. shots in southern Calif. to trade for same in Great Lakes region; also will trade 500 L.A. and P.E. transfers for photos.

J. H. MILLER, 499 N. State St., Marion, O., wants steam power early Ohio short lines, esp. Chicago & Atlantic; has CHV&T, Hocking Valley and CD&M elec.

D. E. MOTE, c/o J. F. Chamberlain, R. 2, Dallas, Ore., has data on old pikes such as n. g. Willamina & Grande Ronde, Ore. Elec., Carlton & Coast, Valley & Siletz, etc.

R. S. MOUNCE, Jr., 50 Beech St., Rutherford, N. J., buys Erie snaps; has Erie photos to trade or sell, 6c. ea. Will furnish information on monthly financial standings of most of the major rail systems since Sept. '32.

* * *

I. E. NEITZEL, Yelm, Wash., has many back "Railroad Stories," timetables, 40 copies "Railroad Data," history of IC and CPR, and other articles to trade for 120 size or larger photos.

J. R. NORWOOD, Jr., 311 S. Fulton St., Salisbury, N. C., has 116 size and p.c. of Southern, N&W, Vgn., Yadkin, D&S, Winston-Salem Southbound to trade; wants Clinchfield, FEC and M-K-T negs.

* * *

R. O'DONNELL, Jr., 117 Stone Ave., Monroe, La., starting; wants European and IC, CPR, and CNR engines and cars.

* * *

C. K. PHINNEY, 1460 S. 73 St., W. Allis, Wis., beginner.

G. S. POLLEY, 10718 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O., takes any type NYC engine on order.

H. I. POWER, 207 W. 6 St., Chattanooga, Tenn., has "Railway Age," '28-'34; "Railroad Stories," June '33-Oct. '35 for sale or exchange for engine photos.

* * *

G. RAND, Jr., 424 N. Bellinger St., Herkimer, N. Y., will trade NYC timetables, forms, etc. for passes any other road.

J. R. REID, 308 17th Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va., starting collection modern locos.; also wants 35 mm. films. Has Vgn. train orders,

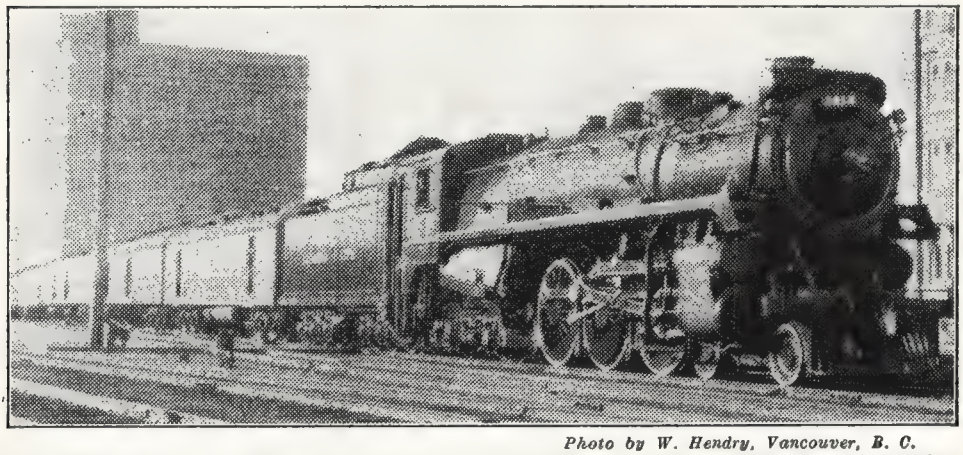


Photo by W. Hendry, Vancouver, B. C.

The Eastbound "Dominion" (No. 4) of the Canadian Pacific at Calgary, Alta. She Is Hauled by No. 2818, Hudson Type, Class H, Which Operates between Calgary and Winnipeg (836 Miles) without Change

clearances, "Railway Age" to trade; Va. employees' timecards, 10c. ea.

J. REYNOLDS, 2082 W. 18 St., Cleveland, O., has 61 "Railroad Stories" for sale; what offer for lot?

W. T. RHONE, R. 1, Box 196, Riverside, Calif., will trade 116 size SP, Santa Fe or UP photos for any eastern road; wants to hear from Calif & Southern rails.

E. L. ROBINSON, 2308 W. University Ave., Des Moines, Ia., will trade old books, timetables, photos, transfers, magazines for stamps, match covers.

J. RONAN, 420 E. 72nd St., N. Y. City, wants photo of CRRofNJ 914; has builders' photos of NYC 5348, Lackawanna 1603, UP 9085, SP 5043, NC&StL 566 to trade for any snaps.

* * *

W. F. SCHAFFNER, 7325 Grand Drive, St. Louis, Mo., has photos many old Frisco types at Chaffee, Mo., to trade for p.c. size snaps.

F. SCHLESSER, 6401 S. Stewart Ave., Chicago, will trade few back "Railroad Stories," Mar. '32 to date for what have you?

H. H. SCHODDE, 548 W. Main St., E. Palestine, O., will sell entire collection of old and modern trains and engines—postcard, 5x7, 3x8, 5x8, 4x10, and many larger sizes; hundreds railroad books and mags. Also hundreds of fine negs. U.S. and Canada roads and complete photo equipment for copying, enlarging and taking all size photos, including photos at high speed; cash only.

C. SCHWARZKOPF, 1728 W. Tioga St., Phila., Pa., makes enlargements to any size from 2¼x3¼ or smaller negs.; specializes in scale enlargements; send stamp for prices. Takes Rdg. or PRR locos on order.

C. SCOPHENPOFF, 244 Salem St., Bradford, Mass., has many New England trolley photos to trade, esp. for NI&F, J&G interurbans; trolley fans write.

W. T. SEITZ, 511 W. Westmoreland St., Phila., Pa., wants to buy and trade 116 negs. or U.S. roads; has Rdg., B&O, Southern, RF&P, etc., and many emp. timetables for them.

E. SEVDE, Story City, Ia., starting collection; would appreciate any spare photos.

E. A. SHERMAN, Box 75, Deerfield, Mass., has TH&B, NYO&W, CGW, and many other timetables; draws 5x22 engine pictures.

MRS. H. F. SMITH, 506 N. 8th Ave., Wauchula, Fla., has blue and white 9-in. china plate with 9 famous engines shown on rim, history of B&O on back; write.

W. STEINMETZ, 1312 Ditmas Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., starting collection engine prints and train orders.

E. STERN & CO, 140 N. 6th St., Phila., Pa., has illustrated book "Trains" at 15c. copy; also 4 portfolios, ea. with 15 pictures (7x9) for 30c. Combination for 40c. All postpaid.

W. D. STOWMAN, 7444 Forest Ave., E. Germantown, Phila., Pa., wants 5x7 prints of old LE&WV Camelbacks, "Mother Hubbards," 4-10-0, 4-8-0, and 4-2-0 types; DL&W "Luzerne"; certain classes Reading engines; Pennsy 269, 4153, 4150. Has few 5x7 to trade and small negs.

R. STRINE, 822 Wayne Ave., York, Pa., starting; send photo lists.

W. P. SWEET, 721 19th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., has ACL, SAL, Southern, RF&P, C&O, PRR, B&O, Nor. Southern, Wash. Term., Chesa. Beach, Century of Iron Horse, etc., to trade for old-timers, esp. B&O and PRR 4-4-0's before 1900.

P. SWESTER, Jr., 431 Classon Ave., Brooklyn. N. Y., beginner.

* * *

J. B. TEELING, 707 Lansdowne Ave., Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, wants lists and samples of CNR power; has few emp. timecards to trade or will buy.

R. THOMPSON, Jr., Rainy River, Ont., Canada, has postcard collection of 21 UP trains, $1.75; eight 2½x4¼ CNR trains, 50c.; both sets $2.

W. M. TOTH, 5 Church St., Flemington, N. J., has 4 CNJ timetables '33-'34 trade for photos or "Railroad Stories" before '32.

T. TOWNE, 1 Beech St., Newmarket, N. H., wants B&M engines; has 5x7 enlargement "Flying Yankee," 50c.; New England fans write.

M. V. TRAINIS, 730 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., starting engine picture and trolley transfer collection.

R. J. TRESTER, 953 N. 19th St., Milwaukee, Wis., has "Hiawatha" train, engine and observation car; C&NW "400" at full speed—4x5, 20c.; 5x7, 25c. ea. Send stamp for sample and list.

MISS H. D. TRULL, 41 Pleasant St., S. Natick, Mass., wants photos of engines which pull "Navajo Ltd." between Pasadena and Chicago, except on Panhandle Div.

G. TRUMPAITIS, 45 Harlem St., Worcester, Mass., has May '34, July '35 New Haven timetables and scrip book transfer to trade.

E. M. TURNER, Box 74, Buckfield, Me., will buy or trade for D&H, KCS, Monon, C&O, Frisco, CMStP&P 2-6-6-2 type, Southern 2-10-2, 2-6-2; has all New England roads, many "Baldwin Loco." mags., and "Railroad Stories" to sell or trade for photos.

* * *

R. WACKER, 89 Hickory St., Islip, L. I., N. Y., has timetables, mags., pamphlets, etc. to trade for "Railroad Stories," Feb.-Sept. '33.

E. T. WALKER, 516 Ely St., Alma, Mich., has "Railroad Stories" Jan. '30 to date to trade for old "Thresher Co. Traction Steam Engine Catalog" or what have you?

H. J. WEIDMAN, 306 Main St., Davenport, Ia., has 116 size CB&Q, Rock Island and DRI&NW; also takes these roads on order.

H. WEISS, 61 Duncan Ave., Providence, R. I., will trade New Haven prints for NYC locos and rolling stock.

C. WEYE, 1014 Greenview Ave., Des Plaines, Ill., will pay 10c. for 116 size SAL's new 2-6-6-4's.

C. WIELAND, 113 Parkwood St., Williamsport, Pa., will trade loco. prints for R.M.S. postmarks on original envelopes; state what you have.

R. L. WILCOX, 3450 Reisterstown Rd., Baltimore, Md., will trade 116 size prints of B&O "President" and C&O F-17 Pacific with "Boxpok" drivers for same size other roads.

E. WILLIAMSON, 107 Clinton Ave., Clifton, N. J., trades DL&W, Erie timetables.

C. W. WITBECK, 1803 Biltmore St., N. W., Washington, D. C., has 616 size IC, MSC, B&HS, M&B, SP, LA&T, KCS, B&O, etc., to trade for any 616 or 116 size, esp. IC and IC clippings, timetables, etc.; also several hundred LR&N, Wab., L&N, PRR emp. timetables to sell or trade for photos.

H. WOLTERS, 128 Chestnut St., E. Orange, N. J., disposing of entire collection of U.S. and Canadian power; write for prices; also one "Official Guide."

S. P. WORTHINGTON, 504 Green St., Lansdale, Pa., will buy Mich., Ohio, N. J. and Pa. trolleys and interurbans, incl. abandoned lines; also smaller Pa. and N. J. railroads; send lists.

T. G. WURM, 2521 McAllister St., San Francisco, has 120 size at 6c. ea. plus postage of Va&Truckee, SP, WP, Santa Fe, Sacramento Northern (elec.) loco. prints; also several '31 and '35 timetables to trade for loco photos of other roads.

* * *

S. ZICK, 232 W. Main St., Waukesha, Wis., will give "Railroad Stories," Jan. '33 to date to worthy person; write. Only one set; don't swamp him. Also has shots of "Hiawatha" in action.

F. W. ZIRBEL, 1202 11th St., Lewiston, Ida., has p.c. size CRRofNJ 450, CH&D 210, 211, C&NW 1316, GN 168 and many others; wants 116 or p.c. size old GN 13, OR&N, Uintah all classes, D&SP, and D&RG n.g. engines; also buys or trades negs. List of 60 roads and sample exchanged.

* * *

Abandonments

Bath & Hammondsport (Erie), Bath to Hammondsport, N. Y., 9 miles. Norfolk Southern, line of Atlantic & N. Carolina, under lease. Burlington, part of line from Lewistown to West Havana, Ill., 9 miles.

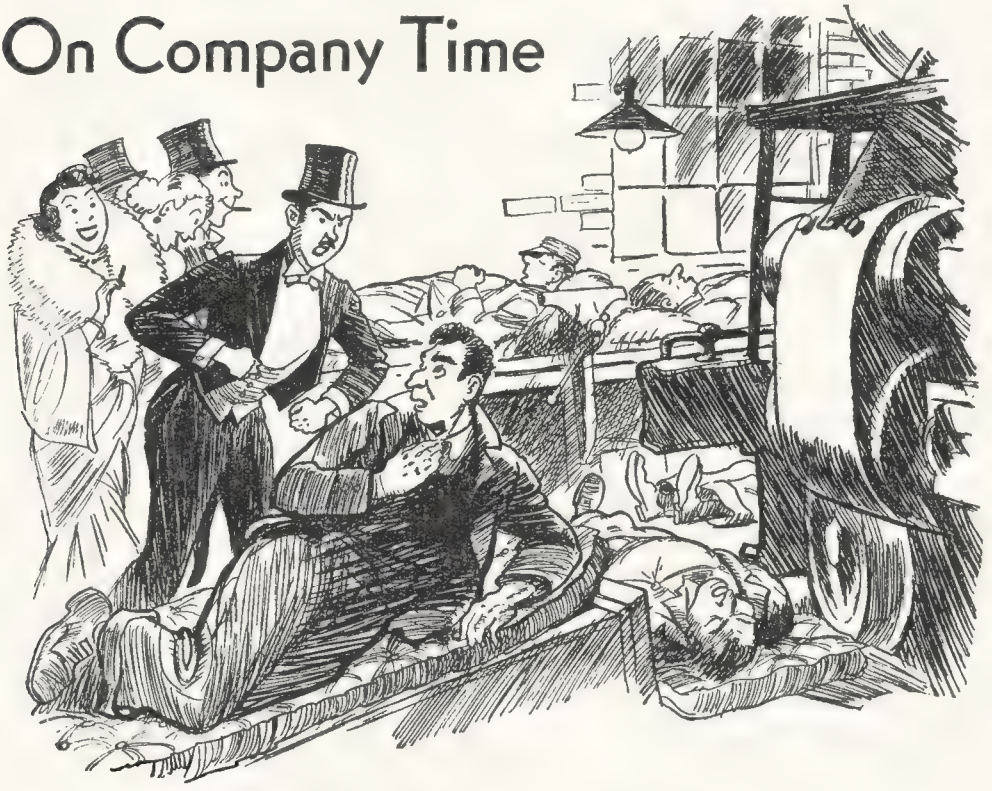
* * *

Construction

Southeast Ry., approx. 800 kilometers, from Sarabia to Campeche, Mexico, to be constructed by National Rys. of Mexico.

Oh, Nothing Is More Perfect Than the Bliss That Comes from Rest

On Company Time



By EARLE DAVIS

Author of "The Busses Come to Town," etc.

THE night shift was in the hay! The air was soft and balmy and quiet. All the racket of switchers and cars in the yard sounded miles and miles away.

In the filmy moonlight the black hulk of Hoxton roundhouse seemed almost deserted. No torrent of smoke surged from its stacks; no firebox trembled under the labor of raising steam; no blower smote the ear drums with its torrent of watery sound. Only the feeble rays of soot-shrouded light which exhausted themselves in getting through the blackened windows betrayed the existence of life within.

For it was just another night at Hoxton, a division point on the Continental System. The westbound time freight's engine had been taken out an hour and a half ahead of schedule; the incoming road engines had been killed and put in their stalls for another day; the switchers had been O.K.'d and fixed up and spotted on the outgoing track for morning. And although it was only a little past one, the work was done for a couple of hours, at least.

In the sandhouse the cinder pit man

was dead on his ear. In the cab of the 450 the engine watchman was stretched out alongside the boilerhead. Both hostlers and their helpers were curled up on the wide shelves of the dim-lit oilhouse, with wads of precious white waste under their weary heads.

The machinists and their helpers lay flat on their backs on the fireman's seatboxes of sundry locomotives in the roundhouse. And the boilermakers had found their places in the cool stillness of empty fireboxes.

Even in the two-by-four addition which housed the office there was peace and quiet. His feet on the desk, Chadwick Jones, the call boy, was tipped back in his chair, his eyeshade pulled down over his immobile face. Save for him, the outer office was empty. Only the loud, precise ticks of an old-fashioned clock disturbed the solitude.

The scene reminded you of that old fairy tale about Prince Charming going to awaken the Sleeping Beauty and finding everyone in the courtyard and castle buried in slumber. But the Hoxton roundhouse was no fairy castle; it was an industrial center housing a gang of skilled workers.

All were in the hay—all except Matt Savage. And because Matt was night foreman, because the weight of responsibility bore heavily on him, and because he was too energetic to make hay on anybody's time, Matt was not asleep. Leaning over his desk in the inner office, he was pawing through the work reports while he munched on a sturdy sandwich.

Pity poor Matt Savage! His underlings "worked" eight hours a night, with twenty minutes out for lunch, and laid off at least every other Sunday. Matt himself sweated through twelve dark hours and almost never got a day off. The lowliest helper in the house could protest through the union if he thought an official had unjustly "raised hell with him," while Matt could not protest to anyone and took "hell" from above and below.

As for the pay, what way freight or passenger hogger didn't get twenty or thirty dollars more than he in each pay envelope? What machinist, if lucky enough to get in a little overtime, didn't make as much?

But Matt rarely thought of these things. It was the job that counted, his job of night foreman. Matt felt it was *something* to be the night foreman, and put all he had into it. Even tonight, when everything seemed to stop at once, a sense of duty kept the foreman on his toes.

That was one side of Matt Savage. The other contradicted this, it is true, but was easy to understand after you knew the Hoxton situation.

AT 1.12 the phone rang. Matt did not wait for the call boy to answer. Pushing his battered felt hat back over his forehead, he reached for the receiver. His pudgy, gnarled face at least two feet away from the mouthpiece, he shouted from the corner of his mouth:

"Roundhouse!"

The yard office was calling. It was going to run an Extra East at 3.30, and wanted the biggest engine in the house for the job.

Matt barely glanced at the sheet in front of him. "How about the Twelve-fifty?" he yelled back politely. "Will she do?"

She would. Matt hung up, a look of determination and pleasure on his tight features. His job was getting the engines out—and he'd get 'em out!

"Chad!" he called loudly.

Awakened from slumber, the call

boy kicked out, his chair keeled over backwards, and he fell to the floor.

"Ha-ay, Chad!" Before Chadwick had a chance even to gulp, the cry resounded a second time. Pop-eyed and disheveled, Chad scrambled for the inner office door.

"Extra East, Number Twelve-fifty, three-thirty A.M.," Matt rapped out. "Tell Sampson to pack the pump and clean the governor. Wake up Cain and ask him to get her hot within an hour. Tell whichever one of those mummies in the oilhouse is first up what's going on in the world!"

That was the other side of Matt Savage. Sure, he knew everybody was asleep. No one would have been more surprised than he if the whole trick weren't asleep. What his inner feelings on the matter were, can only be guessed.

However, Matt was a realist, as every good railroad man is. Matt knew that when work eased off—as it often did in those days—nothing could keep the night trick from its hay. You could fire them all—and a few nights later your new force on the job would likewise be dead on its ear.

Thus it came to pass that Matt Savage, for all his hard work in behalf of the company, took sleeping on the job as an accepted fact. Theoretically, of course, it was against the rules; and Matt believed in the rules. But it was a condition and not a theory that confronted him, and the foreman knew how to deal with it.

Moreover, Matt was not afraid of having to explain, some day, to his superiors. He probably never even thought about it. Matt simply took it for granted that any of his bosses, if he were wise and if he were in the foreman's place, would do the same.

While the call boy went for the firebuilder, Matt asked an incoming fireman to watch the phone while he himself scurried down the gloomy, ever-curving aisle in search of the machinist.

"Oh, Sampson!" he yelled. He passed stall after stall. Still no answer. "Ha-ay, Sampson!" he repeated, with a touch of irritation.

But no Sampson. Not even Sampson's torch was in sight. Completing half the circle of the forty-stall house, Matt chased over to the oilhouse.

"Anybody here seen Sampson?" he bellowed as he stepped in the doorway. Almost as one they sat up, blinking and pawing the air wildly.

"Huh?" they asked stupidly.

Matt pretended not to notice their discomfiture. "D'ya know where Sampson is?" he queried again.

"Who, Sampson?" croaked Pete Groat, the bigger of the two hostlers.

"Yeah, Sampson," the foreman repeated.

"Why, Mr. Savage, we ain't seen him around here," the other engine herder blurted out. "Why—" his words trailed off into painful silence.

"You're right, you ain't," Matt rejoined with more than a tinge of sarcasm. Then he told them about the 1250, shook his head, muttered to himself, and hiked over by the dead line toward the other end of the roundhouse.

THERE he met with better luck. On the pilot of one of the ancient gals rusting her tubes out while waiting to be scrapped, was a torch. Approaching it, Matt recognized it as Sampson's. For only a second he was puzzled. Then he went over to the cab and shouted up:

"Ha-ay, Sampson!"

There was a scraping noise above.

A head poked out the window and called sleepily: "Yeah?"

"For gossakes, what you doing up there?" Matt stated the question rather than asked it. "The Twelve-fifty is ordered for three o'clock. Get down on her!"

Sampson made an attempt to pass it off. "Hotter'n hell in the house tonight," he explained feebly. "Thought I'd come out here where it was cooler—"

"O.K, O.K.!" the foreman cut him short. "But I'll be damned if I'm going to hunt up that helper of yours."

"I know where he is," Sampson replied.

Matt said curtly: "The work slips are on her pilot. Do all you can and check off the rest. Whatever you do, however, don't check off that pump packing and governor until you've done them."

His wrath melting as he realized the 1250 would be out in time and in good shape, the foreman took a short cut across the giant inside circle of the roundhouse. He had taken only a dozen steps across when he noticed that the turntable was not lined up for the incoming track, as it should have been, but was spotted opposite Stall 28.

Matt wondered about it, and concluded the turntable operator had gone into the house for some good reason or other. But as he approached the cab at the end of the table he decided that such was not the case. The operator was at his post all right, but dead to the world.

By that time Matt remembered that the last engine in the house was the 1202, and she had been put in Stall 28. This dumb dope must have been asleep ever since—in fact he had fallen asleep before the engine was off the table.

Anger rising again, the foreman pounded on the door of the tiny cab. "Hay, Mike!" he shouted. "Ha-ay, Mike!"

To Mike's benumbed brain the noise was coming from everywhere. Anything might be happening. Maybe an engine was drifting into the pit. Mike reared up, grabbed the controller, and stuck his bleary-eyed head out the window into the strong beam of Matt's powerful flashlight.

"Wasamat—" he gargled, still too stupefied to talk coherently. "Where's 'at engine?"

"Sure, where is it?" Matt inquired.

Slowly the operator recovered his wits. "Uh-uh," he began, "uh—I was waitin' for Number Fifteen's engine. Ain't she in this stall?"

"You sure were waiting for Fifteen's engine, kid," Matt said quietly. "But don't you think she ought to get a couple hours' rest before she goes out again? Another thing, we're only running One Fifteen tonight, and you turned her out two hours ago."

"Why—"

"Why, is right!" Matt boiled up a bit. "Why in hell aren't you lined up for the incoming tracks? I give you guys an inch, by gosh, and you take a couple of yards. Suppose one of them dead-head hostlers falls asleep on the way in and parks his engine at the bottom of the pit? Huh? If you can't spare a few hours for sleep during the day, at least be considerate enough to line the table up right before you drop dead at night. One more boner like this, and you won't be working for the Continental any longer."

ARRIVING at the office, Matt found the call boy getting ready to go out after the man assigned to the 1250 as fireman. He had no phone, and it was a long jaunt to his place.

"Couldn't find either Sampson or Cain," Chadwick announced. "I looked all over the upper end of the house. They must be below, some place. Haven't got time to hunt for 'em any longer."

Matt did not say he had found the machinist. He merely grunted: "I'll get 'em myself."

But it was ten minutes before he discovered Cain, the firebuilder. Thinking that Cain would most likely be in the cab of the next regular engine marked up to leave, Matt searched it. The boiler was ready, and the grates were covered with coal, but no firebuilder was present.

Again the foreman made the rounds, this time yelling for Cain. He had covered the entire lower end of the house when a door opened and in walked Cain. Matt was actually startled.

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah," the firebuilder returned quizzically. "Want anything, Mr. Savage?"

"Where you been?" Matt demanded.

"Just stepped over to thuh beanery for a bite to eat," defended the firebuilder. "I wasn't gone twenty minutes. Besides, I asked Groat to tell anybody who wanted me where I was and when I'd be back."

Matt scratched his head. "You win," he sighed. "Here's the lineup: We're in a rush for the Twelve-fifty. Get her hot soon as you can."

"Sure thing," responded Cain. "I coaled her up early tonight. Kinda figured you'd be usin' her. Anyway, I like to get thuh first outs all done before I hit thuh—"

"Hay," Savage finished the sentence for him as he turned and strode off.

THAT morning, after the 1250 was safe in the yard and out of the pale of his worry, Matt thought over the situation. Like every other privilege since man started walking on his hind legs, making hay on the company's time was being abused.

If he raised an official rumpus, someone would ask how long this sleeping on the job had been going on. Of course, he could can one or two of the boys. But Matt didn't want to can anybody. Every man in the gang was good enough when he was on the job, and it would be difficult to fire any of them on plausible grounds, even if he wanted to.

Finally he took Chadwick Jones into his confidence. "Look here, kid," he pointed out, "nobody is supposed to shut an eye on the night shift. But this bunch is the toughest to find and the hardest to wake I ever saw. What'll I do?"

"Hanged if I know," the call boy replied, "unless I'd assign 'em places to sleep."

"Your sense of humor—" Matt began. He paused. A light flashed within him. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "By the bones of Jay Gould, I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked Chad.

"Here's what I mean." The foreman reeled off his plan. "I'll make the men sleep within hollering distance of the office. Then I can always get 'em when I want 'em. What could be simpler?"

"Nothin'," the call boy was in complete agreement. "Nothin'," he repeated. "It suits me perfectly. I won't have to lose sleep chasin' 'em."

Matt went on: "Tell the men that henceforth everybody on the night shift not actively engaged in duty must remain within a hundred feet of the

office. Put the order in your own words, so they can get it, but don't quote me. Understand?"

Chad understood, and put the idea in his own words. Explaining it all the easiest way, he simply ordered everybody concerned to make hay down near the office, where "the boss won't have to go chasin' to hell an' back lookin' for you when he wants you."

The idea didn't sound just right to the boys.

"It's a trap," Pete Groat suspected. "He's tryin' to catch us cold. The big bum!"

"I believe you're right," agreed the other hostler. "The damn company bootlicker!"

"What'll we do?" Sampson was worried. "By gosh, boys, we can't stay awake all night."

"Next thing you know they'll have us all wipin' engines in our spare time," another man lamented.

Suggestions were in order, but none came. Finally the conference broke up with the reluctant admission that there was only one thing to do, that was to be prepared to remain awake.

"Well," Sampson finally gave up, "I guess I'll stay in bed eight hours today."

THE night trick came to work refreshed and ambitious next evening. Sampson had carried out his promise and slept from 8.30 A.M. to late afternoon. Groat, who never slumbered more than five or six hours, remained in bed a whole extra hour. And so it was all down the line. Everyone reluctantly admitted he was fresh as a daisy.

Tonight, again, the air was soft and balmy. The incoming track was clear; the switchers were all O.K., and the westbound engines were out ahead of schedule. And again the work was done by one A.M.

Slowly the gang gathered on one of the machinist benches near the roundhouse office. The hostlers, the machinists, the helpers, the boiler washers and boiler makers all brought their lunches.

For a while, as the men devoured their food, they kept one another awake. But then, as the night wore on, their talk lagged, and habit began to take effect.

The little hostler yawned. "Funny," he explained, "I slept swell today."

Sampson began to look bleary-eyed. "So did I," he said, casting longing glances toward the cab of the 1050, which stood near by.

"That reminds me," he remarked, unconscious of his slip. "I need some waste." So saying, he slowly lumbered over to the gangway of the 1050 and hauled himself up into the cab. He rummaged around in the fireman's seatbox, made a lot of noise to convince the others and himself that it was waste he was looking for, and finally mounted to the engineer's side where he slumped down on the soft cushion and planked his No. 10's among the air pipes.

On the bench below, Groat stretched forth his mighty paws and let out a yawn. "This weather," he said, "sure makes a guy sleepy."

The other machinist agreed with him. "I think you'd feel better if you lay down," he suggested.

"Guess you're right," said Groat. "Well, here goes." Thereupon he folded up his gloves, placed them under his head, and stretched out at full length on the bench.

"Come on, lay down," he urged the others. "It's just as easy to keep awake this way."

"Well, if *you* can, so can we," said Cain. "Hand me a hunk of waste." The firebuilder draped the stuff on a vise, placed his head on the cushion, and also sprawled out on the rough bench.

Minutes ticked on. The whole force was lying down on the job. Gradually their good-natured banter ceased. Eyes grew heavy-lidded, and one by one they fell asleep.

Nothing was ordered, and no engine came in until three o'clock. They reposed peacefully, the bliss that comes from rest on company time stamped on their faces. They had slumbered for almost two hours when Chad hurried over and jabbed Pete Groat in the back. Slowly the hostler came to life.

"Number Fifteen just arrived," the call boy whispered. "I saw the train crew go by. The Twelve Seventy-six is the engine, an' they want her in the house soon as possible for a boiler wash."

"O.K., kid," Pete yawned. "I'll be right down after her."

Chad stalked back into the office, where Matt was waiting. "See how easy it works?" the foreman chortled. "They're always around when you want 'em. No fuss; no bother; no delay."

Matt was enthusiastic. His problem was solved. The idea was swell, as far as he was concerned; and from a broad viewpoint, of course, it was to the company's best interests. What more could he ask? What more could *anyone* ask? Content in the new state of affairs, Matt went about his great work of serving the Continental.

YES, the idea really worked. For weeks and weeks, during the slack spring season, it worked nobly. You know how it is.

To anyone lacking all idea of what a well-run roundhouse was like, or to anyone with positive ideas on the subject, the scene in front of the Hoxton office would have been nothing short of startling.

Practice makes perfect, and the Hoxton boys were becoming perfect. From the old engines on the deadline and from unoccupied cabooses they had got together the finest collection of mats, cushions and hay-boards ever seen on any night trick. These were stored in an empty cupboard, protected by a stout lock they had all chipped in to buy.

As soon as hay-time came, they got out these mats and cushions. Each man had his favorite hay-making place. Sampson had laid an early claim to one that suited him perfectly. It was an old wooden locker which had been empty for years. When he was ready to relax he laid it on its side, threw on a heavily-padded hair cushion, and sprawled out as if he were good for eight hours right there.

The other machinist preferred the cab of an engine standing near the office. With a choice hay-board and a soft cushion, he extended the fireman's seatbox so that it provided a smooth, level bed six feet long.

Groat, on the other hand, found nothing better than the flat top of the big bench itself. With a generous load of waste, a pair of luxurious cushions, and a newspaper to shade his eyes from the light, he was ready for anything next to eternity.

The rest of them—firebuilder, boilerwasher, helpers and boilermakers—all chose similar positions on other work benches down the line. And there they all slept—within hollering distance of the office, squarely in the sight of anyone entering the main door

of the roundhouse, and squarely within view of the office itself.

But what of it? The road men—the hogheads and tallowpots—paid no attention to them. This arrangement suited their ideas perfectly, even if the sight of all those sleeping men often provoked wisecracks. There were company dicks, to be sure, but in those days no company dick dared venture into the roundhouse. That left only the Continental officials—and who in the world ever heard of brass hats wandering through the roundhouse at two in the morning?

WHETHER or not such a thing was unheard of, it actually happened. The official in this case was a smart young fellow who had begun railroading upon graduation from college and who, by dint of hard work and by virtue of the fact his father was on the board of directors, had risen to his present high position.

Tonight he had attended a fashionable party, and when he told the dear young things there that he was a division superintendent, nothing would do but that they went over to the yards and looked at the engines.

Now, Mr. Jordan (that was his name) had heard that all the engines were kept in the roundhouse, and he offered to show the place to everybody who wanted to see it.

The idea went over like a house afire. The party broke up right then and there, with at least three-quarters of them heading for the roundhouse.

They drew up in front of the house with a flourish and burst in with a bang. And right in front of them all lay the whole night trick, fast asleep. Superintendent Jordan was too flabbergasted to open his mouth. His guests, however, were just about floored. One by one they burst into uproarious laughter, while Mr. Jordan's face turned darker and darker.

Finally, awakened by the din, Groat sat up and gaped at the crowd. Wild-eyed at the spectacle of men and women in evening clothes, he refused to believe his senses.

"My stars!" he croaked. Then he turned around and got down. "Hay, fellers!" he yelled. "Hay—"

By now the rest of them were up. Stupidly they gaped at each other, and then at the unbelievable visitors, who were almost in hysterics.

Though he had never before been in the place, and though he did not know Matt Savage, Mr. Jordan stamped into the office and raised the roof.

"And who are you?" Matt asked politely.

"I'm Superintendent Jordan of the Terminal Division," raved the brass hat. "Although you are not under my jurisdiction, I shall report this case tomorrow morning. I have never seen such an astounding spectacle in all my years with the railroad! Why—"

"Maybe you haven't been around a railroad very long," Matt suggested quietly, more to defend himself than to slight the official.

"Indeed!" the super shouted. "Not around here, indeed! If I had, this would have never occurred—and it never shall again!"

LET us pass quickly over that phase of the affair. Suffice to say that discipline was administered, and the gentleman administering the discipline was Old Man Hodges, super of motive power, who had once been a night foreman himself. Hodges was pretty white, and Matt went back to his job—as he should have done.

For a while Matt's life was inordi-

nately freer from complications than it had ever been before. For the fiftieth time in the history of the Continental System a "permanent, iron-clad" edict against sleeping on duty was issued, with its penalty of instant and irrevocable dismissal. For the third time in the history of the Continental the railroad's police department was authorized to assist in enforcing the ruling.

At first the company bulls did their part, and it took a wise old head to grab an hour of shut-eye on company time. But the bulls did not relish their new rôles. Far too often a loose lump of coal came sailing their way, or a flood of uncomfortably warm water from the squirt hose descended upon them as they snooped into the gangway of an engine. Anyway, they preferred taking pot shots at bums.

Gradually they ceased their forays into the motive power department. Gradually the glaring bulletin in the outer office of the roundhouse became yellow and torn. Gradually Mr. Jordan worked his way ever higher and higher, and was transferred to General Headquarters a thousand miles away. Gradually, alas, the night trick on Hoxton roundhouse drifted into its old ways.

Six months passed, and business fell off, as usual. It was June again. The air was soft and balmy and quiet. In the filmy moonlight the black hulk of Hoxton roundhouse seemed almost deserted. It was only a little past one, and the night shift had finished its work.

All were finished except Matt Savage, the foreman. He sat over his desk in the inner office, pawing through the work reports and munching a sturdy sandwich.

The phone rang, and Matt hopped to it before the call boy could answer. His pudgy, gnarled face at least two feet away from the phone, he shouted from the corner of his mouth:

"Roundhouse!"

The yard office was calling. It was going to run an Extra West at 3.45, and it wanted the biggest engine in the house.

"How about the Twelve-fifty?" Matt yelled back politely. "Will she do?"

She would. Matt hung up. He'd get her out.

"C h a d!" he yelled. "Ha-ay, Chad!"

Chad came in blinking. "Extra West, Number Twelve-fifty, three-forty five. Get Cain; I'll find Sampson."

Matt scurried down the aisle after the machinist. "Oh, Sampson!" he shouted. "Ha-ay, Sampson!"

Stall after stall he passed; cab after cab he searched; and no Sampson. He chased over to the dim-lit oilhouse.

"Anybody seen Sampson?" he bellowed as he stepped in the doorway.

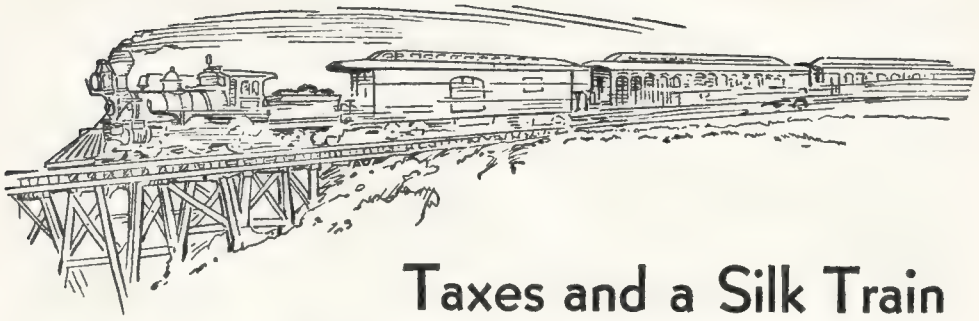
Almost as one the five sleeping forms sat up and pawed the air wildly. "Huh?" they asked. "Yuh mean Sampson?"

"Yeah, Sampson," the foreman repeated in a far-away tone. "*Sampson.*"

"Why, Mr. Savage, we ain't—" Groat begun.

"Wait a minute!" the other engine herder protested. "That's Sampson!" He pointed toward a dark corner.

Slowly, ponderously a huge bulk arose from a pile of waste on the lower right hand shelf and pulled itself into shape. Its eyes blinked and opened and it muttered incoherently. As it came out into the light Matt Savage sighed with relief. It was Sampson.



Taxes and a Silk Train

BACK in the '80's the Canadian Pacific Railway owed the little village of Port Arthur, Ont. (then Prince Arthur's landing), about fourteen thousand dollars in taxes on property and right-of-way. This sum was an accumulation of several years, pending negotiations between the town and the railroad. The C. P. R. was asking for tax exemption on the grounds of certain advantages it brought to the town, and the village retorted that exemption might be arranged if the company would handle all its freight over the Port Arthur docks instead of diverting a part of it to Fort William, the newer town springing up to the west.

William Van Horne, later Sir William Van Horne, president of the road, would give no assurances as to whether this request would be met, and the controversy entered the stage where neither side would yield an inch.

The taxes remained unpaid. The C. P. R. was billed and bulled, cajoled, written to and written at, but it refused to pay. Tax Collector William Sydney Beaver was ordered by the city fathers to get the full amount or to seize enough railway property to satisfy it. He acted promptly, with the usual thoroughness of Canadian officials.

Silk shipments from the Orient were then being routed to the East via Port Arthur. Mr. Beaver waited until a particularly valuable silk express stopped long enough to change crews and seized it in the name of the village. Telegraph wires buzzed. A town of a few hundred souls had the temerity to cross swords with a great national carrier!

The village was adamant. Pay up and it would release the train; no pay and it would stay there until hell froze over. Interest on a million dollars mounts up fast, and the C. P. R. would be held responsible for undue delays. The village became hard-boiled. When the officials of the railway finally agreed to pay, the tax collector would not accept a check nor a warrant drawn on the home office. He demanded cash.

A hasty inventory of Port Arthur's one and only bank disclosed twelve thousand dollars—two thousand short of the sum needed. Mr. Beaver wouldn't take that either. Full payment or none was his dictum. After a frantic search, in which the C. P. R. employees were asked to contribute (as a loan, of course), the additional two thousand was raised. The full amount was paid and the train and its freight released.

William Van Horne was furious. He never forgave Port Arthur. He informed the mayor and the council that he and they would live to see grass growing on its main streets. Keeping his word, next spring the C. P. R. routed all its freight boats to Fort William, and began the removal of its freight terminals from Port Arthur.

The feud grew by leaps and bounds. Port Arthur merchants refused to accept goods routed through Fort William. They notified consignors in both the Dominion and the United States that they also would not accept goods shipped on C. P. R. boats. This embargo had quick results and in two months, figuratively speaking, the railroad was on its knees to the town.

Then William Van Horne came to Port Arthur to see at first hand the little village that had defied his company. The city fathers were ready for reconciliation, but not at Van Horne's price. The removal of terminals to Fort William continued, but freight was routed directly to Port Arthur. This was a concession which C. P. R. had to make.

Today Port Arthur has a population in excess of twenty thousand, much larger than Fort William, but it still remains, so far as the C. P. R. is concerned, just a station in its far-flung system. The main station is at Fort William.—R. A. Emberg.

December in Rail History

IF you want to know what happened on your birthday or Christmas or any other day, watch this almanac. We thank all who sent us important dates, especially Chas. E. Fisher, president of Ry. & Loco. Historical Soc., Boston, Mass.; Carlton J. Corliss, of Chicago, an Illinois Central R. R. official; Ralph Snyder, Sublimity, Ore.; M. Haller, Boston, Mass.; R. M. Sawyer, Dalton, Mass.; Karl Deutsch, N. Y. City; Russell Joslin, Southbridge, Mass.; H. Benson, Putnam, Conn.; F. G. M., Manchester, N. H.; Paul Darrell, Richmond, Calif., and Wm. Waenzer, Burlington, Vt., who also corrects a typographical error in our Oct. almanac: The C. B. Ry (Oct. 20) should have been C. V. Ry.

December 1

1824—Montreal "Gazette" prints editorial urging construction of railway (which eventually became the Champlain & St. Lawrence, Canada's first railway).

1832—B. & O. completed from Baltimore to Frederick, Md., 61 miles.

1834—First train reaches Harper's Ferry, W. Va., on B. & O. (This town became famous as scene of John Brown's raid, shortly before the Civil War.)

1849—Inauguration of Hartford, Providence & Fishkill R. R., 122 miles. (N. Y. N. H. & H.)

1863—New Zealand's first railway opens.

1871—St. Louis & Southwestern opened, 358 miles.

1882—Northern Pacific tracks reach what is now Livingston, Mont.

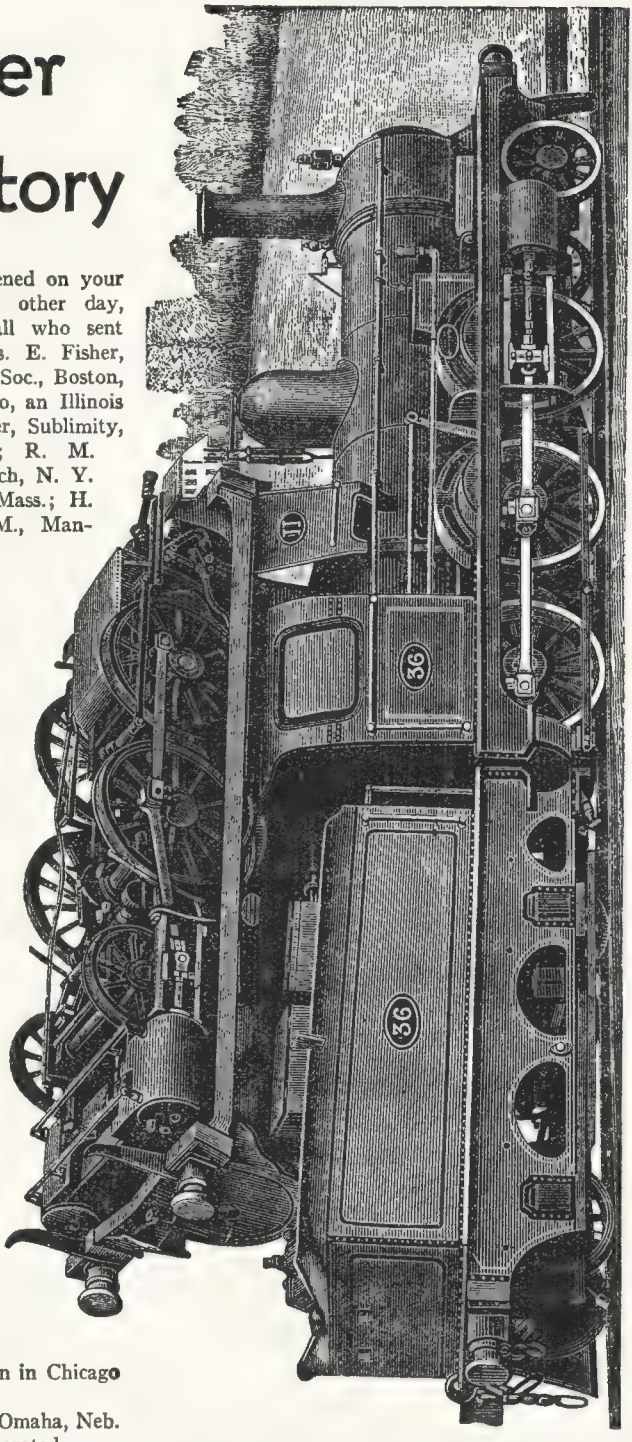
December 2

1855—Chi. & Rock Is. opens station in Chicago at Van Buren and La Salle Sts.

1863—Ground broken for U. P. at Omaha, Neb.

1865—Southern Pac. R. R. incorporated.

1878—First train leaves St. Boniface, opposite Winnipeg, Canada, for St. Vincent, Minn., con-



Freak Explosion of a Locomotive at Strommen, Norway, Dec. 22, 1888, in Which One Engine Landed Upside Down on Top of Another

sisting of several flat cars and a box car in which are rude benches, straw carpeting and wood-burning heater. Tickets written by hand on ordinary foolscap by Jack St. L. McGinn, C. P. R. paymaster (later first C. P. R. super at Winnipeg, where he now lives, retired).

December 3

1853—Trains of I. C. and Mich. C. roads begin regular trips from S. Water St. depot, Chicago.

1891—N. Y. & New England R. R. wreck at East Thompson, Conn., involving 2 express trains and 2 freight trains; 2 men killed.

1892—Jay Gould, railroad magnate, dies, with stock ticker in adjoining room announcing a rise of stock on every Gould road.

1917—Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence completed.

December 4

1850—Delaware & Cobbs Gap R. R. inc. (On April 14, 1851, it merged with the Lackawanna & Western R. R., forming D. L. & W. The L. & W. was inc. March 18, 1849. Total mileage now operated in Penna., N. Y., and N. J., 998.42.)

December 5

1872—Chicago, Millington & Western R. R. inc. in Illinois to build narrow-gage line from Chicago to the Mississippi River at Muscatine, Ia., 200 miles.

1881—Martin W. Clement, president of 10,041-mile P. R. R., born at Sunbury, Pa.

1885—West Shore R. R. (between Weehawken, N. J., and Buffalo, N. Y.) leased to N.Y.C.&H.R.

1906—Mexican Govt. grants concession to Phelps-Dodge Corp. to build 67-mile Nacozari Ry. between Douglas, Ariz., and Nacozari, Mexico. (See article by G. Surrey, Oct., '33, issue.)

1922—"The Floridian," all-Pullman train of I. C., makes maiden run from Chicago.

December 6

1889—Fitzgerald Hall, president of 1,192-mile N. C. & St. L. Ry., born at Nashville, Tenn.

December 7

1846—John Gulmyer ("The Flying Dutchman") born in Germany. (Famous N. Y. C. engineer made new speed records, including a doubleheading run of "20th Century Limited" from Toledo, O., to Elkhart, Ind., 133 miles in 98 minutes. See Dec., '33, RAILROAD STORIES.)

1853—Courthouse bell at Erie, Pa., calls population to arms to resist change of gage of the 6 ft. gage Erie & North East R. R. (now part of N. Y. Cent.). This marks opening of "Erie gage war." (See article by Earle Davis, Jan., '33.)

1935—100th anniversary of first German railway train. (See page 90.)

December 8

1915—N. & W. runs its first electric train in regular service from Bluefield to Vivian, W. Va., 30 miles.

1915—Savannah & Atlanta Ry. inc. in Georgia. (Now operates 144.7 miles of track.)

December 9

1853—Greenville & Columbia R. R. opened, 197 miles, 5 ft. gage.

1874—Atlantic & Great Western R. R., 605 miles between Salamanca, N. Y., and Dayton, O., including double gage between Leavittsburg, O., and Cleveland, is thrown into receivership. (Now part of the 2,443-mile Erie System.)

December 10

1813—Oliver Evans, in article printed in the *Aurora*, Philadelphia newspaper, offers to build railroad between N. Y. City and Phila., guaranteeing speed of 12 m.p.h. between those points. (If built, it would have been America's first public railroad.)

1852—First P. R. R. train runs from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, using portage road over Allegheny Mts.

1918—Canadian Government acquires the National Transcontinental Ry.

December 11

1867—Cornelius Vanderbilt becomes president of N. Y. Central R. R.

1867—15 lives lost in Central Vt. R. R. wreck at Hanlan Bridge, Vt.

1868—4 members of Reno gang lynched in jail at New Albany, Ind. They perpetrated America's first big organized train robbery, May 22, 1868, on the Jefferson, Madison & Indianapolis R. R. (Details in Dec., '33, issue.)

1883—Edward S. French, president of 2,084-mile Boston & Maine, born at Portland, Me.

1930—Chicago & Alton sold at public auction at Wilmington, Ill., to B. & O. for $23,000,000. First Pullman car ever built ran on this road.

December 12

1853—Boston & N. Y. Central R. R. formed by consolidation of 3 roads, 63.8 miles. (A timetable of this line, dated Aug. 4, 1854, is in possession of Ry. & Loco. Historical Soc., Inc., Boston, Mass.)

1874—Jesse James gang robs Kansas Pacific train at Muncie, Kan., taking almost $60,000 in loot. (Details in Sept., '32, issue.)

1874—Wm. C. Dickerman, president of American Locomotive Co., born at Bethlehem, Pa.

1912—B. & O. wreck of doubleheaded freight train of 46 cars and caboose near Sand Patch, Pa.; every car demolished, incl. caboose, after running away down mountain; several men killed.

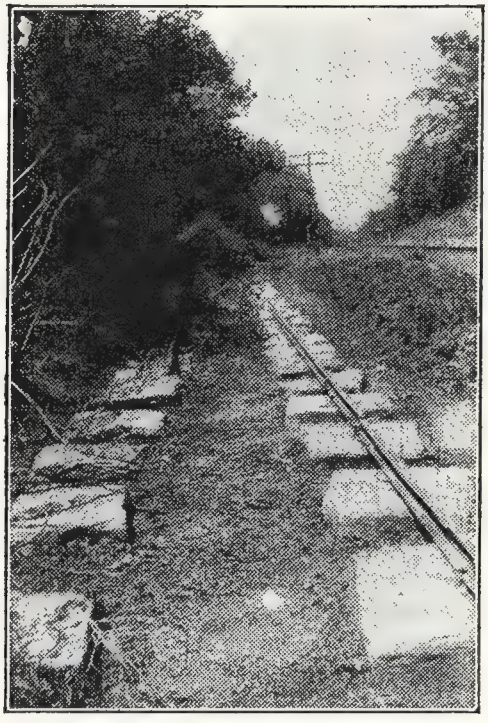


Photo by Wm. Wenger, Jamesburg, N. J.

Century-Old Section of Track on the C. & A. (See Dec. '22) Still Standing Near Jamesburg, N. J., on P.R.R.

1917—World's greatest railroad wreck at St. Michel, France; between 500 and 1,000 French soldiers killed. (Details in Jan., '35, issue.)

December 13

1876—Central Uruguay Ry., of South America, inc. in England. (Now 984 miles, standard gage.)

1898—Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the St. Lawrence is opened at Montreal, Canada.

1906—Manila R. R. Co organized to take over concession granted by Spanish Govt. in 1887 for construction of railroad on Island of Luzon in the Philippines. (Was 3½ ft. gage, now standard, 800 miles.)

1912—Colorado Midland Ry., 337.64 miles, goes into receivership, Pres. Geo. Vallery acting as receiver. (Now abandoned.)

December 14

1864—Opening of Argentina's first railway.

1925—"Bum" Rogers, accomplice of Gerald Chapman, train robber, escapes from N. Y. Cent. train on which he is being taken to prison at Auburn, N. Y. (Later he committed suicide.)

1934—Adolf Hitler's special train hits motorbus near Landwedel, Hanover, Germany, killing 15 bus passengers and injuring 5. No one on train hurt.

December 15

1835—First rail laid for Central R. R. & Canal Co. of Georgia, at Savannah, by Wm. Williams.

1886—Collision on Southern Ry. near Austrell, Ga.; 10 lives lost.

1896—Opening of first section of what later became the Canadian Northern System, between Gladstone and Daphne, Man. (Now part of Can. Nat. Rys.)

December 16

1873—Last spike driven by Northern Pac. for its Pacific Coast terminus at Seattle, Wash.

1928—Inauguration of "The Miamian," N. Y.-to-Miami train on the F. E. C. Ry.

December 17

1893—Busk Terminal Ry., part of Colo. Midland, completed and opened.

December 18

1849—Rutland & Burlington R. R. opened in Vermont. (Now Rutland R. R.)

1869—Dominion Atlantic Ry. completed between Windsor and Annapolis, N. S. ("Land of Evangeline" Route today has 304 mileage; part of C. N. R. System.)

1886—13 persons perish in railroad collision at Charkow, Russia.

1911—C. M. & St. P. silk special running at high speed crashes into rear of "Columbian Flier" at Odessa, Minn.; 12 killed.

December 19

1849—King's Mt. R. R. chartered; 22½ miles, 5 ft. gage. (Opened Sept. 7, 1852. Consolidated with 3 ft. gage Chester & Lenoir R. R. Now Carolina & N. W. Ry., 134 miles.)

1867—Express train plunges off bridge on Lake Shore Road in blinding snowstorm at Angola, N. Y. (See article by H. R. Edwards, Aug., '34.)

1868—F. H. Fljozdal, president, Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, born in Iceland.

1871—North Pacific R. R., narrow gage, inc. in Calif. to run between Sausalito and Humboldt Bay, 225 miles. (Now N. W. P.)

1887—Last spike driven in I. C. line to Sioux Falls, S. D.

1890—Freak boiler explosion on New Haven engine No. 69 (built by Danforth & Cook in 1861) at Wallingford, Conn. Engineer hurled out of fireman's side of cab and fireman hurled out of engineer's side; neither badly hurt.

1933—G. J. Churchward, designer of one of the fastest locomotives ever built, killed by fast passenger train near Swindon, England. Was regarded as (English) Great Western Ry.'s "father of speed." Was chief mechanical engineer on that line. His principles were embodied in "City of Truro" locomotive, which on May 9, 1904, reached speed of 102.3 m.p.h. while pulling mail train of 5 cars. She ran 264 miles between Milbay Jct. and London in 227 mins.

December 20

1833—Charter granted to Central R. R. & Canal Co., permitting it to construct either canal or railroad between Savannah and Macon, Ga. (Now one of the 24 roads comprising the 1,927-mile Central of Georgia, part of I. C. System.)

1853—Charleston & Savannah R. R. chartered. (104 miles, 5 ft. gage. Now standard gage, part of A. C. L.)

1918—Title "Canadian National Railways" authorized by Dominion of Canada Order-in-Council.

December 21

1846—First train enters Plymouth, Mass., on Old Colony R. R. (265 miles, now part of N. Y. N. H. & H.)

1864—Three killed in rear-end collision on Cheshire R. R. (now B. & M.) at Keene, N. H. (near present home of John A. Thompson, author of Engine Picture Kid stories).

1881—First turntable at Winnipeg, Man., placed in operation by C. P. Ry.

1897—Mississippi Central R. R. organized as successor to Pearl & Leaf River R. R. (Now 150 miles.)

1911—Calif., Arizona & Santa Fe Ry. inc. in Calif. for 50 yrs.; total mileage 732. (Leased to A. T. & S. F., March 1, 1912.)

1916—Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chi. & St. L. R. R. inc. in Pa. (and in W. Va., Ind., and Ill. Dec. 29, 1916; and in Ohio Dec. 30, 1916) as consolidation of several roads. Total mileage, 1,951½. (P.R.R.)

December 22

1830—First 14 miles of Camden & Amboy R. R. opened between Bordentown & Hightstown, N. J. (P. R. R.)

1877—Pres. Diaz of Mexico grants concession to Mex. Nat. Construction Co. to build railroad (which later became nucleus of National Ry. System of Mexico).

1886—Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry. formed by consolidation of various roads. (555 miles.)

December 23

1832—One of the world's first fatal rail accidents: Rear-end collision of two Liverpool & Manchester Ry. trains at Rainhill, England, in dense fog; many persons injured, one killed.

1836—Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R. R. opened from Richmond, Va., to Hazel Run (Fredericksburg), 60 miles.

1851—Ground broken at Chicago and Cairo for construction of I. C. R. R. in Illinois.

1859—Birth of Patrick Kearns. (L. & N. section foreman uninterruptedly for 41 yrs., which he claims to be world record. Now lives in retirement at Winchester. Ky.)

1903—B. & O. wreck at Connellsville, Pa.; 64 killed.

Courtesy of R. F. & P. Bulletin

First Train on the R. F. & P. (See Dec. '23)

1914—Erie & Kalamazoo (Michigan's first railroad) is leased to N. Y. Cent.

December 24

1841—Landslide wrecks Great Western Ry. train in England; 8 passengers killed, 17 injured.

1852—Last spike driven connecting Baltimore, Md., with the Ohio River, at Wheeling, W. Va., making B. & O. the world's longest continuous railroad.

1860—Opening of Turkish Railroad, the first iron highway in Asia.

1872—Trestle bridge gives way near Prospect, N. Y., on Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh R. R. (now part of P. R. R.), precipitating passenger train 30 ft. to bottom of ravine and setting cars afire; 19 lives lost. (Details in May, '34, issue.) On same day, similar accident happens at Norwich, England; train falls into ravine; 19 killed.

1873—First through train (I. C.) to operate between New Orleans and Chicago arrives at Cairo, Ill., having been transferred across Ohio River by steam ferry. "H. S. McComb," placed in service on same day.

1874—Breaking of car wheel tire on Great Western Ry. train at Shipton-on-Cherwell, England, kills 34, injures 70.

1911—World's largest railroad embankment, known as Pequest Fill, opened for service on 28½ mile cut-off of D. L. & W. near Lake Hopatcong, N. J. It extends about 3 miles; average height 110 ft., total 6,625,000 cu. yds. of material.

1913—"Doodlebug transportation" inaugurated on Webbers' Falls, Stigler & Warner Ry. in Okla. (now abandoned). Probably the first exclusive use of motor cars in operating a standard-gage railway.

1918—President Wilson's proclamation orders

all U. S. railroads returned to private control March 1, 1920.

1933—Wreck at Lagny, France. Paris-Nancy express hit by Paris-Strasbourg express; 200 killed, 300 injured; world's third worst rail disaster in number of casualties. (Details in Jan. '35 issue.)

Christmas Day

1830—"Best Friend of Charleston" put into service on line of Charleston Canal & R. R., chartered Dec. 19, 1827. (Now Southern Ry.) Second engine to haul a train in America as public service, and first American-built engine to perform that service.

1840—First train runs on Annapolis & Elk Ridge R. R. from Annapolis to Annapolis Jct., Md. (Absorbed in 1907 by Wash., Balto. & Annap. Elec. Ry.; see page 94.)

1880—Sarah Bernhardt, famous actress, snowbound on Ann Arbor Ry. (Details in Dec., '32, issue.)

1907—Atlantic Northern R. R. runs first train into Elkhorn, Ia. (Details in Sept., '33, issue.)

1916—Death of Corp. Wilson W. Brown, Yankee engineer who participitated in Andrews' railroad raid of 1862. (See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, Jan., '32.)

December 26

1889—Cincinnati, Saginaw & Mackinaw R. R. inc. in Mich. (Road opened Jan. 11, 1890; became part of Grand Trunk System.)

December 27

1837—First train on Great Western Ry. runs from Paddington to Maidenhead, England.

1844—Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. inc. (Opened 1849, 160 miles. Now B. & M.)

1848—First train enters Springfield, Mass., on the Hartford & New Haven. (N. Y. N. H. & H.)

1906—For first time in history, street cars are sent as part of a regular steam railroad train, 22 of them, from E. St. Louis to Los Angeles via New Orleans, pulled by a locomotive with a caboose at rear, averaging 15 m.p.h. Cars fitted with temporary air brakes and couplers. Oilers ride the caboose. Usually trolley cars are shipped on flat cars.

1917—President Wilson takes over all U. S. railroads as wartime emergency measure.

December 28

1848—N. Y. & New Haven R. R. opened to N. Y. City.

1879—Collapse of Firth of Tay bridge plunges entire train into deep water; everyone aboard drowned, more than 100 persons. (See article by F. Westing, June, '34.)

1905—Capt. Wm. A. Fuller, conductor of train seized by Andrews raiders in 1862 and who successfully led the pursuit, dies at Atlanta, Ga.

December 29

1869—John L. Lancaster, president of the 1952-mile Texas & Pacific Ry., born at Jackson, Tenn.

1876—Wreck at Ashtabula, O., on Lake Shore & Mich. Southern; 80 lives lost. (See article by Earle Davis, Sept., '34.)

1899—Brotherhood of Ry. Clerks organized at Sedalia, Mo., under leadership of James F. Riley, then employed in office of Mo. P. master mechanic. (He later became first grand president of the Brotherhood.)

December 30

1872—First Santa Fe train crosses Colo. border (See Dellinger story, "Southwest Passage.")

1897—Wisconsin Central Ry. inc. (Now part of Soo Line, C. P. System.)

December 31

1855—Mississippi & Missouri R. R. (Rock Is. System) completed to Iowa City, Ia., at 30 below zero, winning $50,000 bonus. (See story by Wm. E. Hayes, Sept., '33.)

1859—14 killed in railroad bridge disaster near Columbus, Ga.

1864—Morris Rutherfurd, president and gen. mgr. of 96-mile Lehigh & Hudson River Ry., born near Newark, N. J.

1909—Cloudburst washes out 100 miles of L. A. & S. L. (now U. P.) main line in Meadow Valley Wash, Nevada, closing the road for nearly the entire year of 1910.

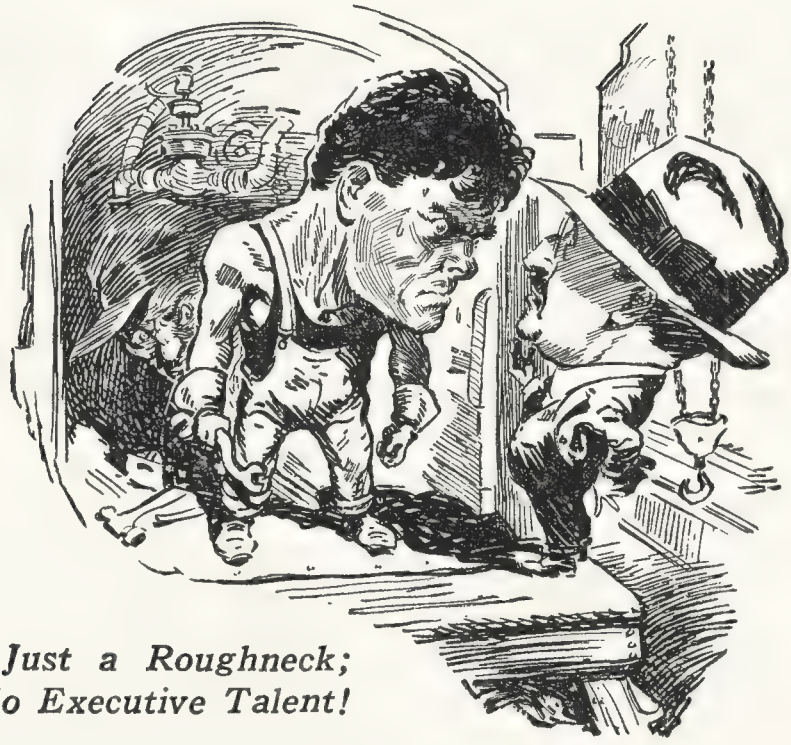
1918—Wm. G. McAdoo resigns as U. S. director general of railroads.

1931—John Draney, D. L. & W. engineer, retires after riding in cab a distance equal to 400 times around the globe without serious accident. Was born Dec. 21, 1861. (Now pres., Lackawanna Veterans Ass'n.)

The Old-fashioned Steam Locomotive

TAKE the old-fashioned steam locomotive and you've got something as near to the human as man yet has been able to contrive, according to the "Buffalo Times." She radiates a glow and a warmth of her own. Her toot of whistle and clang of bell, her snort and puff, her throb and quiver, give her a personality no other man-made mechanism ever has attained. You'll admire these streamlined trains—no doubt they'll be commercially profitable—but you'll never love them. You'll never have the boys gathering at the depot to see old No. 46 come in if all they can see is an aluminum streak snaking across the landscape at 100 miles an hour. This world will be a sadder and duller place if the old iron horse is ever crowded off the rails.

Roundhouse Foreman



Just a Roughneck; No Executive Talent!

By JAMES W. EARP

Conductor on the Rock Island; Author of "Slippery Buck Slips," etc.

THE T. K. & P. had a general superintendent of motive power named Henry Tollerton, whose motto was "A square deal for every worker." Instead of accepting the reports of his subordinates, Henry liked to snoop around to see for himself how things were going.

Henry was playing a silent rôle the night he dropped off unheralded at Pineville. Pineville was the Siwash Division headquarters and home of his largest machine shops. He wandered about the roundhouse and shops. Suddenly he heard a bass voice bellowing from the cab of an engine close by:

"An' I'm givin' you twenty seconds to get it, me laddybuck! If you're longer than that, I'll be wreckin' your caboose with the toe of me boot. This pike is payin' you to work, not play."

Henry frowned. The language was abusive. Abuse had no place on the T. K. & P. Railroad. He saw a figure slide from the engine cab and speed toward the storehouse, returning almost immediately. However, the owner of the bass voice did not seem at all satisfied.

"Sure, an' why didn't you take a vacation while you was at it? A good

thing I'm not boss. If I was, half you loafers would be lookin' for jobs. Turtles are racehorses alongside most of you. If you want to steal, why not get a blackjack an' a gun an' do a good job of it, instead of robbin' a railroad?"

"My word!" Henry exclaimed sorrowfully. "This is outrageous. The morale of my force will be ruined. This man must be removed or else taught that his fellows must be given every consideration."

In spite of the grease and grime of the locomotive Henry mounted to the cab. A mechanic was at work. He was a giant with coal black hair and the jaw of a fighting bulldog. His running fire of comment pertained mostly to the time his helper's ancestors hung by their tails from the trees in Borneo. The only pause was when he looked up and saw Henry.

"What the hell do you want on this engine?" he growled.

"The foreman," Henry managed to reply, his courage somewhat shaken by the glaring blue eyes of the mechanic. "My word! I want the foreman."

"Well, look in the foreman's office!" ordered the mechanic. "Use your brains. What do you suppose a foreman'd be doin' on a dirty hog? Now, get movin'! You're disturbin' me helper." He whirled on the helper, who had paused to listen. "Go back to work! You're paid to make money for the railroad, not entertain visitors."

AT this the motive-power official backed down off the engine and gave up his inspection trip for the night. The next morning he sought out the master mechanic, Dave Solomon, better known as "King" Solomon because he knew men as well as he knew engines. If anybody had ever slipped anything over on the King, he was not now working anywhere in the mechanical department of the T. K. & P.

King Solomon listened to the tale of his chief, and grinned.

"That was Barney McCarthy, the best machinist that ever hit this pike. He's my next roundhouse foreman when I need one."

"Ridiculous!" snapped Henry. "Preposterous! My word! The man has no executive talent at all. He has no tact, no consideration for the feelings of others—"

"But he knows his business," King Solomon interrupted. "So do his helpers when they finish their trade under him, even if he does ride them. Which reminds me: You got my letter about giving me a new foreman at Exeter in place of Lonsdale?"

Henry nodded sadly. "There are times, David, when you are very unreasonable. Philip Lonsdale has the makings of an ideal executive. He is well educated."

"Educated?" King Solomon repeated angrily. "What the hell do I care about his education? I want a man who knows engines and how to handle men. Look what has happened since you placed him at Exeter. The lowest production per man hours since I came here. And you have the nerve to blame me because of his performances. What am I supposed to be here, a master mechanic or a big goat?"

"Now, David—"

King Solomon banged a fist on the desk. "Don't David me. I'm either the boss or I'm not the boss. If I'm not the boss, I'll go somewhere. Lonsdale is a nice lad, a good book engineer and a fine office boy, but he has no more business being foreman at Exeter over that bunch of wily old-timers than

a lamb has in a den of hungry lions. If he stays at Exeter, I'm through."

Henry fidgeted uneasily. Good master mechanics are not found every day. And even the vice president had waxed sarcastic over the increased production costs at Exeter along with the decreased efficiency. Perhaps Lonsdale might be better if placed in another department. The boy was young.

"Perhaps a change of foreman would increase our output there," he agreed gently. "Whom would you suggest, David?"

"Barney McCarthy. He'll straighten them out or burn them up alive."

"That uncouth fellow!" Henry groaned. "My word, David, the man does not even speak good English."

"Neither do the guys under him!" King Solomon snorted. "But they understand his language. And what the hell do I care about his English? I want a good roundhouse foreman up there, not a school teacher. It's a matter of discipline."

SO Barney McCarthy went to Exeter as night roundhouse foreman. The next morning two machinists and a boilermaker were at liberty to look for other jobs. Henry's first knowledge of it came when the "grievers" for the labor unions paid him a visit to protest.

"Fired them for just nothing at all," said one of the grievers. "Wouldn't put them back to work, either. Neither would King Solomon. That's why we come to you. This McCarthy is a regular slave driver. Not human at all."

"He's sure awful hard," chimed in the boilermakers' spokesman. "Fires a man for even wanting a drink of water, let alone getting one."

"I will look into these cases at once," Henry promised. "You will hear from me in a few days. I assure you that no worker will be discharged from the T. K. & P. without just cause."

True to his promise, Henry started out for the Siwash Division. At the last moment he decided to stop off at Exeter to see for himself how things were going. Long before he reached the vicinity of the roundhouse he heard McCarthy's bass voice bellowing:

"I'm givin' you thirty minutes to tighten up the wedges on the 2523. If you can't do it, say so an' I'll send you home to rest. You loafers might as well get wise right now that your days of sleepin' on this job are over."

"But, Barney," came a protesting voice, "you know—"

"Sure, an' I do know. That's why I'm tellin' you. I can do it because I know engines. If you don't, I'll hit you with a pay check so fast you'll still be dizzy while spendin' it. Come on! Throw out your feet!"

"Outrageous!" Henry told himself sorrowfully. "The feeling of goodwill that has taken me years to build up among the workers is being destroyed in a few short weeks by this illiterate machinist. I must protest to David. We should remove this fellow McCarthy before he ruins the morale of our men completely."

On Henry's arrival at Pineville, King Solomon greeted him with a grin. "I told you Barney would make a good foreman," he began before Henry could launch his demands. "Give him another six months and the boys will be cured of their hookworms entirely. Did you notice the jump in production per man hours since he took charge?"

"I have been more interested in the discipline administered," the chief re-

torted stiffly. "It is a disgrace. Has he no consideration for the welfare of the workers under him? What about their families, their years of service with the company?"

"What about the welfare of the railroad that paid them wages?" King Solomon shot back. "Would you uphold them in their laziness?"

"I uphold only the humanistic principles of the Golden Rule," Henry declared heatedly. "These men are entitled to a square deal, another chance. For that reason I am going to reinstate them."

"Well, you have that authority," King Solomon admitted. "But you'd better warn them to wake up and hit the ball or Barney will fire them again."

"If he does, I shall discharge him."

The King responded: "When you do, Henry, you'll need a new master mechanic as well. Think it over."

HENRY put the victims back to work. Nevertheless, the discharging of men at Exeter continued. Four laborers, one engine hostler, one boilermaker helper and one sandhouse attendant were listed on the discipline sheet to show that Barney McCarthy was still boss at Exeter. In high dudgeon he paid an unheralded visit to the Siwash Division to talk to King Solomon.

"I will not tolerate such actions on the part of any executive under me," Henry stormed. "This McCarthy is killing the morale of our men. We must do something with him, David. I appeal to you to help me."

"Why not make him a master mechanic?" King Solomon suggested. "You'll be needing one next year when I'm promoted to super."

"This is no laughing matter, David. This is serious. McCarthy must go."

"Not while I can prevent it, Henry," the M. M. replied. "I see you do not know Barney as well as I do. Smart boy, Barney. Make a good master mechanic."

"Ridiculous!" Henry snapped. "The man has no feeling for his fellowmen, no consideration. What would have become of those human beings he discharged had I not reinstated them?"

"Barney would probably have put them back to work if you hadn't. But he knew you would. So did I."

"Eh?" from the surprised Henry.

King Solomon smiled. "Of course! In fact, he wanted you to do just that. Makes them think he is more hard-boiled than he is. Good for discipline. And those fellows have been hitting the ball for him ever since."

"What about these four laborers he discharged?" Henry demanded peevishly, pointing to the monthly discipline report. "Has he reinstated them?"

"No. Furthermore, he never will. They were extra hands and almost worthless as workers. Their chief interest was in shooting craps with the other workers. Barney fired them when he found they were using crooked dice."

"Was the engine hostler a gambler?"

The King shook his head. "He was careless. Had a habit of coming into the roundhouse under steam. Barney warned him time after time. The night he went through the roundhouse wall was the end for him. I suppose you will howl when you get the bill for repairs to the wall."

"That is a small matter when the welfare of a man and his family are at stake," Henry said truculently. "We will reinstate him at once."

"Too late," King Solomon chuckled. "He went back on the road as a fireman."

Henry sat down to think all this over. Finally he said: "What about this boilermaker's helper? Is he working?"

"As a switchman. The boy always wanted to be a switchman. His father insisted on him being a boilermaker. The kid hated the work. Barney knew it. So Barney did the boy and the father and the railroad all a favor by firing him."

Henry was a trifle groggy by this time, but he was not whipped yet. There was the sandhouse attendant, Pat O'Connor, an old friend of his boyhood days. No mere foreman was going to fire Pat and get away with it, not while Henry Tollerton, general superintendent of motive power, was on the job.

"He fired Pat O'Connor," Henry said. "Claimed he was asleep on the job. What if he was? Pat is an old man. Anyway, his work is not so important as to demand that he stay awake on it. I want Pat put back to work immediately."

King Solomon yawned. "Pat never lost a day of work, Henry. Barney saw to that. You see, Superintendent Plater was the one who found Pat asleep. He insisted the old man be fired. And was Barney peeved! What does Barney do but send the old man to the oilhouse in place of Fritz Peterson, and put Fritz on Pat's job? Plater doesn't know yet of the trick that was pulled on him."

"My word!" Henry exclaimed. "How very ingenious! Perhaps Mr. McCarthy really does have executive talent. I shall give him a better job at the earliest opportunity."

The Sunny Side of the Track

VALVE OIL

BACK in 1914, when I was oil man, the Denver & Rio Grande got an economy streak. They gave me a key and a flock of "pink" tickets, each to be signed by an engineer wanting extra valve oil.

Now, those tickets worked detrimentally if too many of them showed up with any one eagle-eye's John Henry on 'em. Most of the boys wanted to keep their engines well greased but didn't want to sign pink tickets to do so. So, I entered into a plot with 'em. Every time I gave one an extra pint of valve oil, I'd add a pint of the cheaper and inferior signal oil to the barrel of valve oil. By the time the barrel was nearly empty, the valve oil was a pale amber color and ran like thin water. But each payday I collected between 50c. to $1 from each conscientious engineer. And all of us were happy, except the railroad company.
—Gilbert A. Lathrop, Gunnison, Colo.

TURKEY DINNER FOR THE CREW

IT was Christmas Eve. I sat in the train dispatcher's chair at Ashland, Ky. At my elbow stood Trainmaster C. M. Freeman, dour, forbidding. A few minutes before, at his dictation, I had sent the following message to a homeward-bound freight crew a hundred miles back in the hills:

> **Conductor Jim Baals: Set your train off at Paintsville, turn, and return to Shelby, moving 58 empty gondolas Paintsville to Shelby.—C. M. F.**

The telegraph sounder began to snap. I took up a pen and copied the following message:

> **C. M. F.: Christmas Eve. Broke, and a hundred miles from home. No turkey dinner. Have a heart.—Jim Baals and crew.**

Before I could reach for the key C. M. F. had bent forward and seized it. He was an expert telegraph operator. Then I sat and listened to him send this message:

> Conductor Jim Baals: Tomorrow, when you get back to Pikeville, present this telegram to the proprietor of the Pike Hotel, and he will furnish you and your entire train and engine crew with a turkey dinner and all the trimmings and charge to me.—C. M. Freeman.

That was many years ago. Mr. Freeman has retired and is now living at Bradentown, Fla. Jim Baals later went out West. If either of them see this I am sure they will remember the circumstance. I'll be glad to hear from them at 726 Eastland Ave., Akron, Ohio.—William H. Overley.

* * *

SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED

THEY are making a great fuss about an engineer on a railroad in Germany who has run on the road 49 years and never had an accident.

We don't see anything wonderful about it. The engineer on a German railroad, we believe, always walks ahead of his train and shoos everything off the track, while his wife shoves the train along after him.

Still, we can see how an accident might happen. The engineer might grow weary and climb on the train and go to sleep, and so get into the station ahead of time, and run the risk of catching a severe cold while waiting for the Esteamagewagonhausbundelrassmeisteh (German for station agent) to open the Sweitrakagesteamwagonusgeroundhausmitswansigdoors (roundhouse).—Brooklyn Eagle.

* * *

THE BIG BRASS COLLAR

THE Big Brass Collar is to take an inspection trip, and word is passed down the line. Everybody knows, at the various terminals, when to expect him. Offices are swept and dusted, yards are cleaned of litter, and material is stacked in orderly piles to be kicked over when he is gone.

All is set, and No. 9 comes barging into the terminal with a smoother stop than usual. The "goat" is coupled onto the 90-ton "brain box" with a rubber-coupler impact. Mustn't jar, or you'll get a dirty look and a bawling out from the T.M.

After a measured length of time—just long enough to make the proper impression on his small-fry greeters—the Big Brass Collar makes his appearance. Commencing with the Super, he gives each the glad hand in order of seniority. If he is a "right" guy he knows everybody and greets them with their given name and a cheerful word for each. If he is a "left" guy he only knows those he feels like finding fault with.

While being followed around by the "yes" men, the Big Brass Collar starts in to ask a lot of questions—mostly silly ones—and insists on answers to suit him. The "yardlets" and roundhouse foreman are the main ones he aims a flock of questions at. If the Big B. C. is a transportation man, he can understand their language and, when his visit is over, he will have a good insight on what is being done. But if he was raised in some other department, he is hard to talk to—and, well, the going is hard.

If he is a "right" guy you are glad to have him come around. But if he leans to the "left" you are glad to see the back of his neck and hope he'll forget to return. —D. M. Augustine, 1128 S. 4th St., Paducah, Ky.

* * *

DOWN AT THE BEANERY

TO the old beanery shack by the railroad track,
Where the railroadin' brotherhood eat,
You'll always come back to hear a wisecrack,
Or sometimes an old crony meet.

Where the jolly old host, once a railroadin' blackie,
With ready nod and welcome mit,
Greets High-Daddy Sam or young boomer Jackie;
Asks: "What will you have and where will you sit?"

On cold stormy nights we don't give a hoot;
Around the old stove our feet on the stack,
The call boy burns a hole in his boot,
Calling "Casey Jones on Number Two track."

A railroadin' rime, a yarn or a story;
The night wears on with laughter and song.
We're happy together; we're all in our glory.
The eats are good and our appetite long.

So here's to the brotherhood o' railroadin' men.
The storm may roar and rumble and clatter,
We're happy together, like cubs in a den;
We're down at the beanery, so what does it matter?

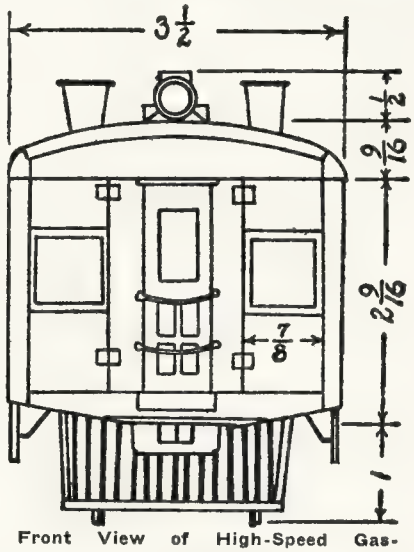
—Boomer Wilson.

Conducted by Charles G. Cunningham

How to Build a Gas-Electric Car

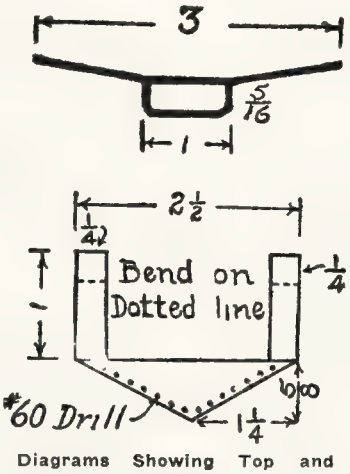
READERS have been asking for something to supplement the regular trains on model systems — something with plenty of speed, pickup and action, and yet with a close resemblance to the real thing. The railroads' answer to bus competition was a gas-electric car. It outruns buses and gives safer and more comfortable transportation, resulting in less crowded roads and fewer accidents. How about building one of these?

If you have a battered engine with a good motor you can make a gas-electric car model without much trouble. Its speed and realism will more than repay you for the small amount of extra work needed to build it. Even the oldest roads are modernizing with gas-electrics. Why not your road? You realize, of course, that these "buggies" have developed to the modern streamline trains from something similar to 4-wheeled trolley cars. But let's get started!



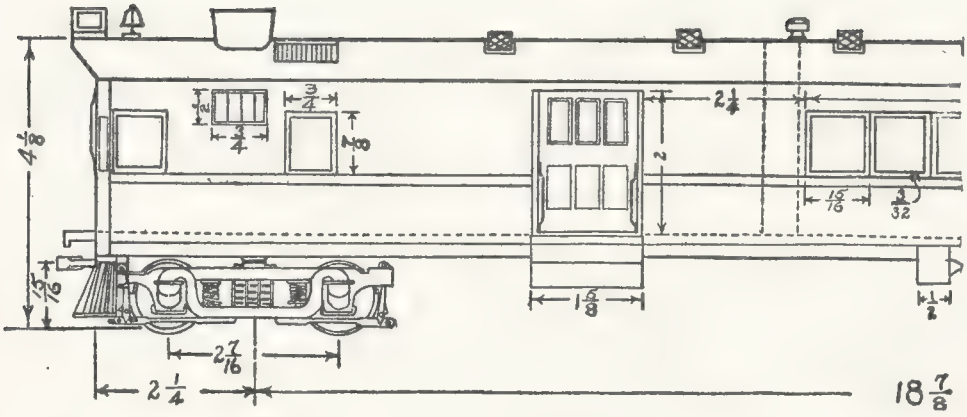
Front View of High-Speed Gas-Electric Car

Three-ply bristol board for the sides and end of the car will cost about 40c. First cut 2 strips 25" by 2½" for the sides of your car. On one strip lay out in pencil the windows in the motor compartment and baggage door, and a long rectangle for all windows in the passenger compartment. Now place one strip on top of the other; thumb-tack them together. With a razor blade or a sharp penknife cut out the windows and doors. Do not start from one corner and cut to the other, but rather start from each corner and work toward the middle of the line. This will avoid ragged edges.



Diagrams Showing Top and Bottom of Cowcatcher for Gas-Electric Car

Get some celluloid and a bottle of India ink. Windows in the motor compartment are backed with plain celluloid. The baggage door is a separate piece of bristol board with the door panels and windows outlined in ink. Glue this in back of the rectangle you cut for the baggage door. By doing



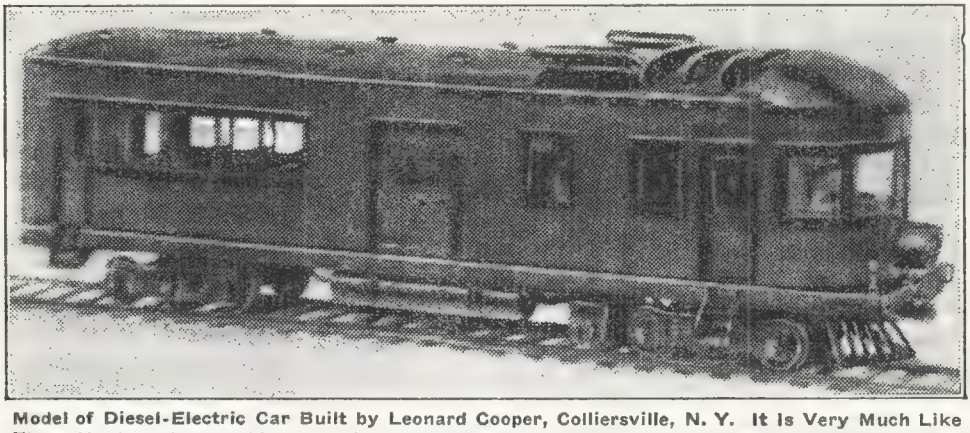
this your baggage door looks as if it were a real sliding door.

The strip of celluloid for the passenger compartment windows is 13" by 1". Window posts should be scratched on the back of this strip with the flattened point of a nail. This done, the scratched lines are filled in with India ink. Practice beforehand on a piece of scrap celluloid until you get the knack of making these scratches the proper depth. Cut edges of celluloid in notches like the teeth of a saw so that the glue will run over the points and make a firm bond.

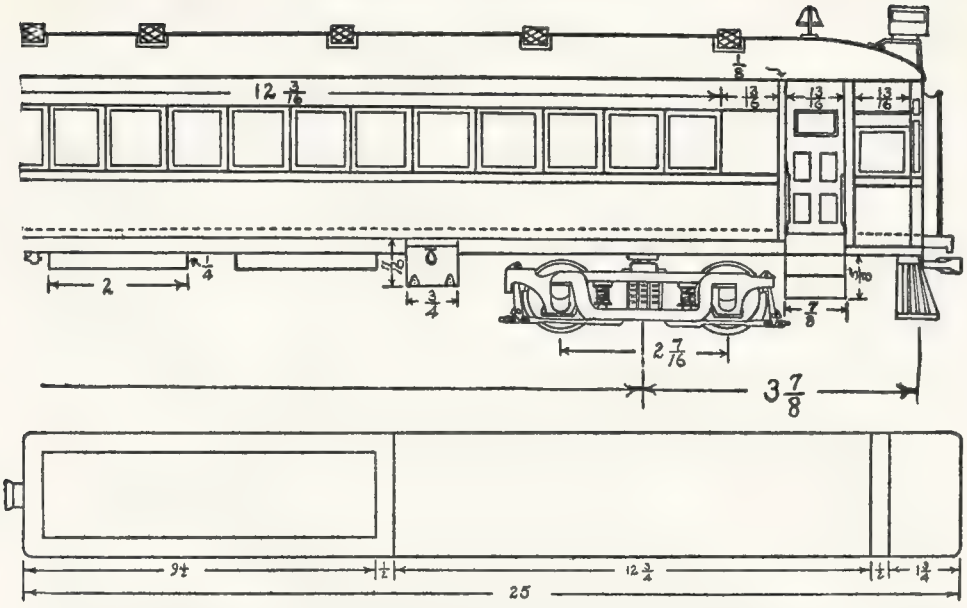
Celluloid has a tendency to break away if glue is applied only to one surface. Spread the glue on the car side, not on the celluloid. In this and in all other gluing operations, to make a firm bond you must keep the parts flat and under pressure until the glue has set.

Make the door leading to the passenger compartment the same way you did the baggage door. The thin strip under the passenger windows is a piece of bristol board 1/8" wide glued into place. The front of the car may be made exactly as the car sides. (See drawing for dimensions.) The rear is a regular passenger car type, and should be made of wood, carved to shape.

Build the floor out of a piece of wood about 1/4" by 25" by 3½". In the front end cut a rectangle to allow for your motor. This rectangle will, of course, depend upon the size of motive power you plan to use.



Model of Diesel-Electric Car Built by Leonard Cooper, Colliersville, N. Y. It Is Very Much Like Those Used on the San Diego & Arizona Eastern Ry. (Photo in July '35 Issue, Page 85), Except That the S.D.&A.E. Cars Have Four-Wheeled Trucks and Two Headlights, One Just Above the Other



Diagrams Showing Side View and Bottom of Interurban Car Similar to One Pictured on Page 122

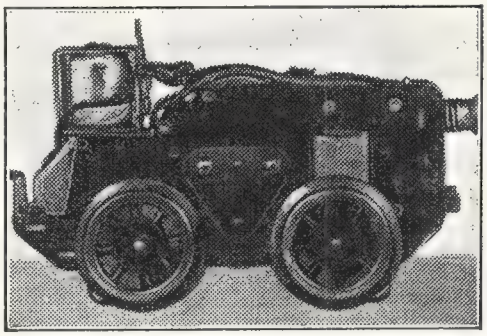
If you have a motor like the one in the photo, make your hole 2¾" by 8".

Often the reverse control is in the way. It may be removed from the motor and set up farther back in the car. Use care in cutting wires that connect the reverse to the motor. It takes longer to tie a different-colored thread to each wire as you cut it, but in the end there can be no mistake when assembling it again.

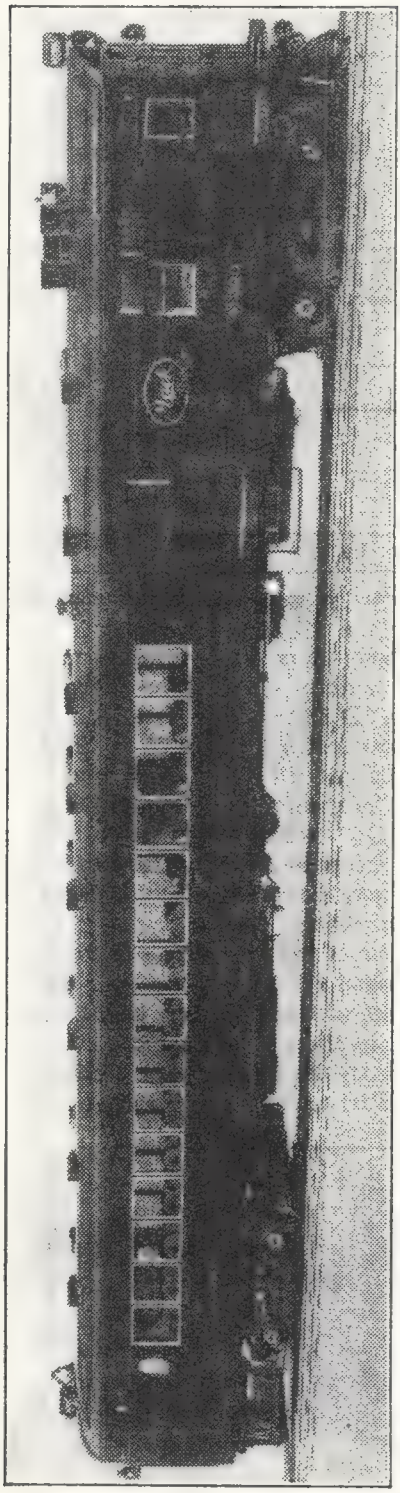
Dig down in the tool box and wipe off your soldering tools. You are going to use them. For the pilot we'll leave the beaten path and make one which will look like the real thing when finished but won't be half the headache to construct. For the top and bottom plates use 1/32" brass. Drill your plates as shown in drawing, using a No. 59 drill. Place a little soldering flux on each part before inserting and touch each piece with solder after it is in place. Drawing shows the small tab to be bent on the dotted line where the pilot fastens on the car floor. Underbody accessories, such as battery box, tool box, and air brake cylinder may be made from extra pieces of pine or balsa wood.

Use any type of trucks as long as they have wheel clearance, and do not throw the car body up or down. If they are too low, use washers between the frame and car body. If they are too high, cut a hole in the floor and add a crosspiece. Before assembling car sides and floor, you will need two bulkheads. These are plain pieces of wood ½" and 2½" by 3½". Place them as shown in drawing. Nail and glue the side and bottom to them, using fine brads for nailing.

For the roof you need a piece of straight-grained wood 25" by 3½" by ½". Mark one surface with an X, this is your bottom side. Along the 4 sides make a pencil line ¼" up from the bottom edge. This ¼" strip is to be recessed or cut away a space



Average Motor Used in Gas-Electric Models



Prototype of Mack Rail-Car M-200 with Baggage Compartment, Used Mostly in High-Speed Interurban Passenger Service. Graceful and Slender as a Greyhound, a Model of This Type Would Make an Interesting Addition to Any Miniature Railroad System. Some of the Big Steam Roads Are Finding That Rail-Cars Solve Their Problem of Bus Competition, Especially on Branch Lines Where Traffic Is Not Heavy, and Model Railroaders Need Have No Hesitation in Following Suit

equal to the thickness of your car sides.

In forming the top and ends of your roof, a small block plane and wood rasp will be handy to have. Use No. 2 sandpaper to produce the final curvature. The short overhang in the front end can be made from a scrap piece of 1/32" brass or coffee tin. Ventilators are of wood 3/8" square. Now chamfer—or round—the edges with sandpaper. Cut notches in the roof; glue the vents into place. Exhaust pipes on the roof front end are built similar to the smokestacks of modern liners. Make them of balsa.

I advise you to buy the headlights. Those in the 3/8" scale would be just about right. The stand for the rear headlight is made from 1/16" brass. Bells are standard locomotive type. These cars are often equipped with compressed air horns of the inter-city bus type. The 2 radiators are made from sheet brass with No. 50 drill rod, and soldered on in vertical rows.

In assembling the car use a strong fish glue. Paint the car dead black with white or gold lettering, and put the car number on the ends and sometimes the sides. If you varnish the car, use varnish that doesn't dry glossy, and be sure to mix lampblack with it.

* * *

Model Engineers and Clubs

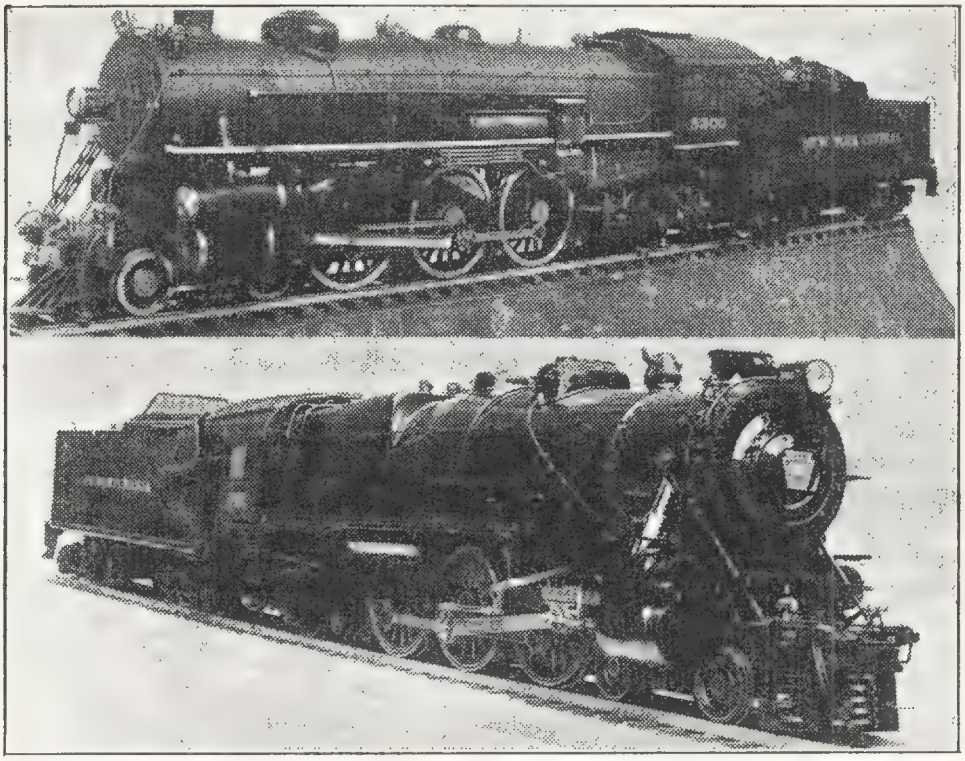
ITEMS are printed free here and in the Trading Post. Write very plainly. We are not responsible for mistakes in connection with letters that are hard to read. Letters intended for publication in our Feb. issue must be received before Nov. 15. If you like this dept., vote for it in the coupon on page 143.

* * *

ALWAYS use a 2c. reply postal card or else enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope when you write to this dept. for information about model railroading, or when you write to any of the names listed here. Many readers refuse to answer persons who neglect this courtesy.

* * *

ENGINEER L. C. RILEY ground his new electric locomotive to a halt. A third rail shoe had jammed under the feeder rail. He swung to the ground to examine it. Employees of a nearby powerhouse gathered around to josh him about hard luck. Out of the darkness came the pinpoint of a locomotive headlight. It grew brighter, a rumble was heard, mixed with the clack of approaching train wheels. The powerhouse operator made a wild dash to shut off his circuit-breaker, while Riley made a desperate effort to free his third-rail shoe. Men raced up the track to flag down the approaching train. Would the engineer of this "ghost extra" never see the red lanterns? Everybody closed their eyes and waited for the crash . . . It never came. The extra slid to a halt not 3 inches from the stalled juice engine.



Two Beautiful Live Steamers. N. Y. C. Model Was Built by Alfred Kollmar. Pennsy K4-s, Created by Fred Carter, Was Introduced as Evidence in a Murder Trial. (Details Printed Below)

All this happened on the O gage model track of the local Y.M.C.A. Boys' Club, where I took the chassis of my new model locomotive for a tryout. The extra had been standing on a dead section of track which, through some unknown cause, had come to life. The train was finally halted by several boys grabbing hold of it. The incident gave us a tense moment.—L. C. Riley, 56 Fairleigh Ave. S., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

* * *

I MADE a model of a Frisco engine and 5 cars from balsa wood. Total length, 18". Has anyone else similar small models?—R. Zahuise, Jr., 412 Jonathan Court, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

MODEL fans in Canada and U. S., please write. I have started construction on a Pacific type streamlined locomotive.—Geo. Jarris, c/o E. Rea, St. Mary's, R.R. 6, Ont., Canada.

* * *

WOULD like to hear from model fans.—J. Short, 412 Franklin Ave., Amherst, O.

* * *

MY road is small both in gage and rolling stock. I have 7 frt. and 3 pass. cars, with a free-lance Pacific for motive power. Would like to hear from other HO men.—R. Gleis, 1541 S.W. 4th St., Miami, Fla.

* * *

MODEL of K4-s type loco., which hauls the Pennsy "American," was used as evidence at the trial of Robert Edward and Alfred Van Shuren, charged with second-degree murder of Engineer Robert Black, of Carnegie, Pa. They were convicted of killing Black on Oct. 21, 1934, by tampering with the track, derailing a train. The model, valued at $5,000, required 4,000 hours to build. Fred Carter, a Pennsy employee of Irwin, Pa., built it. George A. Slack, who was firing for Black at the time of the wreck, referred to the model in his testimony on how he crawled from the shattered cab after going into the ditch at 55 m.p.h.—D. Swaney, 220 Olin Ave., Girard, Pa.

* * *

HERE are details about my P.R.R. K4-s ¾" scale live steamer, which was introduced as evidence at the murder trial: Cylinders were made of iron with a 1⅜" bore by 1¾" stroke. Boiler was made of copper; carries 100 lbs. pressure. It is fitted with shaker grates and cab-operated cylinder cocks, 2 injectors, axle-driven feed-pump, emergency hand-pump in the tender, brakes, blower, whistle, steam and water gages. There are more than 6,000 rivets in the engine and tender. About 3,000 were used in the tender, which runs on roller-bearings and is designed to carry the engineer.

I have had the model in use about 100 hours, but at present she is painted up and rests in a glass roundhouse at the Pennsy Station in Pittsburgh. This job took me about 4,000 hours and 4 years of spare time. I am a machinist in the air-brake shop at Pitcairn, Pa.—Fred G. Carter, R. F. D. 2, Irwin, Pa.

* * *

I BUILT a loco. model in 6 months. It is 6 ft. long, 12 inches high, 8½ inches across the cylinders, and weighs 100 lbs.—Lee McClain, 1413 Fort St., Miles City, Mont.

* * *

HERE is how I built my N. Y. Central K-3 scale model, ¾". Wheels are cast iron with working leaf springs. Cylinders are of cast iron and have bronze valves. Main frames, valve gear, connecting rods and side rods were cut from cold rolled steel. Boiler is all copper, with 13 tubes, 126 stay bolts, superheater, injector, 2 cylinder water pumps, steam gage, water glass, and 8 wheel valves. She is coal fired, carrying 90 lbs. steam pressure. Holds 1½ gals. water. Total height of engine, 11¾"; width

7½"; length, 5¼'. She is now resting in the Buffalo Museum of Science. I have an 0-8-0 switcher nearly finished and plan to get started soon on a 2800 series Mountain type. I want to hear from other real steam men.—A. Kollmar, 364 Dewey Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

OPEN house every Tues. at Brooklyn R.R. Club. Bring your ¼" models for testing and operating. Meet other model builders.—H. W. Saler, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

THE old-time model train owned by F. Wyman (see Oct. '35 issue) is similar to mine. In 1912 I put a clock-work motor in mine. I also changed the wheels on engine and tender trucks.—W. Landon, Heath, Mass.

* * *

MIDGET PENNA is the name of my road. The layout is modeled after Broad St. station here, with 200 ft. of track. My motive power is an O-1-C electric and an 0-4-0 switcher.—J. Mannix, 1305 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RHODE ISLAND BROTHERHOOD OF MODEL R.R. announces that R. Summer, secretary, through change of position, has been transferred to Calif.—T. Speidel, 89 Somerset St., Providence, R. I.

* * *

I HAVE a model layout in my basement with 75 ft. of track, 14 steam type engines, 5 electric and 2 streamliners.—J. Begley, 45½ Vincent St., Newark, N. J.

* * *

OUR double-tracked road is the Passaic Valley & Western, using a space of 23 by 11 ft., now ready for operation. We have two P-7 locos. and a K-5 under the sheds. All ¼" scale. —Paterson Model R.R. Society, 26 E. 20th St., Paterson, N. J.

* * *

VIENNA MODEL SOCIETY is located at Vienna XVIII Gymnasiumstrasse 29, Austria.—Josef Danilowatz, secretary.

* * *

MAXIME SOUTHERN RY. is the name of my road.—W. Lendrich, Brightwaters, L. I., N. Y.

The Model Trading Post

I'LL trade my collection of 5000 postmarks from 70 countries for model equipt.—C. Bird, Box 44, Center Line, Mich.

* * *

WILL trade my strd. gage loco. for Bassett-Lowke O gage motor.—R. Stetler, 107 E. Elizabeth Ave., Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE 110-volt motor, Erector set motor and Daisy gun to trade for O-gage elec. steam type loco.—W. Barhorst, 4253 Austin Ave., Chicago.

* * *

WILL swap my radio for O-gage equipt. Also will gladly help model railroad beginners. Send me your questions and self-addressed stamped envelope.—K. Pierson, Stanhope, N. J.

* * *

MY Ives O-gage frt. and pass. cars to trade for Lionel O-gage equipt.—R. Monaco, Box 383, Weston, Mass.

* * *

WILL exchange Erector set and old copies of "R.R. Stories" for Lionel equipt.—D. Sharpe, 388 3rd St., Albany, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED O-gage equipt. I have ¼" scale parts of E-6s loco.—F. Kirr, 627 Madison Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

* * *

WANTED: A. F. train Ambassador and Lionel automatic couplers in exchange for law, garden, machine books.—G. Schwark, 7112 Lawn Ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

BEST offer for my Lionel O-gage outfit takes it. Includes 3 switches, 25 pieces track, 4 frt. cars, etc.—O. Cahn, 12 E. 97th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

HAVE Lionel outfit No. 408-E. What am I offered?—H. Minister, 5628 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

WANTED: Scale model equipt.—G. Archer, 353 E. 169th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

I HAVE A. F. 8 wheeled pass. cars; what offers?—D. Martilla, Oriska, N. D.

* * *

WILL swap my O-gage track and engine for what have you?—R. Biermann, R. 1, Box 196, Hermit, Calif.

* * *

MAKE offers for my Lionel loco. No. 153, 3 frt. cars, crane, track, etc.—H. French, 6623 Musgrave St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

* * *

SELF-FEED drill press, miter box, steam loco. and tender, ¼" scale blueprints to trade for loco. pictures or railroad book.—F. Emmert, R.F.D. 1, Philo, O.

* * *

I HAVE many copies of fiction mags. to trade for what have you?—R. Treptow, 9411 Throop St., Chicago.

WILL exchange my A. F. trains for Lionel O-gage equipt.—C. Gehrke, Box 508, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

* * *

WANTED: Erector set which builds the Hudson loco.—C. Meyer, 1014 Grunview Ave., Des Plaines, Ill.

* * *

WHAT offers for No. 4 Erector set, 8 frt., 3 Pullman cars, all O-gage?—J. Wood, 4531 Pulaski Ave., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

* * *

WILL trade my timetables, stamps, books, for O-gage equipt.—E. McCabe, Box 53-A, Route 1, Gulfport, Miss.

* * *

I WILL swap my set ¼" driving wheels for what have you?—J. Morele, 458 Jackson Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

* * *

MAKE offers for my 45 ft. of ½" scale steel running rail.—J. Gherna, Florence, Colo.

* * *

HAVE many issues of "R.R. Stories" to trade for O-gage A. F. equipt.—N. Ford, 215 Belgrade St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

WILL trade postcard views, clippings, photos., etc.—E. Williamson, 13010 Kerchwal Apts., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

MY Lionel power station, frt. shed, etc., are offered in exchange for Lionel rolling stock.—F. Reichert, 795 Hudson St., Hawley, Pa.

* * *

WANTED: Plans for tinplate rolling stock, switches, etc. I offer Daisy gun, box camera, golf clubs.—R. Ressler, 713 Young Ave., Canton, Ohio.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel locos., frt. cars, equipt.—W. Wilkie, 88 Beekman Rd., Summit, N. J.

* * *

I WILL trade my Lionel No. 254 loco. for 262 or 262-E loco.—W. Higginbotham, Box 636, Morrisville, Vt.

* * *

HAWKINS ELEC. GUIDE offered in exchange for O-gage equipt. in good condition.—C. Freed, 3540 Sunnyside Ave., East Falls, Pa.

* * *

WANTED: Ives train catalogs. State condition.—W. Giles, Jr., Box 124, White Haven, Pa.

* * *

WHO has O gage equipt. to trade for science magazines.?—W. B. Francis, Jr., 506 Rigsbee Ave., Durham, N. C.

* * *

I HAVE 4 Baldwin Loco. Mags., 2 back issues of "Railroad Stories" and 2 mechanical mags. to trade for Lionel O gage steam type loco.—Paul Culp, 3513 A St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Death Valley Days

By RALPH A. SNYDER

Ex-Boomer Trainman, Yardmaster, etc.; Author of "Auld Lang Syne"

Then We All Straddled Them Burros and Took after Them Cows

"I WISH," sighed the trainmaster's clerk wearily, "that you'd write your name so's people can read it." As he spoke he laid a mass of ready-to-sign correspondence before the bushy-browed trainmaster.

"Wassa matter now?"

Trainmaster Borden, generally known as the "Desert Tiger," brushed back his heavy mop of hair and released a dust cloud to stay suspended on the torrid desert air.

"I write neat letters," said the clerk evenly, all the while edging around the desk, "but you use only streaks of blots in signing them. People don't know who to reply to."

The Tiger's dusty face cracked. "And people don't know I walked ten miles this morning before daylight because that damn V.X. engineer wouldn't stop for my fusee," he bit off sharply. "Anything else?"

"Yes." The clerk speculated for a moment. "The superintendent is complaining that people send mail intended for you to his office because

they don't know who signed it. He's had to hire an extra clerk."

"And that," snapped the trainmaster peevishly, "gripes that old tightwad, I know. What's that?" He eyed a message the clerk was in the act of handing him.

The clerk pursed his lips and remained silent. The Tiger took the sheet of message paper and scowled at it. It proved to be a memo he had dictated to the conductor of the S.L.D. stock train asking for more definite information on a delay of two hours the train had had at Crucero. Beneath it the boomer conductor had scrawled:

"Who the hell wants to know?"

Now there are things which agitate the soul of a trainmaster. This was one of them, and the Tiger's soul revolted. For a moment only his eyes worked. Then his face contorted, and his hair seemed to bristle.

"What," he roared, half rising, "does that half-witted, sun-parched ape mean by this?"

"He wants to know," explained the clerk patiently, "who he's to answer to. He couldn't figure out from your signature. You see," he tried to smile, but it was just a sickly crack, "he's one of those new boomer conductors you hired last week."

"Last week!" bellowed the Tiger, his hand shaking with emotion. "Well, I'll can him this week!"

"He was willing to explain," said the clerk wearily.

"Explain! I say, he'll explain. I'll not have a conductor working for me who can't read my signature."

"He could read what I typed," pointed out the clerk. "But when you signed it you just smeared down a blot in your hurry. Maybe you'd better buy a rubber stamp, Mr. Borden."

"A rubber stamp!"

Tiger sank back in his chair in evident dismay, but it was only the crouch before the spring. He came flaming up to pound the desk with his ham-like fist. The inkwell went rolling. However, the gooey contents didn't spill. With his face pushed across the desk, the official bawled savagely:

"Besides herding a bunch of boomers for twenty-four hours a day I must include another ten hours practicing writing so this bunch of bums can read it? Huh?"

The clerk picked up the scattered papers. "Not that long, Mr. Borden," he replied wearily, "but you might use more time. Our superintendent is raving."

The Tiger forced a laugh. "When," he asked bitingly, "wasn't he raving? He sends me out to this flea-bitten desert to practice writing, huh? Hell of a note! What I need here is railroaders who can be depended on to obey signals and be where the caller expects to find them instead of three states away looking for another job. Bah!" With a final slam he sent the papers scattering again.

As the clerk replaced them, the official caught his breath to bellow: "Listen, you! That's insubordination! Send that conductor a message to come in. I'll can him."

"He's in, Mr. Borden."

"He's what?"

"He came in." The clerk gestured wearily toward a man who sat on the mourner's bench. "That's him."

THE Tiger came from his chair with a spurt, whirled, message in hand, to confront the tall, long-jawed, loose-jointed individual who sat fascinated at the official's masterful manner. "You—" shouted the Tiger, then caught his breath to eye the message.

For a moment the office was silent. Finally the official ripped his eyes from the message to roar:

"What the hell's your name?"

A shade of displeasure crossed the boomer's face. His movement was of quiet dignity as he rose and pointed with grimy finger to the message. "I wrote my name on there," he said shortly.

For a moment the Tiger seemed about to explode. Then he tried to laugh. "I see something below what you wrote," he said nastily, "but I can't read it."

The conductor drew himself up another inch. "My name," he said coolly, "is Baalum; I'm Conductor Baalum."

The Tiger cooled down and said: "The owner of the ass, I presume?"

A startled look came into the conductor's face. He was not familiar with the Bible story. It was as though the trainmaster had suddenly probed a sore spot in his soul. His denial started away down in his vitals, gathered strength as it struggled upward, and when it rumbled past his lips it was undeniably clear.

"I," he said with dignity, "ride hosses."

"And you're going back to them," yelled the Tiger, shaking the message savagely. "I'm canning you right now."

Instead of clouding, the conductor's face took on a rare beam of delight. The very reflection of pleasure about him sent the puzzled trainmaster recoiling. And the big boomer's startling statement didn't help any.

"I was hopin'," he said with a happy smile, "that you'd do that."

"Hoping?"

"That's why I didn't follow that noisy brat of a caller to the caboose an' take the train out."

The Tiger seemed to be choking. "You wanted me to fire you?" It was more the statement of a fact he wanted to verify than anything else.

"It's this way," explained the conductor confidentially. "They're wantin' drivers for the borax wagon mule teams over at Baker an' I thought I'd as well mosey on."

"To—to drive mules?"

The big man nodded. "Hain't no fool report on delays to make over there."

"Well, well, I'll be—" Then the trainmaster's mouth snapped shut. So that was it! Just wanted to drift. Like all boomers. Wrote that insult to get his check quick. Well, he'd show him! Mr. Baalum's whiskers would be crowding his socks out of his shoes before he'd can him now. The idea! Besides, cuss them all he pleased, the Tiger knew that when a boomer went out with a train he always brought his train in.

"Before you get any check," gritted the Tiger, "you'll explain that two-hour delay at Crucero. Hear me?"

"We was handlin' stock," replied Baalum slowly.

The Tiger teetered back and forth. "So your delay report said," he said sarcastically. "But why handle stock at Crucero? We've no stock pens there."

"Made it worse for us, too," muttered Baalum with a wistful look across the desert to where the twenty-mule teams were waiting for his mastership.

"Yah?"

"That made it a longer delay; no stock pens," the conductor went on confidentially. "You see," he smiled, "we didn't get to stop for the railroad crossin' there at Crucero. My engineer was takin' a nap with his feet on the boiler

head." He smiled whimsically. "He didn't wake up."

The Tiger's forehead wrinkled. "You mean," he questioned ominously, "that your engineer was asleep and ran the stop signal at the Crucero crossing?"

Baalum smiled. The trainmaster was an understanding soul, after all. Not at all obnoxious, as was generally reported.

"That caused the delay, too," he admitted somewhat soberly. "Seems that little B. & B. train had come up to the crossing, stopped, and was moving on when we sort of shot on in front of them. They'd figured on our makin' the stop, so't seems. But we didn't stop. And they come on."

The Tiger's face became a carved image.

"And they hit you?"

"We was on th' crossin'," the conductor admitted.

"And—"

"That was it," smiled the boomer.

"What?"

Baalum's face clouded. Why were people so dense? He'd explained it all. When he spoke his tone carried a peevish lilt.

"We got three cars over before that little engine nosed in and cut us in two," he explained patiently. "That set our air an' woke up th' hogger. He bumped his snoot on th' throttle, too. One car of stock went off on th' ground an' busted out th' end. Them," the conductor's face clouded, "was th' hardest damn cows to round up you ever saw."

THE Tiger stepped back aghast. An unearthly cry tore from his breast. What a mess! What a hell of a mess! A wreck on his division two days ago and he, the trainmaster, just hearing of it! A lovely session he would be doomed to endure with the caustic superintendent.

The desert swam up and choked the trainmaster. When it subsided he saw the conductor sitting on the bench, calmly puffing his brown paper smoke. In the boomer's eyes was that faraway look that long ago the Tiger had come to understand. He might as well hire a conductor.

"Do you mean to tell me," Borden leaned forward wearily, "that the B. & B. train derailed one of your cars, spilled a load of stock on the desert, and you rerailed the car, rounded up the cows, and merely sent in that silly report of delayed handling stock?"

Baalum nodded.

"We *was* handling stock."

"I'll say you was," breathed the Tiger dismally. "And someone's going to handle a check, too."

"That's what me'n' the engineer agreed on," smiled Baalum, his face brightening again.

"Agreed?"

"We figured it out that we'd get canned if we went to the trouble of tellin' all we knew. Him, he didn't want to get canned. The engineer, I mean; 'cause his record ain't so hot an' he wanted to quit so's to take away a good service letter."

The Tiger's breath came with a jerk.

"He quit?"

"Went away on Number Seven. Had a real nice service letter, too."

"Well—I'll be damned!"

Baalum puffed contentedly. "Me, I won't need no service letter to herd them broom-tails over in Death Valley, so I just waited until they got away."

"They?"

"Flagman an' head brakeman, too."

Moments seemed to be days. The

clerk's typewriter clattered in the adjoining room. Baalum smoked in serene silence, entirely unmindful of the volcano smoldering in the trainmaster's breast. After tense moments of agony the official's voice broke the silence. It was humble now—even weak:

"Tell me," he coaxed softly, "how'd you arrange to do all that? Fix the car—load the stock?"

The conductor smiled in a superior fashion.

"That was not so easy," he said with a slight gesture, "but we managed it. We took a crowbar an' pried up the station platform there an' built us a runway, fan-like, leading in th' car. Took one or so to nail on the end of the car. Then we all straddled them burros what always loafs about the crossin' there an' took after them cows. That was all."

"All?"

"Well, not all, mebby," admitted the conductor thoughtfully. "Them was the orneriest cows I ever tailed. But they weren't acquainted with cactus an' after they'd stomped into a lot of it they sorter reasoned that even with a sleepin' fool a-pullin' them they were safer in a nice stock car. They went in. I—I reckon, mebby you'd better send down two-three planks for that platform. We laid 'em again, but was a couple short. You see," Baalum hitched uneasily, "the flagman smacked a bull on th' snoot with one an' busted it."

"The bull?"

"No. The plank."

The Tiger leaned forward. "You mean the flagman was galloping about on that desert on a burro leaving the rear of the train unprotected?"

"All of us was," replied Baalum unmoved. "Had three bums a-ridin', too. You see it was level about there an' wouldn't been no trouble for th' flag to light a shuck down th' track on his burro if a train'd slowed up."

"That," said the Tiger, "was mighty thoughtful of you men—to watch out like that." He leaned further forward. "The flagman now—where is he?"

Baalum smiled. "He's gone, too, Mr. Borden. Your clerk fixed him up the nicest service letter ever I saw. He lit out with the hogger an' brakeman."

For several moments the trainmaster just sat and nursed his heaving breast. Always there were men to fire for such affairs. But not now. Then with a horrified howl he roared for his clerk.

"Listen, you! Call the connection an' see if there was any exceptions made to the equipment of the S. L. D. day before yesterday. Hurry!"

WHILE Conductor Baalum rolled another smoke the Tiger sat rumpling his hair and conjured up visions of an ex-trainmaster astraddle a horse—or a burro. Well, he shrugged, they wanted mule skinners at Baker. He'd go with Baalum if that connecting line started a row about that damaged car.

"Connection says," intoned the clerk dully, "that the train was received in good shape. No exceptions."

The Tiger's head jerked up. "Listen, you," he shot at the calm Baalum, "didn't you come in on the U. X. this morning?"

Baalum nodded slowly. A tightening became slightly visible about his eyes.

"Well, I broke a fusee at you about ten miles down the road," snapped the Tiger angrily, "and you all ran it. I had to walk in. You fellows roared past me makin' fifty!"

The conductor smiled slightly.

"Shore, an' I know, Mr. Borden, I saw you, too. But my hogger just thought you was going to raise hell about that Crucero deal, an' he wanted to get in an' get his service letter before you knocked the deal out. I'm plumb sorry."

"You recognized me?"

"Saw you from the fireman's seat, boss. Was thinkin' th' same as th' hogger. Of course," he paused soberly, "I'd stopped if it'd been me 'cause I've got me that borax wagon job anyhow, but the hogger he's wantin' to make Tucson where he's got a hash-slinger lined up."

The Tiger heaved a deep sigh. "You run a crossing, derailed a car, dumped a car of cattle, left the train unprotected, run a fusee!" His face froze sarcastically. "A fine bunch of railroaders, I'll say!"

"Think so myself," beamed Baalum. "Most any other crew'd have called a wrecker."

"Yes, they would." The Tiger leaned forward to stare at another pile of letters the clerk eased in with. One on the top caught his eye. He started to read it but the callboy swooped in and down on the reclining Baalum. They were delaying the S. L. D. for the conductor.

The big conductor acted with uncanny swiftness. His great hand caught the caller's squawking face, quieting him, then he turned to the trainmaster:

"About my mule job, boss—"

The Tiger spat. "You get on that caboose," he snapped shortly. "If you delay that stock train again I'll fire you."

The conductor beamed. "I'll go, Mr. Borden. An' I'll write out that delay in dee-tail like you want."

But the springing Tiger caught his arm. "If you do," roared the Tiger, shaking the arm he held, "I'll take you apart to see what makes a boomer tick! Beat it!"

When the two vanished, the trainmaster turned wearily to his correspondence. The top letter from the superintendent he read without pleasure.

The attached papers were sent my office by General Freight Agent Hough. It seems on going through them that you asked that office for some information. But they were unable to cipher from the blot you used for a signature who to reply to. This kind of work places a heavy burden on my clerical force. So much so that I've been forced to add an extra clerk. And all because a subordinate official merely uses a blot for his name.

I strongly suggest, Mr. Borden, that you remain awake some afternoon soon and practice writing until you can write a legible signature. That will release a man from my force, effect a needed economy, and I'm sure you will agree with me that it is little enough for the company to ask of you for the wages they pay you.

The Tiger smoked in wrath for a moment, then settled back to watch the dancing dust devils race across the barrens. The S. L. D. was gone. Everything was quiet. The slight sigh he heard was that of the earth as it turned over in its course.

Photo by W. J. Oliver, Calgary, Alta., Canada

Free Rides for 2000 "Passengers"

WHEN railway bulls club the hoboes from freight trains—that's not news. It's just a plain every-day fact. But when railway and Government police combine to see that hordes of men are permitted to board freight trains unmolested—that's news! Imagine a civilian army with bundles arrayed along the open deck of trains—trains billed as freight, but literally alive with non-paying passengers! Well, that's the true tale which train crews of Western Canada will pass on to their grandchildren. A tale of unemployed youth united in the cry: "Work and wages!"

Picture 1500 men—this was swelled later to nearly 2000—actually leaving free bed and board with little if anything to do, and yes, 20 cents a day for luxuries thrown in. Why did they leave? A Canadian Pacific official explained it as follows: "These boys are asking for nothing more than the same chance you old pioneers had when you built the first transcontinental railway across Canada—the chance to go out and do things. The chance to live and to earn for themselves without the stigma of charity."

During their stay in a relief camp at Vancouver, B. C., for three weeks, the men used discipline to keep their ranks together and prevent disorder. Pickets patroled outgoing freight trains for deserters. In most cases the pickets won, and the would-be deserters were obliged to unload behind their flying rolls of blankets or kits.

When city and other public funds were cut off, labor unions made donations. Tag days, too, were resorted to. At last all means of financing the group were exhausted. It was then they voted to move eastward, to the extreme relief of everybody in Vancouver. "On to Ottawa!"

Both transcontinental lines were patronized. Thousands of citizens and police flocked to the yards to see them off. It was illegal, of course, to ride freight trains. But wasn't it wise to wink at this little infraction long enough to be rid of the greater menace? The Western province had carried its share of the burden. Let others participate!

Not until the car-a-cade started for Ottawa did the East appear worried. Then wires became hot with advice and protests. But the boys rode on, adding daily to their numbers. Then came a federal order to stop them. A delegation went to Ottawa to meet the Premier. He refused all demands. Time alone will tell the final story. In any case, 1935 will go down in history as the year when freight "passengers" openly rode the roofs instead of the rods.—Edmund E. Pugsley.

On *the* Spot

JANUARY issue (out Dec. 1) will be our Christmas number. It will contain a Dellinger Christmas novelette about railroading in the Southwest. The front cover will reflect the Yuletide spirit. And the Model Railroading dept. will tell you how to lay out a miniature road of unusual interest under your well-trimmed evergreen tree. Also in the January number:

Ed Pugsley, the story-telling freight skipper of Vancouver, B. C., will give us a dramatic engine-service yarn about the holiday season; and W. E. Butler, old-time boomer hogger, a Christmas true tale.

Frank L. Packard is signed up for a non-Christmas story, "The Engine Wiper." Packard's yarns touch the heart of things; "The Engine Wiper" is one of his best.

We're all familiar with road hogs, tin lizzies and airplanes, but what about the Pipe-Line Octopus whose oily tentacles are strangling the railroads' tank-car business? Jim Holden will show up this menace in an illustrated fact article.

Arthur Curran will continue his motive-power series with "Forney's Iron Horse." If you've read "Hump-Backed Hogs" (page 38) you know how good it's going to be.

We are grateful to fans who tell us what they find most interesting in this magazine—and what is the least interesting. This information is used as a guide in making up future issues. Fill out the "Reader's Choice Coupon" (page 143) or write your list on a postcard or letter. Here is the October line-up in order of popularity, as shown by votes received so far:

1—"The Boomer Trail," Moore
2—"The Busses Come," Davis
3—"Slippery Buck Slips," Earp
4—On the Spot
5—By the Light of the Lantern
6—"Privileged Character," E. P. Kid
7—"Iron Mike," Lathrop
8—International Engine Picture Club
9—Locomotives of the Erie
10—"R.R. Pipe Dreams," Holden
11—October in Rail History
12—Model Railroading

Old-Timers Heard From

IT was a thrill to recognize my father in your July issue—R. P. Meadows, who was section foreman at Pamplin, Va.—in the group photo entitled "A Typical Section Gang on the N.&W. 50 Yrs. Ago." This picture illustrated the true tale, "When the N.&W. Changed Its Gage." Dad was on the extreme left. J. N. Meadows, on the extreme right, is now a freight con. running between Roanoke and Crewe. However, the photo was taken only 38 yrs. ago.

In the early '80's I knew a lot of N.&W. engine and trainmen who had Petersburg-Lynchburg runs. Among them were Engineers Jasper Wells, Dick Pond, Gus Akers, Geo. Evans, Dick Traylor, Laz Gates, Chas. Hughes, Miguel Regan, Jack Garrett, Chas. Finch, Joe Hack, Mark Noble, Eddie Boze, Judkins, James, Tom Wilson, Roland, Crowder, Jim Stanley, Tom Rainey, Doss Couzens, Phil Krennis and Berl Babbitt. And Conductors Laster, White, Smith, Lacklin, Moore, Moody, O'Conner and Jeff La Neer. I'd like to hear from—or about—any of those old-timers.—E. W. MEADOWS, 21 Highland Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va.

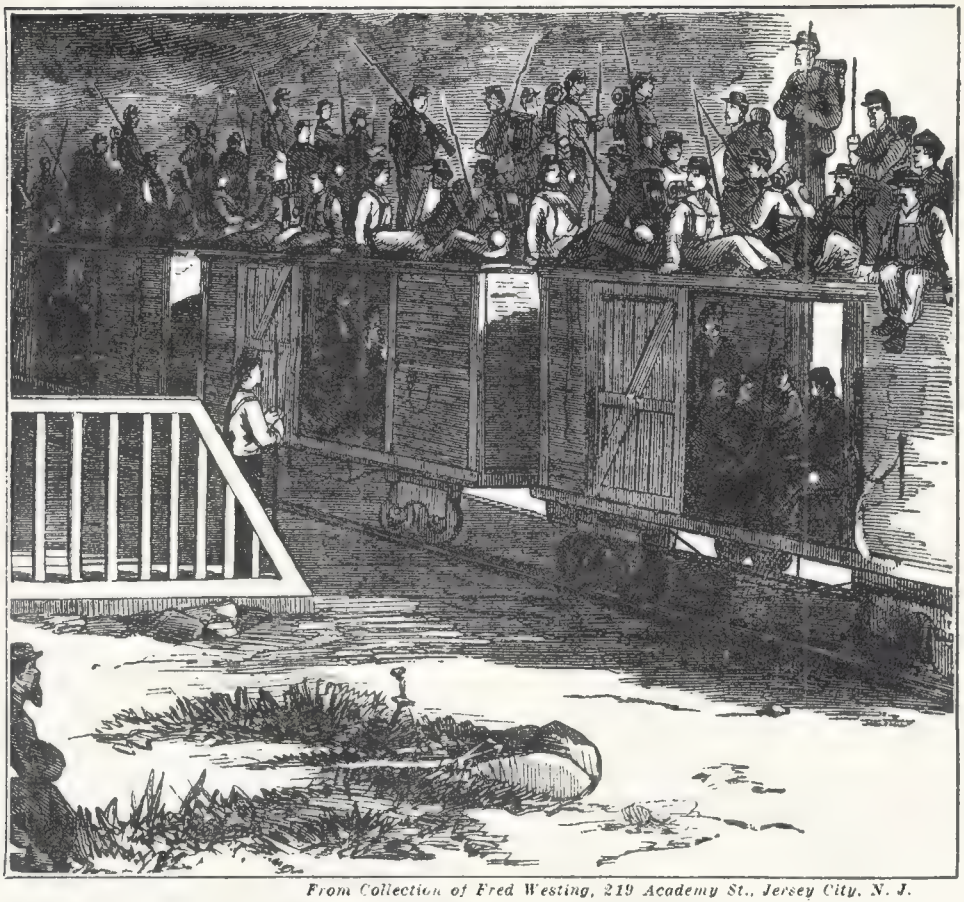
* * *

PHOTO of D.&R.G.W. engine No. 169 with Author Lathrop's father as hogger (Oct. issue) recalls the days when I worked for that pike. Engineer Davenport (nicknamed "Fanny" after his favorite actress) was then running 169 from Pueblo to Salida on passenger. I worked for that line from 1890 until 1894, when I left by request—on account of the American Ry. Union strike. I was 17 when I started. In those days you only needed to say you were 21 to get a job. —C. H. BAKER, Rte. 5, Box 58, Salem, Ore.

* * *

CHRISTMAS DAY, years ago, on the B.&O. Shawnee Div. a train was nearing Newark, O., home terminal. The engineer stopped and whistled out a flag. Roy Herron, flagman, hit the dirt and hustled back to protect the train. His conductor headed for the engine to learn the cause of delay. As the con stepped over the caboose to climb up the adjoining car, he accidentally kicked the lever that pulls the coupler-pin, lifting the pin. The engineer, in a hurry to calm him down, started the train without whistling in the flag. The train went off. The crummy remained behind.

Meanwhile Roy was pacing the ties, glancing now and then at the caboose markers with increasing impatience. Hours passed. Finally he investigated. Then he signaled an oncoming train, which pushed the crummy into Newark. Enroute they met the tired conductor walking toward them, looking for the caboose. His train had taken a siding and sent out searching parties.—L. L. SCHWARTZ, 223 S. Wayne Ave., Columbus, O.



From Collection of Fred Westing, 219 Academy St., Jersey City, N. J.

An Old Print of Civil War Days: Union Troops of the 16th Regt., Ohio Volunteers, Enroute to the Front, Crossing Tray Run Viaduct on the B. & O., near Cheat River, Pa.

O. W. FURZE, 74, of Fort Madison, Ia., fired the first locomotive that entered Albuquerque, in 1879. When the engine passed through Santo Domingo, a pueblo east of Albuquerque, the Indians fell on their faces at hearing the whistle.

Furze, now retired, draws the highest pension of any Santa Fe engineer, due to his long service record. He carries an annual pass and has access to all Santa Fe employees' hospitals, a privilege he doesn't look as if he would need for a long time; for he is tall, straight with twinkling eyes.—C. H. BRADLEY, 100 Columbia Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

* * *

IT seems incredible that one could be snowbound and marooned by high water within a week on the same railroad. Yet that happened to me in March, 1897. From Pierre, S. D., I started for Sisseton, S. D., using the C.&N.W. to Aberdeen, and found the Milwaukee Road tied up by snow. After 2 days a work train with caboose was made up to follow the snowplow; 2 days were required to get to Milbank. Next day at 1 P.M. we reached Sisseton. Word was received that the water was rising so fast along the line that there were likely to be washouts. Returning, I arrived at Milbank in time to connect with a through train to Andover.

Next morning I continued to within a mile of Groton, where we encountered a lake on which rails spiked to the ties were floating. A rowboat ferried us across. We walked to Groton where, that evening, we chartered a hand-car and a push-car on which suitcases were stacked. Men took turns pumping the hand-car. Seventeen of us worked our way to Aberdeen, arriving after midnight.

After waiting 3 days we paid for the privilege of pumping a C.&N.W. hand-car 42 miles to Redfield. The men's hands were so blistered that the women took turns pumping. The bridge over James River was not safe to ride across, so planks were laid between the rails for us to walk on. After a day's wait at Redfield we boarded a train for Huron, thence to Pierre, where we arrived after 16 days' absence.—Mrs. M. L. FORRY, 1807 E. Vernon Ave., Los Angeles.

Railroading in Old New England

SOMEONE mentioned the rail-bus between Kennebago and Oquossoc on the old R.L.&M. in Oct. "Spot" dept. This bus was built at the Phillips shops of the Sandy River Line. Their experience in building their own gas cars enabled them to make a successful machine for the Kennebago Bus Co. I understand that a similar one is running on part of the old Somerset Ry., abandoned by the Maine Central above Bingham in 1933.

The Monson R.R., operating in Piscataquis County, Me., has the oddest rail-bus I've ever seen—a home-made hand-car, obviously broad-gage narrowed down with a square 4-wheel trailer. —ALBERT HALE, 44 Lloyd St., Winchester, Mass.

* * *

"ABIGAIL ADAMS" was one of the very few locomotives named after a woman. It was delivered to the purchasers at the mouth of White River, Vt., early in 1847, and was the first engine to run the whole distance over the completed road to St. Albans, Vt. It was also the first engine received by the Vermont Central R.R. I'd like to get a picture of the Abigail Adams.—GORTON WILBUR, 30 12th St., New London, Conn.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *So would we.*)

* * *

EQUIPMENT of the narrow-gage W.W.&F. at Wiscasset, Me., has been crippled. Gadgets have been swiped off engines. It would cost a lot to recondition them. Nothing has been done yet with the abandoned stations or cars. The narrow-gage Bridgton & Harrison finds the going rough. For 10 days at a time not an engine has been steamed up. A gas-wagon handles the business.

Knox R.R., on which I was employed for 10 yrs., is now running as a paper company's private road. Track is in fearful shape; no work done on it since 1932. The Belfast & Moosehead Lakes is still going, making 2 round trips daily, one on Sundays.

A list dated 1908 gives data on about 100 3-foot gage lines that have passed out of existence. Who knows about the Hoffman & Troy and the D'Arbonne Valley roads, abandoned in 1907, or the Harbor Springs Ry. in Michigan, 30-in. gage, which disappeared before 1920?—LINWOOD W. MOODY, Union, Me.

WHILE attending an outing of the National Ass'n of R.R. Enthusiasts at the Boston & Albany shops in W. Springfield, Mass., Sept. 15, I saw B.&A. train come in from N.Y. pulled by a B.&M. engine over N.Y.N.H.&H. tracks—quite a combination!—BOB BARRETT, P. O. Box 63, Back Bay Annex, Boston, Mass.

* * *

AT a recent meeting of the National Association of Railroad Enthusiasts (which meets 3rd Thursday each month in Room 311, North Sta., Boston) one of the members asked why evergreen trees were placed through the yards and along the line. The interesting answer was: These are flange signals announcing that a station, switch or bridge is being approached and that flangers on snowplows must be lifted to avoid damage.—STANLEY HAUCK, 62 Apthorp St., Wollaston, Mass.

* * *

MODERN progress is destroying that quaint institution of early-day railroading, the combined station and home of the agent. Islington, just outside of Norwood, is one of the few stations of that type left in Mass., where such combinations once were common. Would like to hear from other readers on this subject.

Rails of the Madawaska Lumber Co. Railroad in Maine woods between Eagle and Chesuncook Lakes, 16 miles, are being taken up. The road was used to transport logs and pulpwood to Tramway, Me. When its 10-year contract expired, the company limited the use of its rails to game wardens and sportsmen who rode on a motor car. While the road was operated at night, hundreds of deer were blinded by the headlight and hit by the trains. As many as 16 were killed in a night.—A. PLUMMER, 31 Royal St., Wollaston, Mass.

* * *

WOOD RIVER BRANCH R. R., a 6-mile line between Wood River Jct. and Hope Valley, R. I., is a standard-gage road operated by one man. It was built in 1874 and at one time owned several steam locomotives. Now the sole power is a gasoline motor which makes one round trip a day with 3 or 4 cars. The one man acts as agent at Hope Valley, handles freight, runs the motor, couples and uncouples, throws switches and does everything else necessary. When track work is needed, outsiders are hired temporarily. —W. SCOTT THOMAS, 184 Dyer St., Providence, R. I.

Brickbats and Bouquets

CRITICISMS of Erie service by "Little Rollo" (Aug. "Spot" dept.) are felt by our people to be unjustified and misleading. For example, the bottling business he mentioned went to trucks for the old reason—namely, that they haul it cheaper than the railroads—and not because we refused to stop No. 6 at Saegertown, as implied by the writer, who failed to mention when the request was made. Our records do not show any such request.

Decreased business was undoubtedly responsible for reduced service on the Buffalo run. In checking the rest of his letter our people cannot find a Salamanca grain dealer who was unable to get cars spotted or a Meadville oil company giving all its business to trucks. The writer failed to give names and addresses.

Our people feel that when such general statements are made to a friendly contemporary, we should be given the opportunity to check them, and then, if we care to make a reply, it should be published at the same time.—FRANK M. AMERICA, editor, *Erie Railroad Magazine*, 101 Prospect Ave., N.W., Cleveland, O.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *You are right, Mr. America. We should have given a letter such as the one from Little Rollo to a responsible person on the Erie R.R. to check over before being printed. Our purpose is to coöperate with the railroads in every way, and stimulate their freight and passenger business. Little Rollo is an ardent railroad fan; the purpose of his friendly criticism was to help—not to hurt—the Erie.)*

* * *

YOUR stories deal too much with old-time railroading. For about 15 years my work has brought me in contact with railroad men from presidents to track-walkers, and I'd like to read about the kind of people I know. All railroad men are not the hell-raising, rip-snorting brand. They have just as much right to faith in God as white-collar workers have.—FRANK J. TAYLOR (railroad fiction author), 1807 Harvard St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

FANS who are horrified by mild swear words in your fiction may be relieved to learn that "hell" and "damn" are not cuss words at all, according to a court ruling. Police Recorder Harry B. Curtis, of Fair Haven, N. J., said in dismissing charges against a prisoner who used such terms: "These words appear frequently in newspapers and magazines, are used casually on the stage and screen and by the public generally, and are not illegal."

Other readers complain about the love stuff, but even hard-boiled railroad men fall in love once in a while. So why the kick?—HAROLD WATSON, Tolona, Ill.

* * *

KEEP Dave Martin and his Kokomo Kid on the main line with rights over everyone except Dellinger and Jimmy Earp.—F. ARNOLD, Windsor, Vt.

* * *

HAVE been reading RAILROAD STORIES since March, '35. I should have begun sooner. Please excuse me. To square myself I have recommended the magazine to 5 others, who now buy it regularly.—JOHN BIEWENER, 3768 Mississippi Ave., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

YOUR articles on bus and truck competition are very one-sided. Some have been of the "spoiled child" variety. My feeling is that express and freight departments in the past have been so autocratic and so slow that they are largely responsible for door-to-door truck delivery. Who can supply words to an old poem, published in your magazine many years ago, with a catchy metre:

Drivers grinding,
Flanges binding,
Going up the grade, etc.

—A. S. OLIVER, 2 Ridge Drive, Toronto, Canada.

A CRITIC signing himself "Jack Canuck" objects to an assertion in my "On Time" article (July issue) relative to Canadian roads using the 24-hr. system. He says: "No C.N.R. or C.P.R. timetable uses 24-hr. time." I beg to differ. C.P.R. west of Field, B. C., still operates on a 24-hr. clock. Even the C.P.R. ticket-office clock in N. Y. City is of the 24-hr. variety. Perhaps some Canadian reader can settle this argument.—CHAS. CORWIN, Roway-'on, Conn.

* * *

GIVE us more humorous fiction, less blood and thunder; and more fact articles. Most of my relatives are—or were—rails. One grandfather was a B.&A. dispatcher; one an L.&N. civil engineer; 4 uncles and 2 aunts had various rail jobs; father was in train and engine services on N.Y.C., D.&H., B.&M.—JOHN KERRIGAN (N.Y.C. clerk), 46 Fordham Ct., Albany, N. Y.

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FRANK PACKARD touches the human side of railroading and glorifies the railroader more than any other writer. One actually lives and feels with him.—ROY PETERSON, R.R.3, Belvidere, Ill.

* * *

YOUR best stories to date are "The Boomers Come to Town" (July) and "The Busses Come to Town" (Oct.), both by Earle Davis. Railroad fans in this vicinity, please write.—ROBT BELL, 438 Clark St., Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

THE 4 fact articles in your magazine that interested me most in the past 2 years are: (1) "Narrow-Gage Roads of Maine," Moody, Sept., '35; (2) "Abandoned," Moody, March, '35; (3) "Two Rival Engine Builders," Fisher, Feb., '34, and (4) "How to Build a Model Diamond-Stack Engine," Slater, Feb., '34.—L. R. HORTON, 148 Lincolnway, Chicago Heights, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Letters such as the above give us a helpful slant on what the fans like most. We want to hear from other readers.*)

* * *

WHY wasn't there a Dellinger story in Oct. issue? He is so far ahead of your other authors that RAILROAD STORIES is really a one-man magazine.—C. F. DOOLING, Hoboken, N. J.

* * *

ANSWERING Wm. Schallek (Oct. issue): Shelby County R.R.—Shelbina to Shelbyville, Mo.—uses an ancient bus on hand-car wheels to replace 2 former steam trains, hauled by 4-4-0 and 2-6-0 locomotives, which are now rusting away on an abandoned spur at Shelbina.

The St. Louis & Hannibal Ry.—Hannibal to Bowling Green, Mo.—operates 3 motor cars on flanged wheels. They haul passengers, express and mail. The road is owned by John Ringling, the circus man. It formerly used a lot of old 4-4-0, 2-8-0 and 4-6-0 engines leased from the N.Y.C. Owing to decreasing business, most of the road has been abandoned. Now there is work for only 2 small 2-6-0 type engines. At the shops standing idle are 14 old mills, including No. 1085, sister to the famous 999, built at Albany in 1892.—L. L. FEIHERT, 412 Riverside St., Hannibal, Mo.

The Information Booth

OCT. issue said engine No. 426 pulled the first train into Edmonton, Alta., over the Canadian Northern. It was really No. 103, a 4-6-0, with Engineer McLeod at the throttle, which made that historic trip Nov. 24, 1905. The engine, a Baldwin built in 1901, was presented to the City of Edmonton in 1926. She stands on a sidetrack in the Exposition grounds. —ERNIE W. JOHNSON, 1201 16th Ave., W. Calgary, Alta., Canada.

* * *

STANDING at Ft. Sill, Okla., is an old Davenport loco., No. 1696, Ft. Sill R.R.; who can tell her history?—ROY CHEEK, Magnum, Okla.

* * *

I HAVE a negative of an old wood-burning, double-ender, 0-6-6-0 type lettered "Suedden" or "Quedden." Can anyone give details?—MACK TOMME, Raymondville, Texas.

* * *

ARE these items of interest to collectors? (1) U.P. ticket issued on the Denver & New Orleans R.R., Denver to Pueblo, sold at Leadville, Colo., 1882; (2) employees' pass, D.&R.G., Denver to Sedalia, 1882; (3) return stub, Colo. Mid., Manitou to Leadville, 1895; (4) leave of absence issued to M. L. Moran by Ohio & Missis.—CHAS. GREER, 120 W. Jackson St., Painesville, O.

* * *

MY hobby is collecting transportation tokens from steam roads, street cars, ferries, busses, etc. I have 2,200 items, from all 6 continents. None are paper tickets or transfers. They include white metal, brass, zinc, bronze, pewter, celluloid, rubber and cardboard disks with metal rims. My collection is the world's second largest.

A token used by Indians on the Montreal & Lachine R.R. more than 50 yrs. ago has an engine on one side, a beaver on the other. One from Boston & Roxbury coaches is 98 yrs. old. One shows 2 jackasses with the humorous inscription: "When shall we 3 meet again?"—B. H. BAAKE, JR., 10 Chenook Ave., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

I HAVE an interesting collection of 20 old railroad conductors' hat checks dating back to the Civil War or earlier. They are well preserved. It's the only collection of the kind I know about. —W. R. HANMORE, Traffic Mgr. Pacific Coast Freight Ass'n, 361 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

H. WHITE described the practice of marking home depot on British locomotives (Oct. issue). The Pennsy does something similar. Letters are painted on front of pilot beams. For instance: CN—BUF—EZ. The C stands for Central Div., N for Northern General Div., BUF for Buffalo Div. and EZ for Ebenezer engine-house here.—JOHN PROPHET, 827 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OVER the radio I heard in Maryville, Tenn., a song which included a lot of railroad initials, L.&W., C.&A., etc., and a few words about one being faster than another. It had a hill-billy tune. Can anyone supply the words?—FRANK DONOVAN, JR., 3937 Livingston St., Washington, D. C.

* * *

DOES any reader know of passenger trains in U. S. or Canada now heated by coal stoves? The only 2 I am familiar with are night mixed trains, No. 78 northbound and No. 79 southbound, on Santa Fe branch between Los Angeles and San Diego, Calif. I used to be interurban car motorman; have built a dozen interurban models. —K. MERRILL, 603 6th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

STREET-CAR service in Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Mich., with long-whiskered House of David men collecting fares, was discontinued Aug. 31. Busses took over all lines. Details about the H. of D. Railroad were told in an article by Freeman H. Hubbard, April, '35, issue.—ROBT. WHITE, Box 425, Pontiac, Mich.

* * *

PATERSON letter carriers started to Cleveland on Aug. 31 to attend a convention. Instead of traveling by rail they started out in 2 busses. One bus broke down, so the trip was a flop. Maybe next time they will use the railroad.—R. R. FAN, Paterson, N. J.

* * *

A. W. HANUSH, Chicago, please write. I lost your address.—LIONEL J. ANDERSON, 260 King St. E., St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

* * *

I'D like to hear something about the railroad dick who used to ride C. & O. fast freights out of Chicago. No matter how fast they were running he would go over the top, putting all 'boes off. If they lingered on the lowest rung of the ladder he would shoot at their fingers.—M. B. COOKE, 350 Princeton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

M. B. COOKE (Oct. issue) mentioned an abandoned slim-gage road of Longdale Iron Co. in Va. My grandfather, O. M. Flaherty, now C.&O. engineer, used to fire those small engines, beginning at age of 16. They were the Lucy, Selina, Longdale, North Branch. Road was 12 miles long; used for carrying ore. When ore was exhausted, years ago, track was taken up.—ROBT. ROADCAP, 2707 Fendall Ave., Richmond, Va.

* * *

FOR more than 4 years I've been reading RAILROAD STORIES. At last I have decided to join the International Engine Picture Club.—JOHN RODEN, 52-10 72d St., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Better late than never.*)

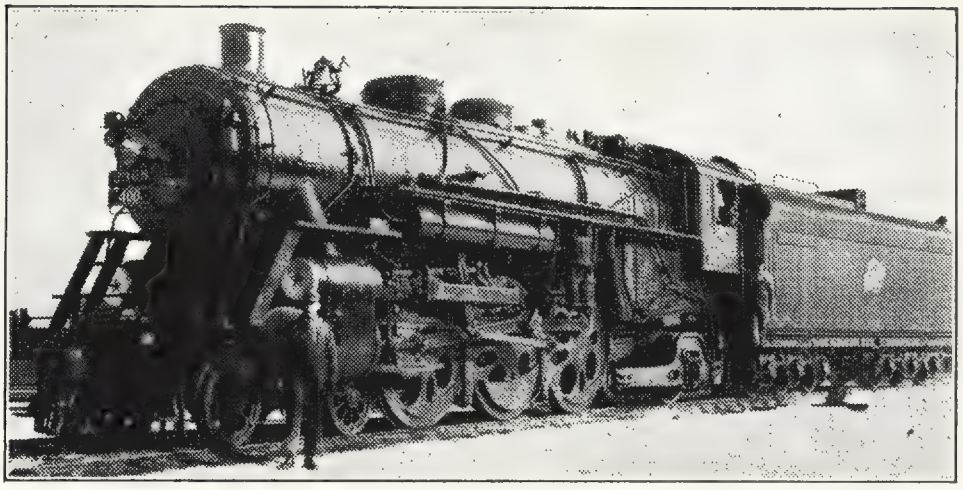

Photo by A. H. Christiansen

C.& N.W. Engine No. 2908, Which Hung Up a New Speed Record on the Milwaukee-Chicago Run

FROM a standing start in Milwaukee, the C.&N.W. "400" covered the 85 miles to a stand in Chicago terminal in 66 minutes on Sept. 7, beating the C.M.St.P.&P. time by 1 min., 35 sec. *(See article by Earle Davis, "85 Miles in 67 Minutes," Nov., '34, issue.)* The C.&N.W. train—7 standard steel cars and engine No. 2908, Neil Neiglick at the throttle—averaged 77 m.p.h. but at times ran well over 100.—A. CHRISTIANSEN, 822½ S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

I RODE first blind on the C. & N. W. "400," Milwaukee to Chicago, 85 miles in 77 minutes! Fireman said we hit 120 m.p.h. once. Returning, I rode the Milwaukee "Hiawatha" on first blind. Too light! Like riding a string of street cars. She has a gas-electric foghorn; the "400" has a real steam whistle. Those first blinds are too cramped for comfort. Not a bit nice. I am a connoisseur on first blinds, for I have ridden many famous fast trains that way.—HAL KAISER, Burlington, Wis.

* * *

THE Coburg, Northumberland & Peterborough R. R. in Canada was opened for traffic Dec. 29, 1854, with a free excursion Coburg to Harwood for 1,000 persons, also the banquet usual in those early railroad days, and much speech-making. Traffic was chiefly lumber and iron ore sent across Lake Ontario to American blast furnaces. Gage was 5½ ft. Engines were about the size of a peanut with whistles that often stuck open, tallow cups that had to be filled at top of grades. Couplings were link and pin. The road was taken over eventually by Grand Trunk and reduced to standard gage. In 1916 rails were taken up and sent to France for military use.—HENRY SKILL, College St., Coburg, Ont., Canada.

* * *

BELIEVE it or not, Scarboro Jct., Ont., on the C. N. R., one day reported train No. 10 by at 4.10 P.M. That train—3 cars drawn by a little Pacific, No. 5594—breezed into Whitby Jct., 20.1 miles away, at 4.24, making an average of 85.7 m.p.h. for that distance.—KENNETH PHIN, Centre St., Whitby, Ont., Canada.

* * *

MISS MARIE CRONIN, president of the Bartlet Western R. R. and an artist whose pictures have hung in the Louvre, has asked the I.C.C. to allow her to abandon the railroad, built 20 years ago, between Florence and Bartlett, Tex. Marie became president when her father, Col. Thomas Cronin, died in 1927.—F. BARNEY, 7962 78th Ave., Glendale, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For details on woman railroad executives see Chas. F. Carter's article, "Madame President," June issue. Who can tell us about Mrs. S. A. Kidder, president of Nevada County Narrow Gage R. R. in Calif. about 30 years ago?)*

* * *

AS a boy I hung around railroad yards, amusing myself by imitating trains. Now I can imitate with mouth and voice a switch engine with clanking rods, air escaping when brakes are released, the hiss of air-operated Johnson bar, blast of the exhaust, the street car, the interurban, the passenger train, the electric compressor on electric cars and click of the wheels. How can I use this talent?—J. LYNN WADE, 509 6th St., San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

A NEW book by Wm. L. Park, "Pioneer Pathways to the Pacific," depicts railroading in the old West, is rich in anecdotes and reminiscences, and contains historical facts never before published. Mr. Park became a brakeman on the U.P. shortly after its completion, worked his way up to gen. supt. of the entire system, became v. p. and gen. mgr. of I.C. in 1910; now retired. His book, illustrated, sells at $3.50; M. A. Donohue & Co., Dept. A, 711 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Jobs for the Big Hook

CANADA'S biggest rail accident took place July 15, 1887, at St. Thomas, Ont., when 115 people were killed and over 100 injured. The Beloeil wreck described by E. J. Baker (May, '35) must therefore take second place. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the near future we will print the facts about this wreck, written by an eye witness. He says only 25 were killed.)*

Your best authors are Frank L. Packard, Dave Martin and Johnny Thompson. After shippers read Dellinger's stories, no wonder they use trucks, what with all the battling in cabooses, or hoggers and firemen wrestling on deck while the train runs wild down a mountain, or hot shot freight in the ditch along the line. Why not mention that most divisions haven't even had a box car run off the rails in years?—T. WALSH, 401 1st Ave., Verdun, Que., Canada.

* * *

WHILE Conductor G. F. Wilkinson was setting out a flat car loaded with steel rails on the N. P. at Arlee, Mont., May 23, the car got away, running out through a split switch and down the main line more than 20 miles! Brake would not work. Runaway car collided with 2 speeders, killing 2 men.—E. J. OLENJACK, 1807 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, Calif.

* * *

I WANT details of B.&O. freight wreck on night of Dec. 5, 1890, in which Dave Briggs, trainman, saved a passenger train in a snowstorm. The road rewarded him with a diamond cluster ring. I have a poem dealing with the incident.—(MISS) SELMA PRESCHER (ex-brass-pounder), 10665 Pearmain St., Stonehurst, Oakland, Calif.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of wrecks, you might mention the head-on collision on the Southern Ry., Sept. 24, 1904, near New Market, Tenn., in which 78 were killed and 142 injured. Crew of the inferior train forgot a meet order. That section of the road is now double-tracked and equipped with train control.—W. E. MILLER, 162 Luckie St., Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

YOU print too little about the South. My father, an A.&W.P. brass-pounder, has told me about plenty of wrecks down in Dixie, including one in which an engineer was killed by a bull. Let's have more Southern stories!—R. D. CROW, 306 Mildred St., Montgomery, Ala.

* * *

LOOKING over my clippings I came across the story of Kavanagh Jacobs, night operator on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie (now part of N. Y. C. Lines) at Monongahela, Pa., some years ago. Feeling ill, he set red signals to stop all trains, then fell across his key, dead from acute indigestion! That was an act of supreme heroism and loyalty even unto death. Traffic was halted for more than an hour until another operator could be sent.—LIONEL ANDERSON, 260 King St., St. John, N. B., Canada.

* * *

IN May issue I mentioned a D.&H. runaway down Kenmore Hill in Albany, N. Y. Six persons wrote trying to convince me it must have been on Albany Hill on the N.Y.C. They could not understand how that train got through the passenger station hill down to the steamboat dock. I'm not railroading any more; too old.—JAMES BARTON, Gen. Del., Wildwood, N. J.

* * *

KEEP on printing stories about wrecks, snowslides, rockslides and floods. They are part of railroading.—PETER TURANICA (section hand), Danielsville, Pa.

* * *

WHO can tell about a Wabash wreck at Litchfield, Ill., July 3, 1904? Also about the wreck at Catlin, Ill., in which Engineer Ben Butler died? Also wreck at Cass station, now called Danes, a passing track between Peru and Logansport, a washout in which Italian immigrants were killed?—JAMES COX, 102 W. 5th St., Peru, Ind.

* * *

ALL I can remember of the Hackettstown, N. J., wreck on the D.L.&W. (about which Joe Brown inquires) is that it was caused by a washout and the engine was the 1104 (4-6-2). I was firing on the road at the time. Brown should get in touch with my uncle, Lewis Barber, Port Morris, N. J., who was then an engineer, now retired.

Who has anything to trade for 1930-'5 files of R. R. STORIES?—PAUL RIDNER, 101 2nd St., S. Orange, N. J.

* * *

REFERRING to the picture of C.&A. No. 511 in Sept. issue: Engines Nos. 500 to 511 did not come to the Alton until 1900. They had cylinders 17x24 and carried 150 lbs. of steam. I know, for I fired the 511 and others and ran some of them. In 1900 the Alton also received some 2-6-0's and 2-8-0's.

Answering Glenn Ward's inquiry (Oct. issue) regarding wreck at McLean, Ill., March 29, 1901, in which Engineer Joe Templeton was killed, Nos. 11 and 8 had orders to meet at McLean. A porter sent No. 8 down the main line instead of onto the siding. Seeing that they were coming together, Templeton tried to get out of the cab of No. 509, but the engine rolled over on him. Fireman K. Muhl, now road foreman of engines on the W.P., dropped to the deck and escaped. —JOS. STEWART, 807 13th St., McKee's Rocks, Pa.

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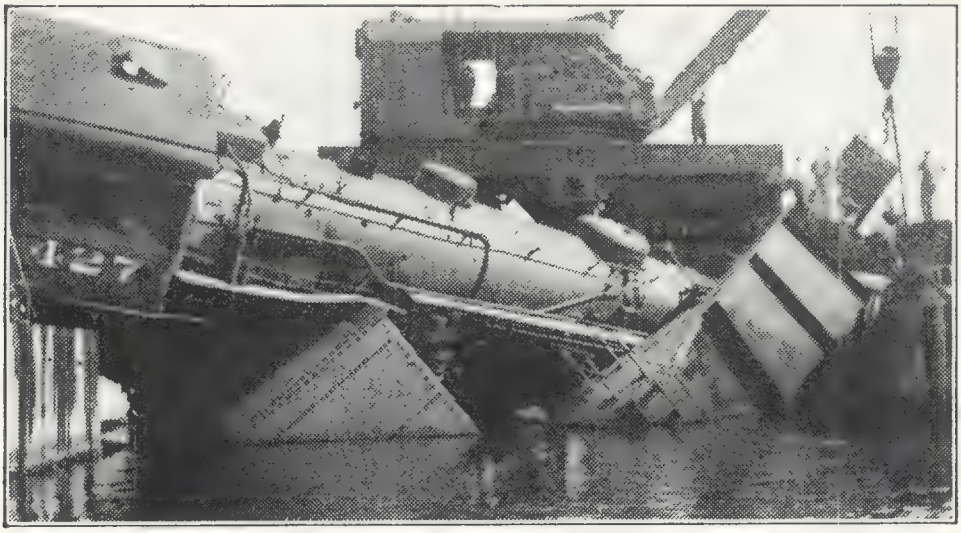
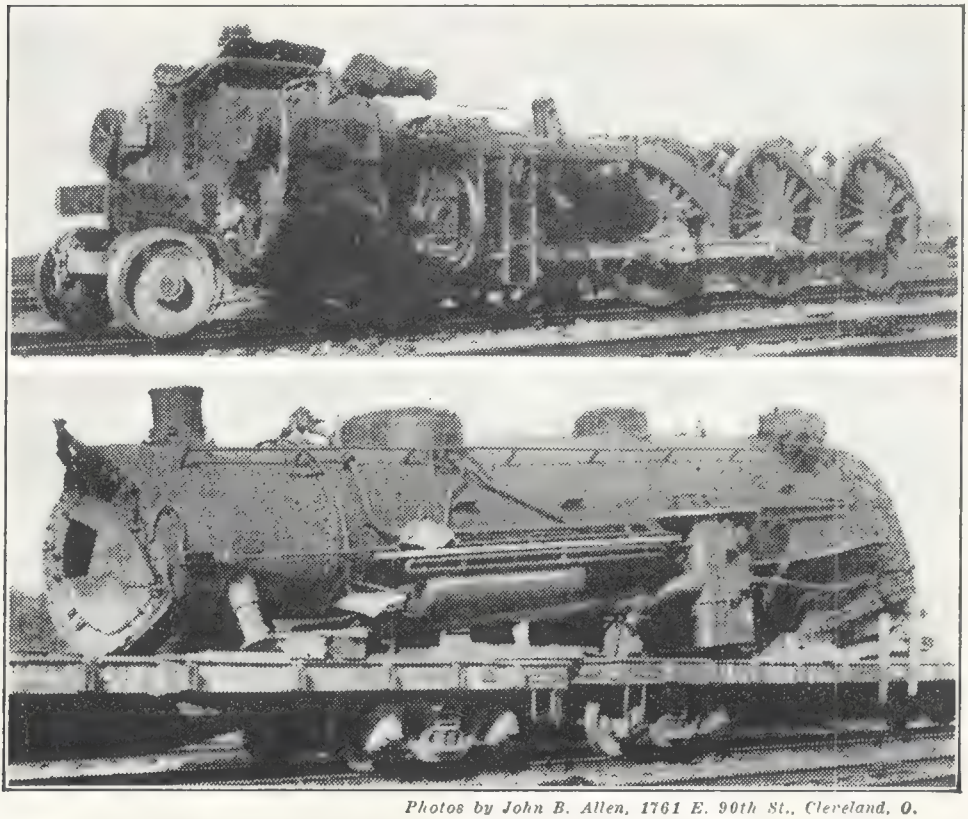
NO. 95, B.&O. fast freight passing through Sherwood, O., on Aug. 11, 1935, was run into by an automobile. The automobile fender was



Although 73 Persons Were Hurt When the "Florida Special" (Second No. 87) Plunged Through an Open Drawbridge Near Jupiter, Fla., Last Feb. 12, There Were No Fatalities, Largely Because All 11 Cars Were of Steel Construction. An I. C. C. Investigation Revealed That: (1) Trains Approaching the Drawbridge Were Insufficiently Protected, and (2) Engineer Turnipseed, Who Was Involved in the Wreck, Had Not Been Used on This Run Often Enough to Become Familiar With It



Photos by John B. Allen, 1761 E. 90th St., Cleveland, O.

Florida East Coast Engine No. 427, as She Looked After the Jupiter Wreck

torn off; it became tangled up under the trucks, and 34 cars of the 62-car train were derailed! The derailed cars ran 1,500 ft. on the ties before they began piling up. Some of the smashed cars contained wheat, others hides, butter and catalogs. —Bob Hook, Troy, O.

* * *

D. C. GRIFFIN, formerly engineer on the Georgia Southern & Florida, tells this one: "On April 19, 1920, we left Valdosta with a drag for Grand Crossing. Dynamo went wrong, so we had to cut out light. At Grand Crossing a switch engine with a string of cars was on main, with no lights out. I was close before I saw them. I shut off and slammed her into emergency.

"Then boards, tin and something white came through the windows. Engine stopped with her nose in the farther end of the third car. A side of a box car was leaning against side of engine behind sandbox; part of a box car and a pair of trucks were on the tank. A bag of sugar was on top of engine, back of sandbox.

"My fireman climbed down and walked away; didn't even come back for his pay. My dad, right behind me, said he had to run through a foot of sugar to get into Grand Crossing."—T. C. Stedman, Jr., 310 Lee St., Valdosta, Ga.

* * *

WITH cab ablaze, a Colorado & Southern engine at Fort Collins, Colo., ran off the roundhouse spur July 20 and continued on the main line for 3½ miles. The fire department apparatus was in hot pursuit. Flames had melted some part which caused the throttle to open.—W. W. Blair, Winnipeg, Canada.

* * *

REFERRING to request (July issue) for dope on wreck on South Jersey coast about the turn of the century: Wm. Brennan (Nov. issue) mentioned a wreck at Belmar in 1906. There was also a rear-end collision on the N.Y.&L.B. on Labor Day night, 1901, at Long Branch. Both were Pennsy trains returning empty from Jersey City. First section—engine No. 1651, Engineer Harry Burton—failed to scoop water from Branchport trough, so it stopped at Long Branch to take water from the plug. Before the flagman could get back, the second section—engine No. 1017, Engineer Tom Lawler—crashed into rear of first section. This demolished Pullman car "Emelia," driving the wreckage into the coach ahead.

Harry Dickson, Pullman conductor, was asleep in rear of his car. When the 1017 broke through, the back of his sofa folded over on Dickson, making a human sandwich of him wedged under the smokebox of the 1017. He had a nice warm berth, but finally escaped uninjured.

The 1017 was stripped of everything above the boiler. None of the crew was injured and not a wheel of the second section left the rails. I was then a Pullman conductor on the Penna.

Cut out mushy love stories and give us more old-time locomotive pictures and rail news. Other publications, besides screen and radio, feature this slush, so let's have a real rail magazine with more passenger and Pullman stories; and don't forget trolleys!

Your Oct. almanac said the first rail sleeper ran on B.&O. in 1838 between Baltimore and Phila. It may have run *part* of that distance in 1838, but the B.&O. didn't enter Phila. until 1886.—W. Paul Sweet (retired traveling pass. agt., Pullman Co.), 721 19th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

SEPT. almanac omitted D.&R.G.W. wreck at Granite, Colo., Labor Day, 1926; 35 passengers killed. I was then an op at Salida; handled hundreds of telegrams and reports on the accident.—L. J. Young, 801 2nd St., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

APRIL almanac said the first big land rush to Cherokee Strip took place April 22, 1889. Cherokee Strip was not opened for settlement until '93, although 5 counties of what is now Okla. were opened in '89. My father came here from Missouri, April 22, 1889, and went to "the Strip" in '93. My uncle was then a Santa Fe conductor.—C. S. Harrah, 703 W. 20th St., Oklahoma City.

(Editor's note: *Thanks for the correction. Illustrated feature article on Cherokee Strip appeared in Feb., '31, issue.*)

Dellinger and the Engine Picture Kid

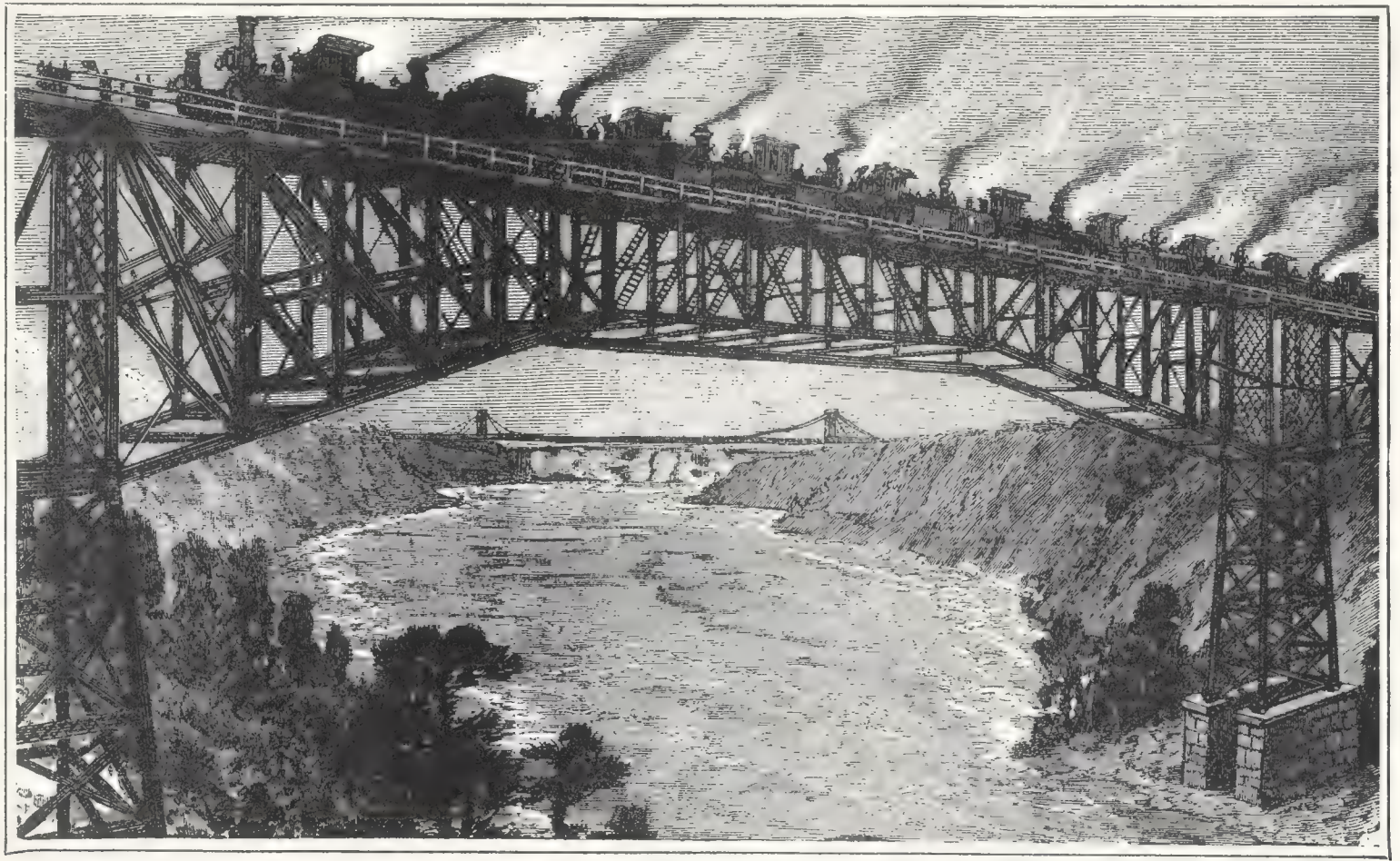
THE other day a car stopped at the curb and I overheard one man say: "This must be the place." They walked in and introduced themselves as 5 rails who'd been reading my stories and wanted to meet me. I was so flustered that I do not recall their names; but 3 were Santa Fe men from Kansas City, one was from Slaton, Texas, and the other was from Winslow, Ariz. All were swell fellows, running out of Winslow.—E. S. Dellinger, P.O. Box 995, Garden Road, Albuquerque, N. M.

* * *

I GET a big kick out of entertaining fans who come to our hillside farm to see the Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod. It adds to the pleasure I get from writing the stories. Among recent visitors were Allen I. Plummer, ex-hogger of Wollaston, Mass., and Dr. Alfons Bacon, model railroader, of Chicago, and his son.

My next story will tell how the Kid and Goldenrod go to Hollywood and show 'em how to make a railroad movie. I know Hollywood rather well; used to work there myself, and it was there I met my Goldenrod—her real name's Olive and she's now Mrs. Thompson.

Now we're drifting about the country, including a visit to Olive's folks in Texas. We may meet Bozo Texino. Anyway, we won't be back to the farm till spring, but mail will be forwarded to wherever we are.—John A. Thompson, Gilsum, N. H.



Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer

A Train of 22 Locomotives and 22 Loaded Gravel Cars Was Used to Test the Cantilever Bridge Across Niagara River, Dec. 20, 1883

On Foreign Pikes

YOU were a bit unfair on our "Cheltenham Flyer" with those comments in Sept. "Lantern" dept.: "The British still have the curious notion that the 'Cheltenham Flyer' is the world's fastest train. . . . Well, it is, among runs of 100 miles or less."

We British admit losing the blue ribbon to 2 American trains, "Hiawatha" and "Detroit Arrow." But you didn't have that information when you compared our pet hot-shot so unfavorably with the C.&N.W. "400." When a train shows the best start-to-stop average over a reasonably long stretch (even if only a section of its complete run) it is surely entitled to the name of "fastest train." You said the "400" beat the British speedster because of 1 m.p.h. better average over a 5-mile longer distance. But don't overlook the point that this is a *flying* average, against a start-to-stop one. Therefore, the C.&N.W. flier cannot really be claimed to beat the English G.W.Ry. train's 71.3 m.p.h. average.

Our "Cheltenham Flyer" does her last 10 miles or so within city limits of the world's most congested metropolis, coasting the final couple of miles in terminal limits on a shut throttle. That makes a heap of difference. She can show an average of 75 m.p.h. for 68½ miles up to entering suburban London.

The record of being the only steam train in the world officially scheduled to pass consecutive control points at 80 m.p.h. average belonged to her, and maybe still does. This is over a 17½ miles stretch, reaching to Slough, done in 13 mins. (figures from employees' timetable). Also, between her first non-stop timing point, Steventon, and her last ditto on London outskirts, Southall, 47.4 miles apart, her schedule calls for exactly 79 m.p.h. average. Can the "Hiawatha," "Detroit Arrow" or "400" show us something better?

Don't grab the notion that the British want to crab your new record-holders. But some of your boys can't see any merit in anything that ain't "good old U.S.A." Remember how Donald M. Steffee hurled his "Challenge to British Rails" in July, '33, RAILROAD STORIES? He averred that "Our English cousins take only the fastest section of a run, play it up, and flaunt it as 'The Fastest Train in the World,' conveniently comparing it with an entire American journey."

That was a direct crack at the "Cheltenham Flyer." It sure tickled me to see his name recently in a British railway journal in connection with the claim that the "Detroit Arrow" is now entitled to the blue ribbon, by reason of the fastest section of its run. Evidently it suits Brother Steffee now to agree with the British idea of reckoning the fastest train. You've gained the points this round; don't try to alibi out if they go against you in the future. I'll just whisper that 2 British roads have "something up their sleeves," while a third is quietly conducting scientific experiments and "sayin' nuffin'."—F. H., Liverpool, England.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the above was written, the G.W.Ry. has inaugurated a new fast train, "The Bristolian," running between Paddington station, London, and Bristol, England—118¼ miles on the "down" journey via Bath, 117½ miles on the "up" journey via Badminton—105 mins. in each direction, averaging over 67 m.p.h. This train was introduced on Sept. 13. Seventeen days later the L.N.E.R. inaugurated its streamlined steam train, "The Silver Jubilee," which covers the 268 miles between King's Cross (London) and Newcastle in 4 hours, averaging 67 m.p.h. Between King's Cross and Darlington, 232 miles, it averages 70.4 m.p.h., start to stop.)*

* * *

I HAVE a postage stamp showing a scene in British North Borneo in which the station building is pictured on the wrong side of the track.—C. L. D. TAYLOR (author of "An Iron Pike in Borneo"), 18 Waverly Road, Bournemouth, Hants, England.

* * *

BEFORE the locomotive trials at Rainhill beginning Oct. 6, 1829, by Liverpool & Manchester Ry., there was much discussion of relative advantages of stationary engines with cables, horses and steam locomotives for hauling trains. Beside a level stretch of track were 2 posts 1½ miles apart. A judge with a stop watch stood at each post. Entries included 5 steam locomotives and a horse power affair which was disqualified. Trials lasted 10 days, owing to many breakdowns. Stephenson's "Rocket" was the only machine which met all conditions, though Braithwaite & Ericcson's "Novelty" was favorite in the betting at the grandstand beside the trial track. The "Rocket" won the £500 prize. M. D. Thornburgh, president of the Cincinnati, O., Model Club, has made scale models of the "Rocket," "Sans Pareil" and "Novelty," with working valve gears from drawings I furnished him.—I. MACNAB, Westbrook Rd., Welling, Kent, England.

* * *

WEST AUSTRALIAN locomotives are a cross between English and American types, but rolling stock is American style adapted to our 3½-foot gage. Cars are painted red, except for a few suburban ones which are green. Locomotives are black. Our speed is moderate, owing to gage and curves. The Banbury Express averages 25.6 m.p.h., including stops, for 115 miles. But now we are beginning to speed up all trains.

My congratulations on the recent improvement in RAILROAD STORIES! I am having my copies bound.—E. C. MICHELL, 35 Ruby St., North Perth, West Australia.

* * *

SCRAPBOOKS can be made from RAILROAD STORIES by taking out the binding staples and pulling the magazine apart, taking sections you want and having them bound at a bindery. Not as expensive as it sounds. Mr. Editor, how about giving us a series of front covers on famous modern locomotives and trains?—ARTHUR M. RUMP, 10 Buckingham St., Brighton 1, England.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The idea is good but not practical. Such covers would narrow the magazine's appeal and cut the news-stand sales. The same thing would happen if we were to eliminate fiction, wrecks, model railroading, juice lines, or any of the other features to which serious-minded steam fans object.)*

AFTER many experiments, the L.N.E.R. in England has devised a special apparatus which enables the projection of talking pictures aboard trains. The first "traveling theater" is a car with sloping floor and theater seats. It is attached to train leaving London at 10.10 A.M. for Leeds. Returning, it leaves Leeds at 3.15 P.M. A uniformed attendant announces the show to passengers. A small charge is made for the exhibition, which lasts an hour.

* * *

FANS should see the British Gaumont movie, "The 39 Steps"—a mystery drama now being shown in America. It contains some good shots of English railways, and follows the hero (Robt. Donat) from London to Scotland on the "Royal Scot." There are excellent views of the famous Forth Bridge.

* * *

IN the movie, "Anna Karenina," I think the engine shown was the 1079; she was leaking steam so badly I couldn't be sure. The 1079 was pictured in your Sept. issue as the S.P. engine rebuilt for Russian movie scenes.—GEO. B. FRENCH (ex-opr., New Haven R.R.), Trumbull, Conn.

* * *

FIFTEEN cars fitted up as general stores are running over the railroads of Russia, carrying food and merchandise and serving railroad employees, farmers and lumbermen in remote regions. —EDWARD HARMER, Cadillac, Mich.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This idea was originated by the Canadian Pacific in early days.*)

* * *

I AM an engineer in the C.A.C. ammunition works, but should be on the footplate of a hog, for that is where my love lies. I like your "Lantern" dept. for its valuable information, also "True Tales of the Rails."—EDWARD V. JOHNSON, 472-A, Dominion Road, Auckland, S2, New Zealand.

* * *

I ALWAYS read your interesting magazine, as do other members of the French Ass'n of Friends of the Railroads. We took a trip recently to Lyon on a Diesel motor car, "Renault."—ALBERT GIROUX, 19 Rue Lamande, Paris, 17, France.

* * *

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book, 88 pages 11¾" by 8¼", has just come off the press: "Die Locomotive Feiert Mit Das 100 Jahrige Bestehen Der Deutschen Eisenbahnen" (The Locomotive Joins in Celebrating the German Ry. Anniversary), by E. H. Metzelin, published by VDI-Verlag G.M.B.H., Dorotheenstr. 40, Berlin N.W. 7, Germany. North Americans can get this book by sending $1.40 to the publisher.

The book covers a wide field: railroading in all countries, including U. S.; photos, old prints, caricatures, railroad money, railroad stamps, etc. Printed mostly in German, partly English. Even those who cannot read German will enjoy the fine assortment of 177 illustrations, including a colored frontispiece. The author belongs to the International Engine Picture Club; he used to be manager of a German loco. works. His address is: Seelhorststr. 7, Hannover O, Germany.

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Stories, features and departments I like best in the December issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

The Night Before Christmas

'TWAS the night before Christmas and the Four Twenty-six
Had come to the pit in a terrible fix.
Her flues were all leaking, her grates would not shake
And something was radically wrong with the brake.
The hostler was cussin'—I mean he said "Pshaw!"
The machinist was handing out bundles of jaw.
The moon on the bosom of old mother earth
Made each fellow long to be home by his hearth.
When out in the office, there arose such a clatter,
I hurried right out to see what was the matter.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But our little old foreman, receiver at ear!
But the way he was roaring through that telephone
Would make old Niagara sound like a faint moan.
"No! You can't have her," were the first words I heard.
Then from o v e r the wire came a long-drawn-out word.
Then back through the 'phone went a sneer and a hiss
And words that to me sounded something like this:
"If my two-year-old kid did not know more than you,
Or for that matter, all of your pen-pushin' crew,
I'd lull him to sleep with a shot in the arm
And keep him that way where he'd do no more harm.
I'll give you that engine at ten forty-five.
If you call up again I'll skin you alive."
He just had hung up and was turning around
When in through the doorway there came with a bound
The call-boy, a switchman and "Slim," the hoghead.
They had come to inform him the switch engine's dead.
He spoke not a word—there was nothing to say—
But hastened to get the gang out of the hay.
And finally, by raring and tearing a n d swearing,
He managed to get them to do some repairing.
With this matter settled, he sought his armchair
In hopes it would keep him from tearing his hair.
But alas, for our hopes with engines about,
He was roused from his chair by a terrible shout.
He sprang to the door and then 'most threw a fit,
For an engine was piled in the turntable pit.
But his despair and his anger were soon put aside
For in through the doorway there came with a slide
A funny old fellow so lively and quick,
He knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
"Pray be of good cheer," were the first words he said,
"I've brought you a present from one who is dead.
It's a gift from St. Peter, who k e e p s Heaven's gate.
Now I must be going; I'm two hours late."
The foreman then carefully opened his gift,
And the words that he read gave his spirits a lift:
"To each roundhouse foreman this glad Xmas Eve
I'm sending a present I hope you'll receive.
It's a pass into Heaven for each one of you,
With the privilege of bringing your family in, too.
I've seen all your woes from my seat up on high,
And I know you're deserving of peace when you die.
I give it with pleasure, 'tis all I can do
Till the day when the blast of Gabe's trumpet calls you.
Then I'll welcome you in for eternity's stay,
When your troubles are ended forever and aye.
So in spite of your troubles, pray be of good cheer.
Merry Xmas to you and a Happy New Year!"—Frank Thompson, Oklahoma City, Okla. (reprinted from an old issue of M-K-T Magazine.)

Extra! Next Month the Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod Will Go to Ethiopia instead of Hollywood!

THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY

They're easy on
my throat

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARET

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation - against cough.